Collier's
DECEMBER 13, 1941
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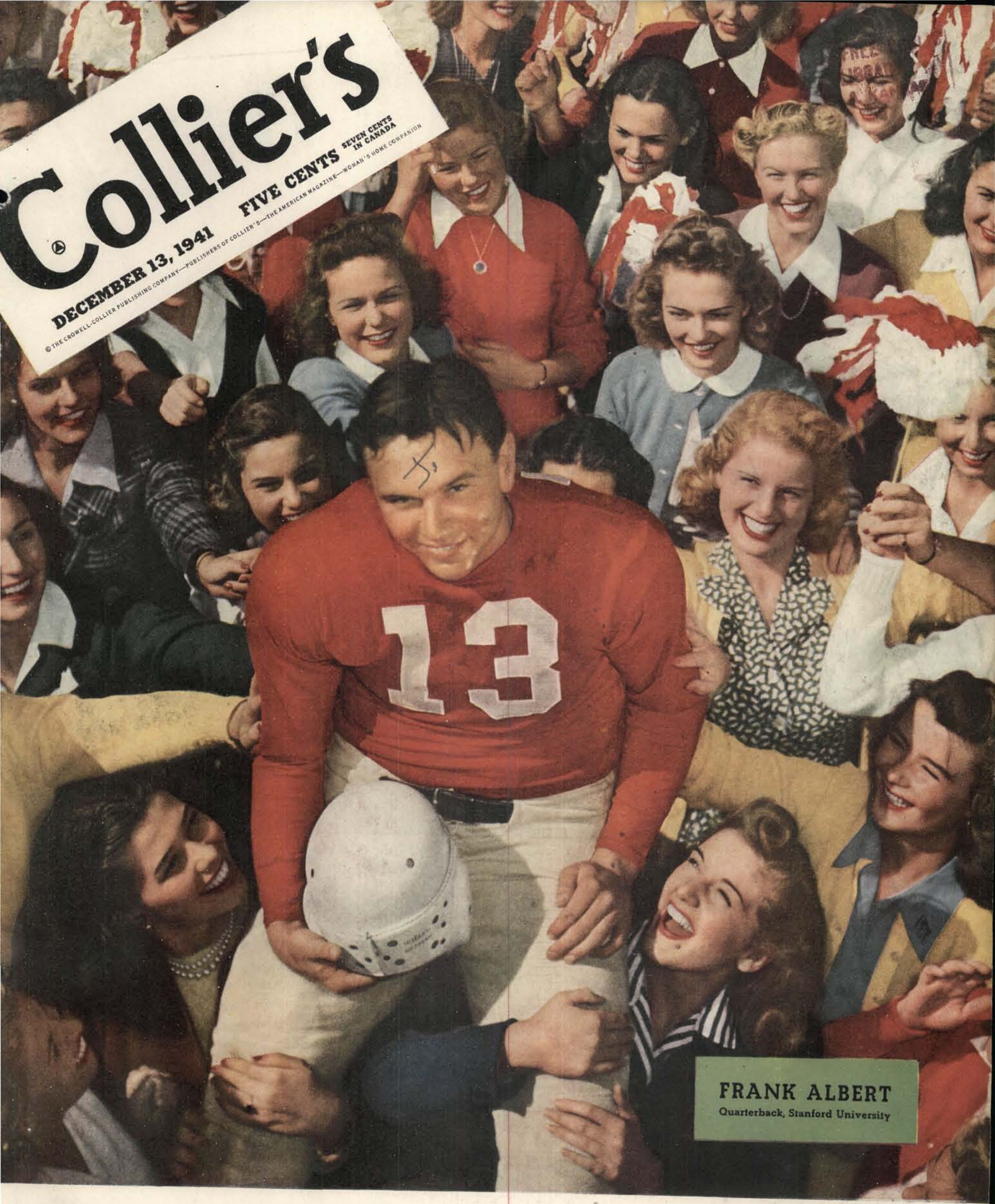

FRANK ALBERT
Quarterback, Stanford University

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBA

By Grantland Rice

Dec. 13 '41

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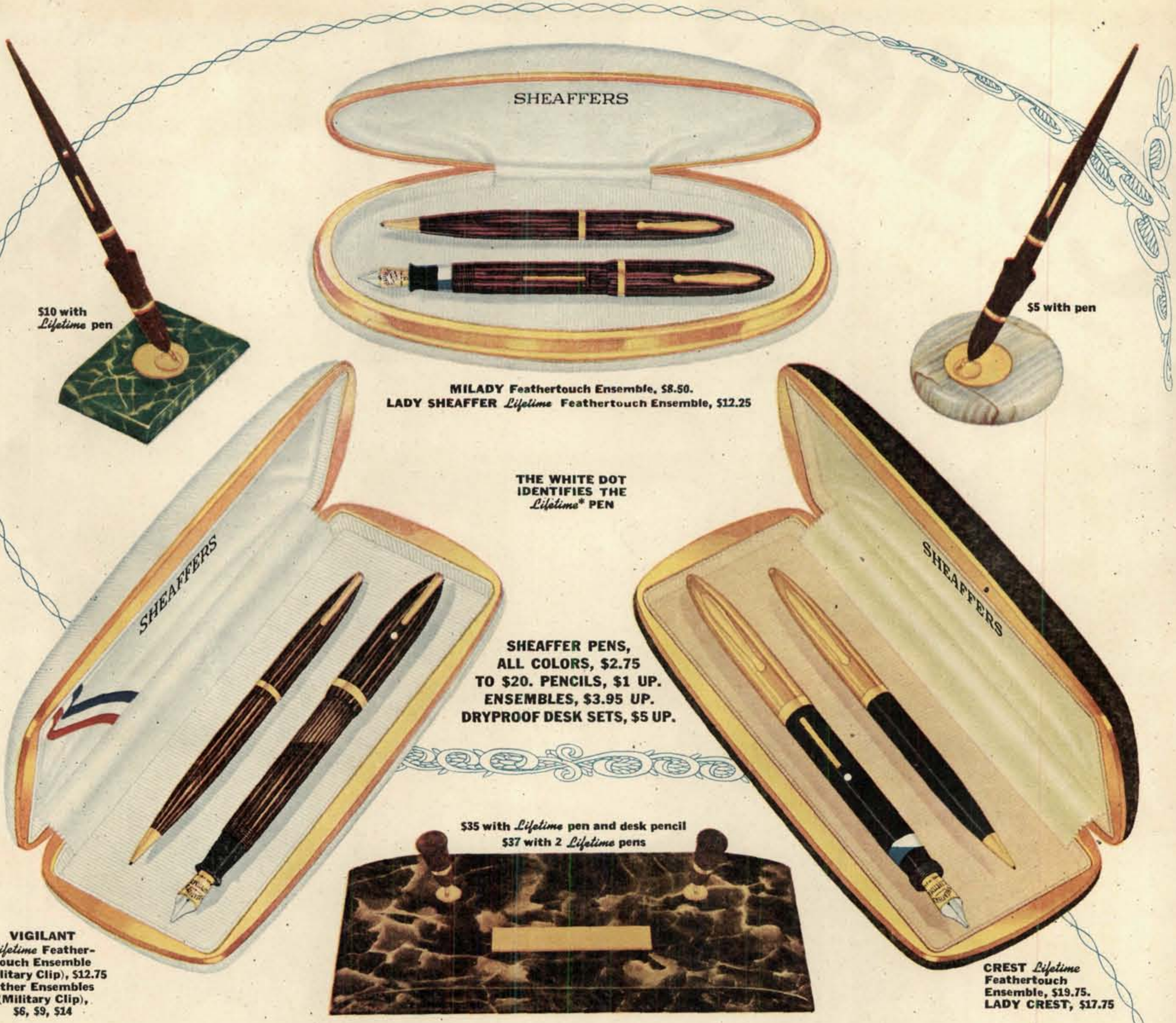

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WHERE DO YOU STAND

IN THE 1942 CAR PICTURE?

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BUYER NO. 1

He has never owned a new car before. This year he can afford one in the Low-Price Field!

Here?

BUYER NO. 2

Has always owned Low-Priced Cars and will again. But this year he's buying more carefully than ever!

OR Here?

BUYER NO. 3

He intends to pay less for his next new car and buy in the Low-Price Field.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR

BUY WISELY—EVERYBODY THINKING OF A NEW CAR WILL FIND THIS PLYMOUTH A NEW HIGH IN QUALITY, ECONOMY, PERFORMANCE!

THIS YEAR, every new-car buyer wants the most and the best for his money! Power, for instance. Plymouth's big, new 95-H.P. engine is most powerful of "All 3" low-priced cars.

And you get new economy, too. Plymouth's Superfinished engine gives you new savings in gas and oil, and the car's deep-down quality means low cost of upkeep, long life.

Plymouth gives you a great new advantage in comfort: the roominess and riding smoothness of the longest wheelbase of "All 3"...the widest rear seat... new, wide, level-with-floor running boards, completely enclosed...and the car's a joy to drive!

See and drive this brilliant new Plymouth—it's your wise buy! Dealers offer time payments. All prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

HEAR MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS.

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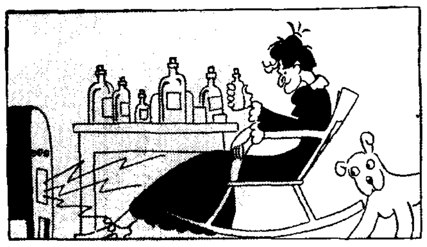
Kodachrome by CHARLES KERLEE

ANY WEEK

IF THERE is a little more South in this column than you'd prefer, it's merely because we've been wandering through that part of our bemused land lately. It was thus that we met Mr. Bill Mason in Flora, Mississippi. Mr. Mason works for the General Tire and Rubber Company, which is about to operate a munitions plant in Flora. Naturally a great many Mississippians desire work in the new plant and one of them applied to Mr. Mason by the following letter: "I hereby am asking for the job as mortician in chief, undertaker and embalmer of the remains of colored folks who is going to be blowed up to bits in the new powder plant of which us citizens of Flora, Mississippi, are accordingly proud. I understands you will not be making no powder for some little time with no explosions in the meantime. So I hereby asks to take a job sweeping out or maybe taking care of the horses and mules until the fatalities above noted shall take effect."



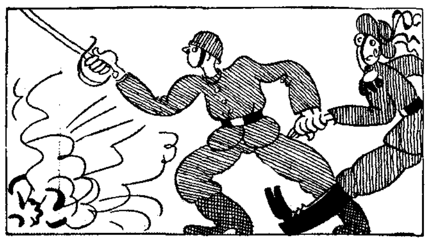
WE'D prefer, of course, to give you more inspiring news. But we've got to take it as it comes. However, things could be worse in the family of Mr. Edgar G. Bahreinger of Walla Walla, Washington. At least they've found out what's the matter with Mr. Bahreinger's Aunt Lilly. Aunt Lilly Bahreinger has been in miserable health for three weeks and although the doctors probed, diagnosed and experimented, no appreciable progress was made. Aunt Lilly was of little help, refusing to talk. Finally, however, she broke down, and with no little triumph in her voice told the groping doctors what she'd done. "Aunt Lilly," reports Mr. Bahreinger, "has at last told us that she took every medicine and remedy advocated by radio announcers for a week. There were thirty-nine health preservers and restorers plugged by the bedside-mannered voices and Aunt Lilly, who had been feeling pretty good, took them anyway. She lasted a week before taking to her bed. She is coming along nicely, however, the doctors having decided that all she needs is a good rest."

THE accusation has been made, most unjustly, of course, that some of the names appearing in this space are manufactured. We've denied it until our dignity is imperiled. This dignity thing is a new adventure, too. We've been told that the column lacks that, and that we fiddle instead of whacking the drum. However, it is the charge that we invent our names that forces us to draw ourself up gravely and relay to you a few which we recently noted on an official list in Atlanta, Georgia. We copied just a few and pass them on: Simplee Martha Washington, Lou Twisher Twilly Dewberry, Tommy Lou Huckaby Bunn, Obedience Peet, Queenie Elizabeth Collier Futrelle, Don Cratic, Absalom Rambo Issom, Lula English England, Sidney James Charlie May, Alto Smothers Chick, Babe Weatherbee Nolting, Middlebrooks Walsingham, Wash Dozie, Shorter Banks, Polly House Lowe Good, Womack Good, Mary Good Gordie. We noticed, too, the name of Willie Blue Weevil, Jr., and spoke rather sharply to the custodian of the list. She admitted that an error had been made in printing Mr. Weevil's name. It should have been Willie Blum Weevil, Jr.

HAVING thus answered our critics and assuring them that we've published our last word on the subject, we proceed with the information that Mrs. Hattie Ampleman Hardcastle has died at the honorable age of eighty-eight and a great deal of sincere mourning has ensued in and near by Birmingham, Alabama. Well up on the list of her mourners is Mr. Benjamin Walker Underhill, who knew her well as the wife of the late Rev. Holloway Hardcastle of Tulip. Before becoming Mrs. Hardcastle she was the wife of Foster Ampleman who, on his deathbed whispered: "Hattie woman, I'm a-goin' and I want that you should marry the Reverend Hardcastle." She said: "Why, that's mighty generous and thoughtful of you, Foster. I will." And the departing Mr. Ampleman said: "Don't mention it, Hattie woman. The Reverend Hardcastle beat me in a cow trade once."

A BATTLE is being waged almost singlehanded by Mr. Opie L. Shelton, executive secretary of the Orangeburg, South Carolina, Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Shelton strongly objects to the condensation of the word Christmas into Xmas. He objects to the look of the word with the too prevalent idea that it's a hasty modern abbreviation and that anyway it lacks dignity. It's not a hasty modern abbreviation and it shouldn't lack dignity. We've looked it up. You can do it yourself, going no further than Webster's New International Dictionary. On his Laborum or standard, Constantine carried X—the Greek Chi, first letter of Christ's name. The early Christians wrote the magic word of their little day—Xmas—on forbidden walls. Nevertheless, we're watching Mr. Shelton's crusade with the hope that if he does nothing else he will prompt many people to think a little less casually about the word Christmas—particularly this year.

MR. HARRY ARKAWANE of Los Angeles, California, is the first to file with us his intentions of seeking a seat in the national House of Representatives next fall. Mr. Arkawane does not mention to which party he owes allegiance. We gather that it doesn't matter because his brief and easily understood platform can carry any banner. "I pledge," writes Mr. Arkawane, "that in the event this country is forced into war, I shall introduce legislation aimed at making the war as easy on the United States Armed Forces as possible. That's all."



MR. ARKAWANE may have caught the germ of his idea from Benito Mussolini, the discreet Caesar. We suspect this after reading a letter from a friend of ours who is in the British Army Intelligence and in that capacity has talked to quite a number of Axis prisoners. One of the latter, a German, told our friend that Hitler would have mopped up the mainland of Europe long since had not the German divisions been under the additional strain of "carrying the Italian troops along under fire." The Nazi told our friend that Italian officers had told him that their instructions were to "win for Italy all the honor and glory that was justly due the Italian arms and nation but not to forget that, after all, this was Germany's war and that, when the Axis had won, Italy would still need gallant defenders."

AND this one's for the benefit of those of us who prefer as little violent exercise as possible. It's how to reduce your waistline without getting out of your chair. Mr. Richard Brown of Dallas, Texas, is our benefactor. He disagrees with our editorial of November first wherein we exhort paunch possessors to "suck 'em up." Advises Mr. Brown: "The way to get rid of the paunch is not to inhale. Exhale but let the inhale take care of itself. Sit erect, then blow out through your nose, keeping the mouth closed. Blow with just a little jerk and a slight noise if you like. Notice that your stomach muscles, if there are any left, will push the front of your paunch against your backbone. After you've blown out the oxygen from your lungs, let fresh air just seep or drift back in." Mr. Brown says he paid a stranger ten dollars for this secret. He passes it on free.

MAYBE we're a little dumb, but . . .
W. D.

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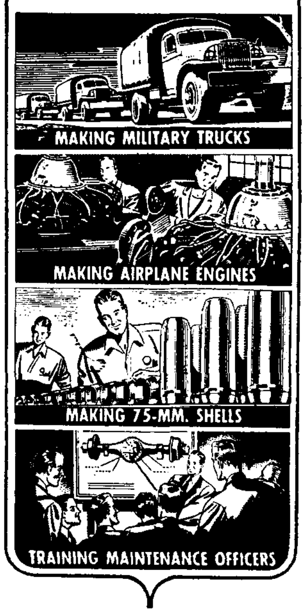
A Personal Advantage . . . A National Asset

CHEVROLET AIDS NATIONAL DEFENSE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MAKING AIRPLANE ENGINES
MAKING 75-MM. SHELLS
TRAINING MAINTENANCE OFFICERS

Enjoy the lift and the thrift of owning this newest edition of America's leading motor car—the car that brings you all the essentials of fine motoring, *plus* all the economies of Chevrolet's low purchase price and low cost of operation and upkeep.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN

IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER AND GET THE LEADING BUY

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's a shame about Sarah...
she's such a swell girl otherwise!

So pretty, such good company, yet most of the time she was overlooked when party invitations were going out. It might have been different if she paid just a little bit more attention to the "Double O."

Look Out For "Double O"

Competition is just as keen in the social world as it is in business, and a girl who is not careful about "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) is certainly trying to go places the hard way.

Fortunately there is a precaution against this double offense . . . a wonderfully delightful precaution which many popular people insist on daily.

What To Do About It

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made especially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is a delightful new formula that attacks cloudy loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

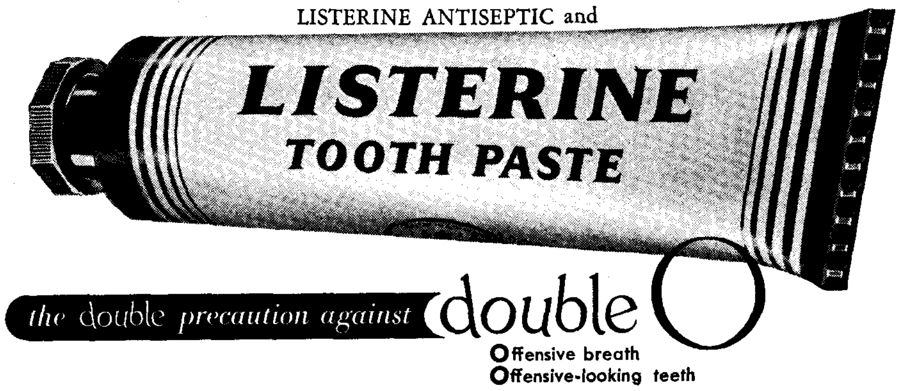
And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (Offensive breath).

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to help your personality, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine "daily double": the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and



GROENHOFF

Wing Talk

Major Alva L. Harvey got in his round-the-world flight seventeen years after making his first start. He was in the Army World Flight plane that crashed in Alaska in 1924

IN THE spring of 1924 a stouthearted and highly skilled Army mechanic, Sgt. Alva L. Harvey, climbed into the lead plane of the Army World Flight and took off from Seattle for a trip around the world. Major Frederick L. Martin, now Major General Martin, commanding the Hawaiian Air Force, was at the controls, and a few days later the plane was reported missing. The remainder of the flight continued on to Japan and, as you know, two planes eventually circumnavigated the globe. When Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey fought their way out to civilization ten days later, the world learned that their plane had crashed in a fog near Chignik, Alaska.

Sgt. Harvey accepted the Army's offer to go to Kelly Field and learn to fly, and was promoted to second lieutenant.

Not long ago the War Department revealed that an Army four-engined Consolidated landplane bomber had made a complete circuit of the globe, not as a stunt, but to carry to Europe an important American mission. The return journey was made across Asia and the Pacific at its widest part. Back in Washington, where he started from, the pilot stepped onto Bolling Field and wiped away forever 17 years of bitter disappointment. You see, that pilot was Major Alva L. Harvey.

THE young Britisher over the Dutch coast was flying a new Hurricane that mounted four 20-mm. cannon in the wings, and the two Messerschmitts, knowing of his superior fire power, could afford to make only one pass at him and run. Their aim was not very good.

But the wing commander was quick on the trigger and he gave first one Nazi and then the other a "squirt" from his cannon. One began to burn. The Nazi pilot bailed out and the wing commander flew over to take a look at him as he sat helplessly in his parachute harness with his arms upraised in surrender.

Mounted in the Hurricane in line with the guns is a camera that enables the pilot to snap pictures by pressing the gun-firing button on the control stick. Best proof that the wing commander had brought down another Nazi plane would be a photograph of the enemy descending to earth. So he flipped the switch to turn on the camera and pressed the trigger. His cannons roared out and, as the young British pilot related it, "The poor devil never knew what hit him." You too would be convinced, if you heard the wing commander tell it, that he was not proud of his mistake.

DOWN in Colombia a few years ago there was an air meet with an international and competitive flavor due to the presence of prominent airmen from neighboring Latin-American countries. A young lieutenant flying a hot pursuit plane determined to give the large audience a real thrill by diving right at the crowd and clearing their heads by inches. Something went wrong. He never came out of the dive and he and fifty-one spectators died. If a Norfolk, Virginia, student pilot had heard of this tragedy he might not have flown at an altitude of ten feet over the heads of a crowd recently. His license has been revoked.

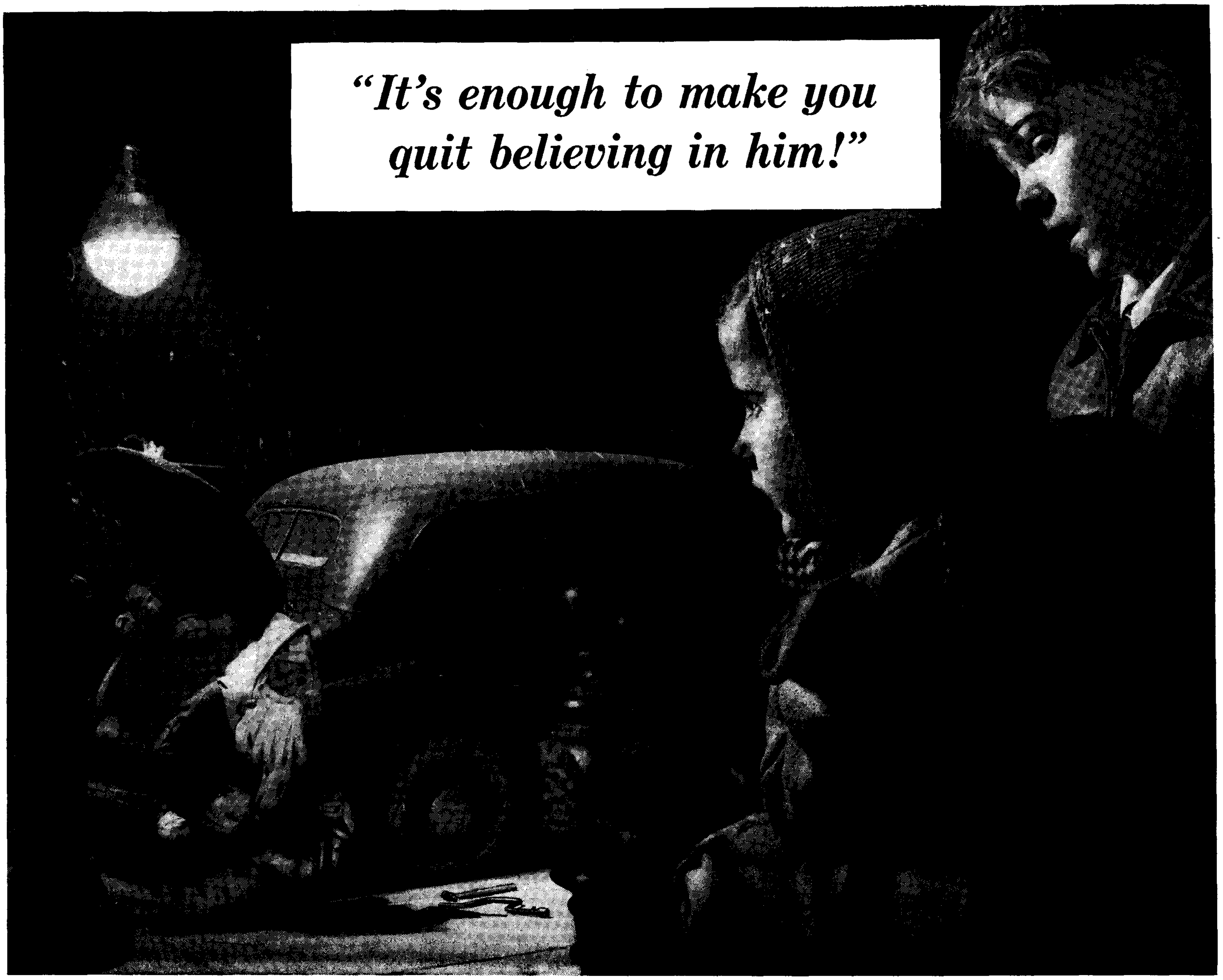
YOU would naturally think that an Army pilot would be so expert in that capacity that he need not excel in any other activity. But in Lieut. Col. Park Holland the Army not only has a military airman of twenty years standing, but a legal light of such ability that at his last station in the field the commanding officer had to issue an order prohibiting him from serving as defense counsel for officers and enlisted men running afoul of the voluminous Army regulations. He was so good at defending them that nary a one ever was convicted by a court-martial.

Today Col. Holland sits on a mighty hot seat in Washington and passes judgment on the millions of dollars of Army aircraft contracts. If it should develop when this is all over that the government was outsmarted by a contractor in an amount as small as one dime. Col. Holland knows he'll swing from that lamp-post out in front of the War Department building. Hence, he applies a superfine-tooth comb to all deals, and you can be pretty sure that the interests of your government are adequately protected.

And Col. Holland has an unofficial waiting list a mile long, ranging from generals to privates, who have begged him to be their defense counsel should they ever get in trouble.

F. R. N.

"It's enough to make you quit believing in him!"



PEGGY: *Sure is. I guess Santa Claus must be slippin'.*

WILLIE: *What d'ya say we tip him off to switch to B. F. Goodrich?*

PEGGY: *Sure, let's! He needs extra miles mor'n anybody because he has to cover the whole world in one night!*

WILLIE: *Wow, wotta trip! No wonder he wore out those reindeer!*

★ ★ ★

GO AHEAD and tell him, kids! There are plenty of reasons why any smart Santa Claus ought to give his car some new Silvertowns for Christmas. And here's the big Number One reason:

Nobody, not even Santa Claus, knows what the rubber situation may be in a few months. The best way to guess is that tires people buy today will have to last much longer than most folks think. So they ought to be good, tough, hard-wearing Silvertowns.

Every single Silvertown is made with Duramin, the "tire vitamin" that adds miles of wear—keeps the tire safe longer. Always the top tire, Silvertowns are made better than ever now, when Uncle Sam is using thousands of them for defense, and you get the benefit.

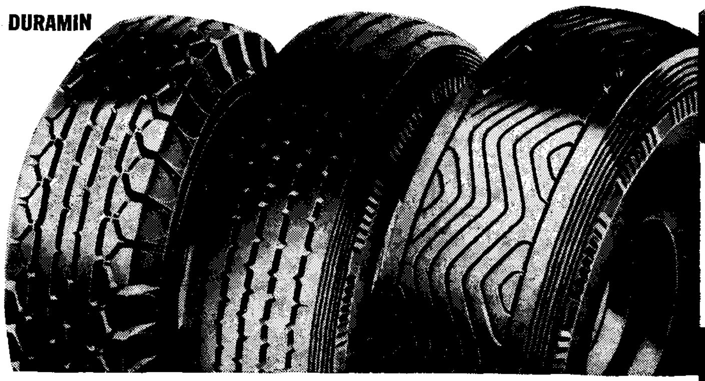
Prices are still in line. And you don't have to pay cash, either. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the Budget Plan.

All **SILVERTOWNS** *made with* **DURAMIN**

(*Left*)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(*Center*)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(*Right*)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER
MERRY CHRISTMAS
BFG

WHATEVER YOU "DOUSE" WITH... DON'T!

Whether you douse your hair with water or anything else, the result's the same. A flattened-out, unnatural look. To have hair at its handsome, natural best, just comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

IS *DRY SCALP* ROBBING YOUR HAIR OF SMARTNESS?

SOMETIMES dull, dry hair warns that Dry Scalp has started. Often its beginnings are so gradual they aren't detected. Then itchiness, loose dandruff, and excessive falling hair frequently result . . . yet checking Dry Scalp is easy . . . and better-looking hair your immediate reward. Here's all you do:

(1) **EACH MORNING,** shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. Make sure you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—its special properties give real protection against Dry Scalp.

(2) **EACH WEEK,** before you shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Start using it today.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Illinois' 1941 hunting licenses are accompanied by a "score card" on which the sportsman must record the kind and number of all state-protected animals that he kills during the season. Those failing to file this information by January 15, 1942, are liable to a fine of $100.—*By Leo J. Diehl, Salina, Kansas.*

The highest price ever paid for a rare coin was the $11,575 given for an American 1822 Half Eagle at a numismatic auction in Fort Worth, Texas, on June 3, 1941. The only other authenticated specimen is owned by the Smithsonian Institution.—*By O. R. Peters, Princeton, West Virginia.*

The manufacture of self-antiseptic clothing and linens made from specially treated fabrics which kill germs has had a phenomenal growth in the past year. About five billion pieces of such personal articles as underwear, hatbands, nightgowns, sheets, pillow cases and mattresses have already been made to protect users against infection.

Of the three and one half billion dozen chicken eggs produced in the United States in 1940, approximately eighty per cent were consumed as eggs, eleven per cent used as an ingredient in food products, four per cent hatched for flock replacement and meat production and five per cent wasted through mishandling.

Volcanoes have been known to throw out, in a number of successive eruptions, material that was virtually cold. For example, Mount Lassen in California had several such eruptions in 1914, when it ejected matter that did not melt the snow upon which it fell.

During the first World War, waste paper became so valuable that one dealer in New York paid $10,000 a year for the discarded paper from a single building.—*By Mrs. Godfrey Olsson, Woodbridge, Connecticut.*

Of the seventy-seven card games played in the United States, the eight leaders, ranked in order according to the number of persons who know how to play them, are rummy, solitaire, contract bridge, poker, auction bridge, pinochle, hearts and five hundred.—*By Rolland Caudle, Elm Springs, South Dakota.*

Although the Treasury Department began to retire the old, large-sized paper currency on July 10, 1929, there were $185,783,817, or 43,896,647 pieces, still outstanding on August 31, 1941, which means that these bills had not been handled by a bank during these twelve years.—*By Laurence Bell, Washington, D. C.*

There are several cases on record of persons whose hair, completely lost through a severe illness, grew again in a different color. In these new growths, black usually replaced light hair and bright red replaced brown hair.

Fourteen thousand farm families, who were recently removed from their lands in twenty-six states to make room for Army camps, maneuver grounds, artillery ranges, bombing fields and other defense activities, are being relocated rapidly by the Farm Security Administration on land bought for this purpose. The largest purchase so far, of almost 42,000 acres in Missouri, cost $1,078,150.

Because the frequent changes in the equipment of our largest airliners tend to increase their weight, which must not exceed 45,000 pounds gross when fully loaded, the federal government requires each one to be weighed annually, a job that demands the labor of twenty men for eight hours.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

HIS LETTER is republished because so many wrote us last ear in appreciation of its warm Christmas sentiment.

To Peggy—for marrying me in the first place . . .

for bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

for the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

for finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

for tying innumerable dress ties.

for being the family chauffeur, years on end.

for never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

for planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

for a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

for wanting a *good* watch ever so long . . . and letting your slow-moving husband think he'd hit on it all by himself.

for just being you . . . *Darling, here's your Hamilton with all my love!*

Jim

√ This Christmas—give a Hamilton—America's most beautiful watch. All Hamiltons are cased in precious metal (except special Military watches). 17 or more jewels. $41.25 to $5,500. Prices subject to change without notice. Write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 1127 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

ARTIN. 17 jewels. natural gold filled. applied gold numeral $44

RUTLEDGE. 19 jewels. Hard platinum. 18K applied gold numerals. Gold buckle, grey strap. $192.50

WILSHIRE. 19 jewels. 14K coral gold-filled. With black Roman numeral dial $57.75

LEXINGTON. 17 jewels. Sturdy case of stainless steel. Black dial, white numerals $46.75

FELICIA. 17 jewels. 10K white or natural gold-filled. With gold-filled bracelet $46.75

BERNICE. 17 jewels. 14K natural or white gold. 18K applied gold numerals. Domed crystal $77

FIRST LADY. 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Set with 12 full-cut diamonds; 10 square-cut garnets . $440

MONICA. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. Roman numerals and square markers, black dial $60.50

OLIVIA. 17 jewels. 10K white gold-filled. Roman numeral marker dial with silver finish $44

ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL DEFENSE TAX

TE: HAMILTON'S EXPERIENCE BUILDING WATCHES FOR RAILROAD MEN INSURES GREATEST POSSIBLE ACCURACY IN EVERY OTHER SIZE AND GRADE THAT HAMILTON MAKES

Everybody wants to use it at CHRISTMAS time!

THERE'S a Long Distance telephone bridge from your town to the rest of America. It was planned and built to carry the traffic of a busy business day — and low toll rates were worked out on that basis.

But *once a year*, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, many more people than the telephone bridge can possibly accommodate try to use it at the same time.

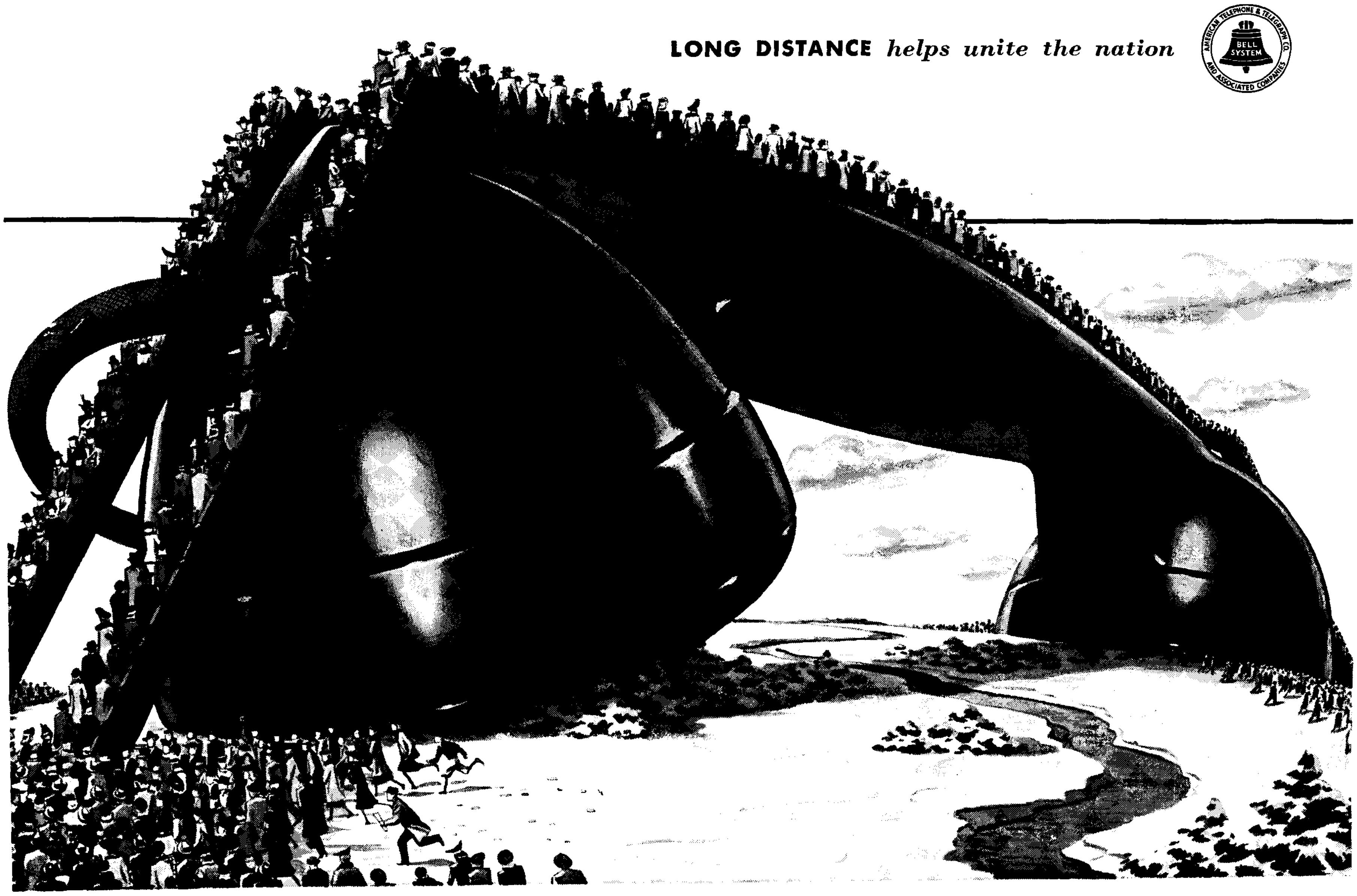
Naturally, there are tie-ups and delays. Some folks never get on the bridge at all. For that, we're sincerely sorry.

And it wouldn't be sensible to build great amounts of expensive facilities that would be used only one or two days in the 365.

What we shall do is to use every circuit we have and put on every operator that can be useful — and do the best we can.

Telephone people will be working all through the holiday to make it a happy Christmas. Will you, for your part, please be patient if there are delays in reaching your faraway friends and relatives? We'll appreciate it.

LONG DISTANCE *helps unite the nation*



COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 13, 1941

THE ALL AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

By Grantland Rice

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THE tom-toms of football fame sound bewildering and ever-changing notes. Their main theme song concerning many of the prepicked champions of September was "Here today and gone tomorrow."

For once again the gridiron champion of 1941 proved to some forty million observers and camp followers how suddenly the mental and emotional attitudes of twenty-year-old players can change from week to week.

It is for this reason that so many dizzy shifts in national rankings featured the late season when so many near-invincibles tumbled from the pinnacle to the deep. I mean such overpowering squads as Texas, Fordham, Tulane, Stanford and Alabama, which on several occasions were sunk without warning by opponents not supposed to be in their class.

This matter of mental and emotional shifting is at least the reason, the explanation or the alibi offered by coaches who were the stunned victims of the hidden fuse.

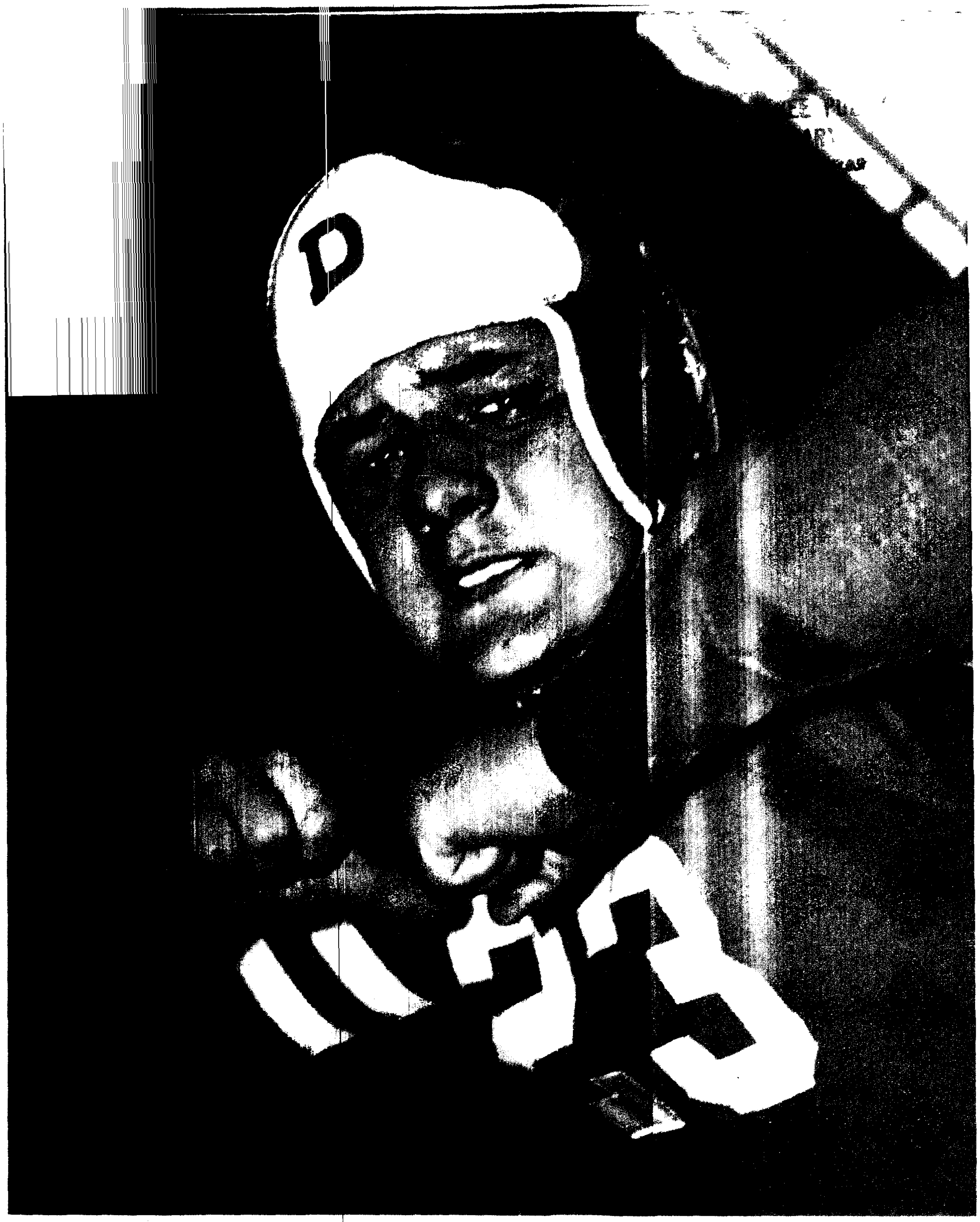
"No one," they tell you, "can read a team's collective mind on the day of a game."

When the present season opened in September the tom-toms referred to were beating noisily for such teams as Minnesota, Texas, Stanford, Fordham, Duke, Notre Dame, Alabama, Tulane, Navy, Boston College, Santa Clara, Mississippi and a number of others.

But when the middle of November arrived the only unbeaten teams left were Minnesota, Duke, Texas A. & M., Duquesne and Notre Dame.

There was considerable growling about the new unlimited substitution rule as the first games were played, but with the help of coaches and officials no extra time was lost and the change worked out to the satisfaction of the majority of fans. This rule took the pressure off tired or slightly injured players, who were given the chance to recover and get back in again. There was the normal wailing and teeth-gnashing over official rulings that decided more than a few close contests on decisions that were either incorrectly made or were on the border line.

These official mistakes must not be taken as a part of football. It isn't always so much the fault of those in charge of the game as it is the complicated nature of things brought on by twenty-two men moving in different directions in snarls and tangles where a



Above, Vincent J. Banonis, center, University of Detroit. Home, Detroit. Banonis was team captain and was a standout rating from all opposing coaches. He is especially fast and alert for a 215-pounder, and is in his third year of starring football

Left, Malcolm Kutner, end, University of Texas. Age, 21. Home, Dallas, Texas. A smart diagnostician and a fine receiver of passes, a good defensive end, fast and aggressive, and the unanimous choice of Southwest coaches for All-America selection

ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE: Frank Albert, quarterback, Stanford University. Home, Glendale, California. Age, 21. A second-year All-America selection, he was Stanford's standout player throughout a season that was even harder than last year's

Above, Robert Barton Westfall, fullback, University of Michigan. Home, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Team captain. Age, 21. Best exponent of the spinner play in college football this year. A consistent ground gainer all season, and one of the few 60-minute players in competition

THE LINE-UP

JOHN ROKISKY
END—DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

ERNEST BLANDIN
TACKLE—TULANE UNIVERSITY

ENDICOTT PEABODY 2
GUARD—HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VINCENT J. BANONIS
CENTER—UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

BERNARD CRIMMINS
GUARD—UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

ROBERT REINHARD
TACKLE—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MALCOLM KUTNER
END—UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

FRANK ALBERT
QUARTERBACK—STANFORD UNIVERSITY

BRUCE SMITH
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

WILLIAM M. DUDLEY
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

ROBERT B. WESTFAL
FULLBACK—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

penalty could be called on practically every play. The main work ahead of those now handling the destinies of football is to make every possible effort to increase efficiency in this field. It will always be the weak spot of the game, due to the nature of the game itself, but there can be improvement.

There was far less talk about the T formation, featured by Stanford and the Chicago Bears, at the end of this season. A year ago you would have thought it more invincible than the Grecian Phalanx, the British Square and the panzer attack combined. The T formation, to put it briefly, depends more upon quick starting and quick hitting, than on harder blocking. It is nothing new and it still depends upon the type of material at hand.

1941 was a season that brought the attack or the offense back to a new height. Texas ran up 74 points against Rice and S.M.U., two old rivals. Wisconsin's Badgers rushed and passed their way to 68 points against Northwestern, Syracuse and Ohio State, and yet lost all three games. Boston College and Michigan State ran up 77 markers against a Temple team that had won its first five games. It was a sad day for the defense when the offense was allowed to start rolling and get the jump.

There were more than just a normal number of high spots this season. Among the first were the wreaths of wild laurel blossoms that belong to Minnesota and Notre Dame.

In a season loaded with in-and-out play Bernie Bierman's Minnesota Gophers moved along to their seventeenth consecutive victory.

Minnesota again had to be ready for a high-class Washington team on September 27th, and it had to keep on being ready for such blistering attacks as Michigan, Northwestern and Wisconsin had to offer. Fritz Crisler at Michigan with a big, fast line and such stars as Westfall and Kuzma in the backfield, had one of the best teams in Wolverine history—"the best team that ever came to Baker Field," Lou Little of Columbia said—and yet Michigan couldn't score against those fast-moving Gopher mastodons.

To win seventeen consecutive games under modern conditions, against the schedule Minnesota plays, is one of football's miracles, no matter how close a few of the calls happened to be.

There can be no debate over Minnesota's leadership. But Minnesota was not entirely alone in her might and glory. Frank Leahy, a newcomer to South Bend, gave Notre Dame her first unbeaten team since Knute Rockne's last sweep in 1930. This was Rockne's greatest team, with a backfield that featured Carideo, Savoldi, Schwartz, Brill, Mullins and O'Connor. Year after year passed by as Notre Dame continued to play fine football through difficult schedules, but unbeaten seasons failed to happen.

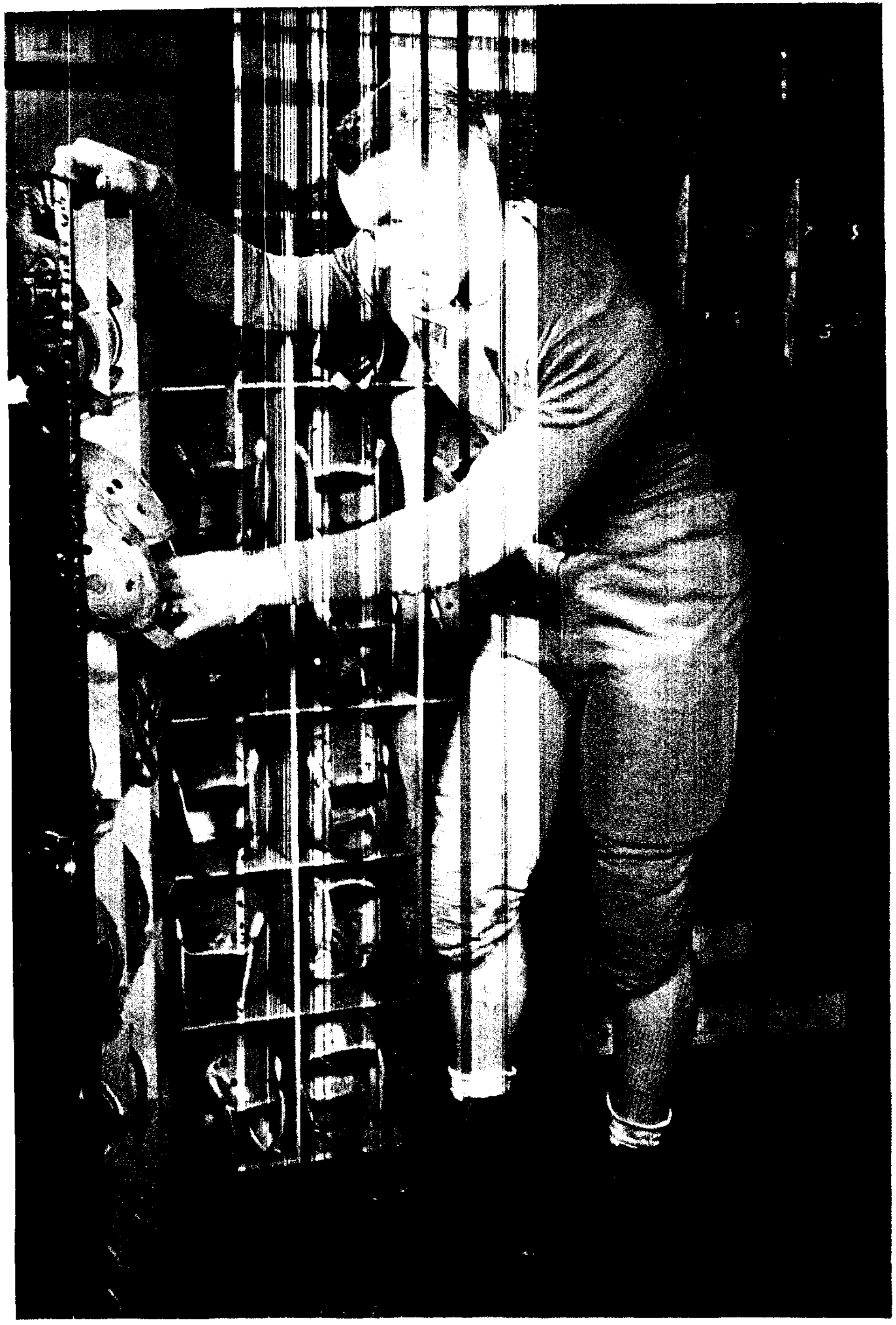
Leahy, lacking power in his attack, had to fall back on speed—line speed and backfield speed—alertness and spirit. The big break that he drew was having ready a young sophomore passer by the name of Angelo Bertelli, a cool-headed, stouthearted kid with a rifle for a right arm.

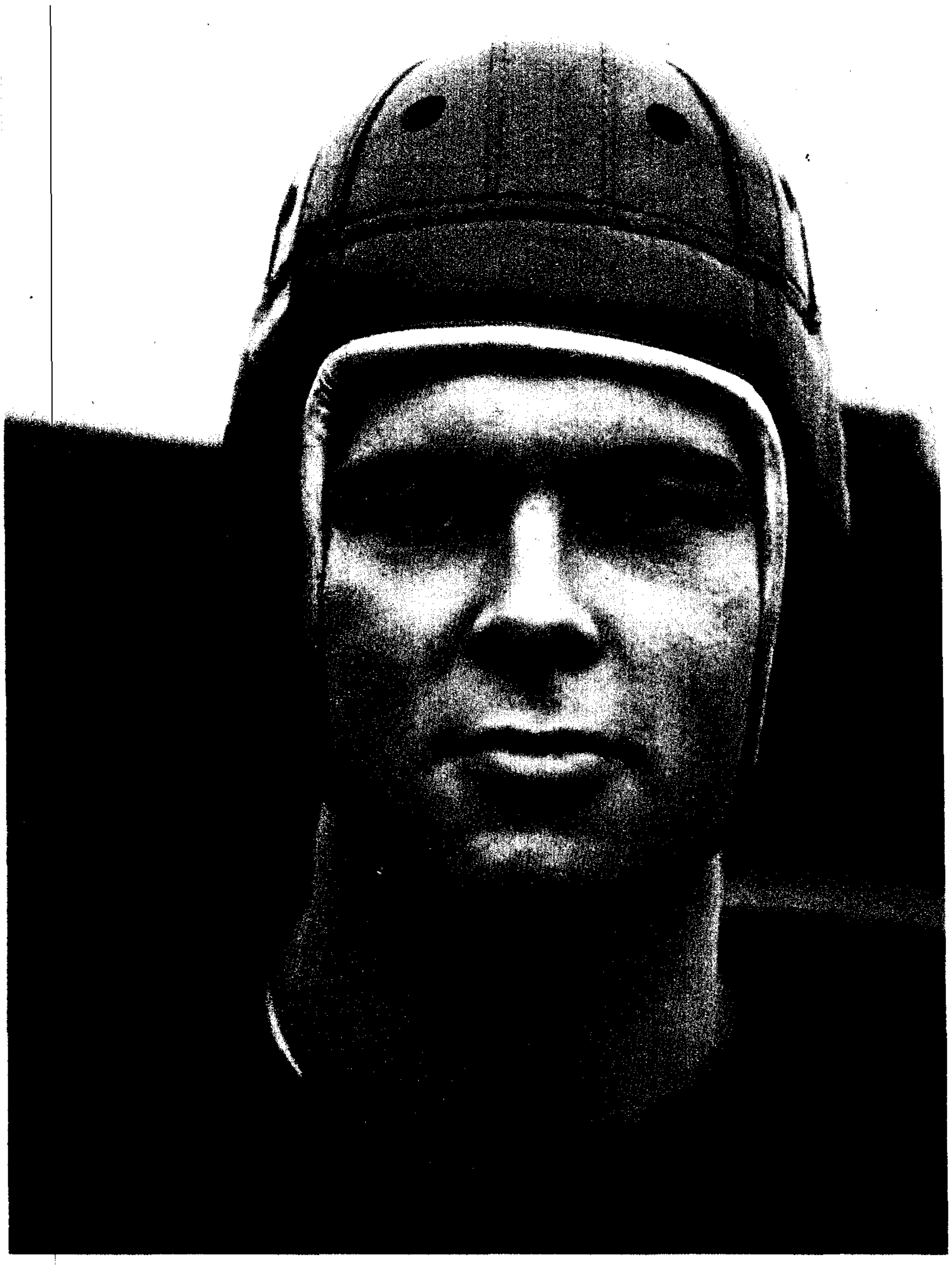
Notre Dame had to pick up a 0-0 draw with the Army under weather conditions that shackled either a passing or a running attack, but on dry fields the new coach gave South Bend one of the best records in Notre Dame's brilliant history.

After the manner of the old Four Horsemen, Bertelli, Juzwik and Evans made up in speed and skill what they lacked in driving bulk. Another feature was the phenomenal sophomore showing of the Midwest. There has been nothing in football to equal it.

Below, William McGarvey Dudley, halfback, University of Virginia. Age, 19. Team captain. Home, Bluefield, Virginia. Dudley is a three-year star despite his youth, and an extremely able defensive back as well as a fine kicker, passer and runner. He was more valuable to his team than any other player

Below, Ernest Blandin, tackle, Tulane University. Home, Keighley, Kansas. A 250-pounder with the solid support of the South's coaches





Above, Bruce Smith, halfback, University of Minnesota. Team captain. Home, Faribault, Minnesota. One of the greatest backs in the game and spark plug of the nation's top team despite midseason injuries that kept him out of two games

Right, above, Endicott Peabody 2d, guard, Harvard University. Age, 21. Home, Syracuse, New York. Peabody stood well above the long, close-matched list of 1941 guards. He was, in the opinion of many officials, the best guard in 20 years

Notre Dame came along with Passer Bertelli. Indiana countered with Bill Hillenbrand. Wisconsin had Fullback Pat Harder. Michigan offered Tom Kuzma, 200 pounds of raw dynamite—runner, passer and kicker. Northwestern reported with Otto Graham, one of the finest backs of many years. Add Bud Higgins of Minnesota and Madarik of Detroit U. to this list and you get seven sophomore stars within a radius of 200 miles.

Here are seven sophomores who would be welcomed with wide-open arms into any pro outfit today.

There are other stars that belong to such teams as Michigan, Missouri, Harvard and Texas A. & M. They opened on a minor note but they came along in stunning style. Michigan had lost Harmon and Evashevsky. Texas A. & M. had lost eight or nine of her 1940 starting cast. Missouri and Harvard were unknown quantities, but through most of the season they belonged with the best people in football.

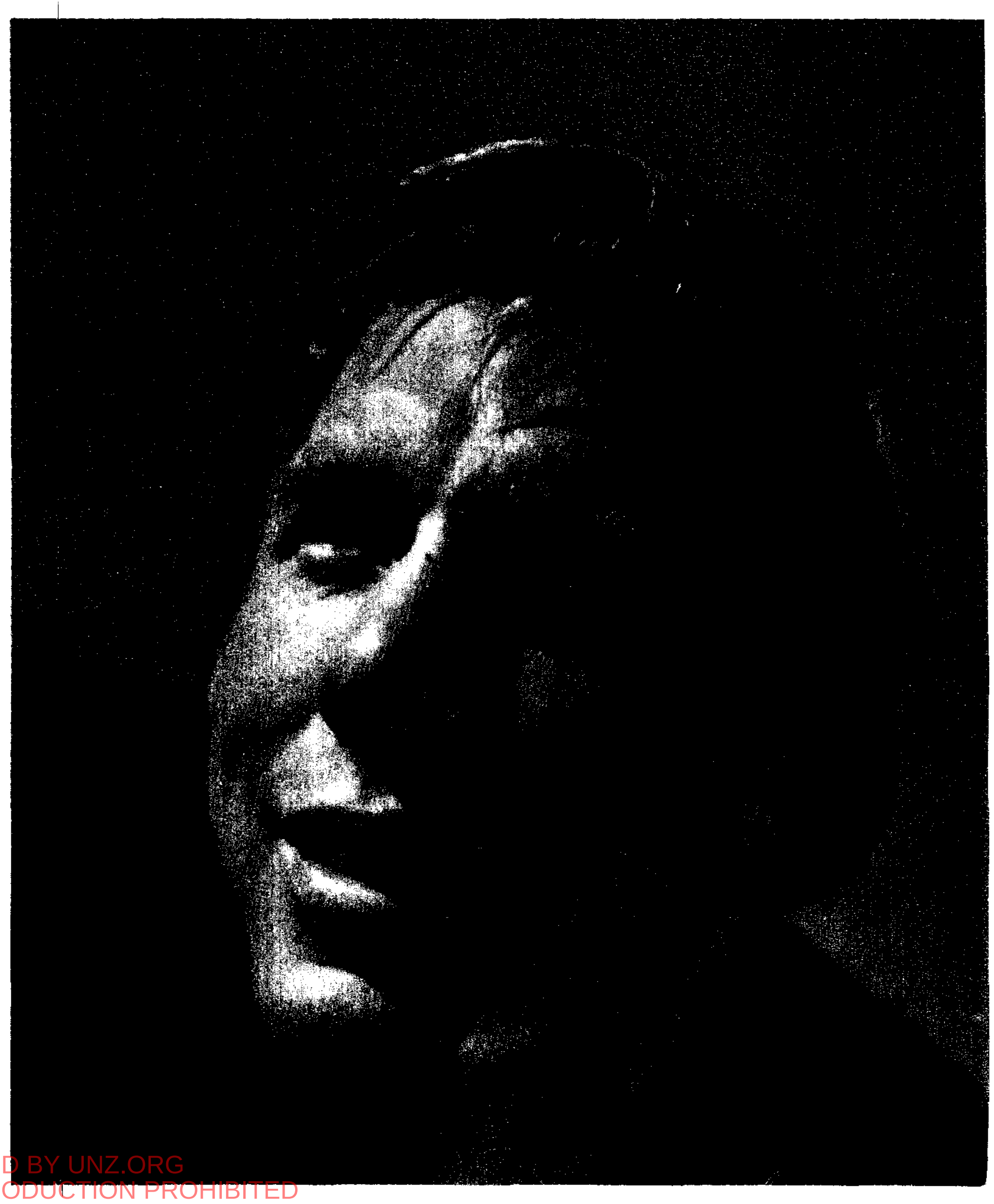
Red Blaik of Army, working with a team that has been a cellar dweller for some time, also deserves the plaudits that belong to a fine job. And it might be mentioned that "Swede" Larson gave Navy one of her ablest all-round teams. The earlier shadow of the draft failed to bring the storms that football thought it would. New York University, losing 12 men to the service, took the hardest blow, but only a few teams suffered any damaging losses.

Homer Norton of Texas A. & M., with only two regulars back, supposed to be a wrecked outfit, carried his Aggies to the Southwest pinnacle in one of football's leading sectors. This happens to be one of the most amazing chapters in all football history.

Red Sanders at Vanderbilt in his second year as coach took a squad that had not won a major game in two years and had it roaring down the stretch, good enough to beat a powerful Alabama outfit that in turn had been strong enough to beat such teams as Tulane and Tennessee. Another remarkable job.

Don Faurot gave Missouri the championship of the Big Six with the best team Missouri ever sent to the field, one of the strongest teams in the country.

(Continued on page 77)



Robert Reinhard, tackle, University of California. Age, 21. Home, Montrose, Cal. A second-year All-America, and California's best passer; a tackle who could receive passes with the best of the 1941 crop

VOICE OF RUSSIA

SOVFOTO

Solomon Lozovsky, Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs and sole source of news from Russia, greets Harry Hopkins in Moscow. Background, Brig. Gen. McNarney and Mayor Yeaton of the U. S. embassy in Russia

By
Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM KUIBYSHEV

Solomon Abramovich Lozovsky, spokesman for the Kremlin, is the main reason you are not hearing much from Russia about her war except that she will fight it out to the bitter end

THERE are 170,000,000 people in Russia and they speak at least sixty languages and dialects, but today they all speak through one voice—a voice that belongs to a dapper, black-bearded man who once sold matches and lemons on the streets of a small village far from Moscow. Then, a ragged eight-year-old urchin, he was Solomon Abramovich Dridzo. Today, a polished, suave sixty-three, he is vice-commissar for foreign affairs, the spokesman for the Soviet Information Bureau, and is known as Solomon Abramovich Lozovsky. Many years ago he picked his new name from the city of Lozovaya.

The name Lozovsky was hardly known outside of labor circles until the Germans marched into Russia. Then, as spokesman for the Kremlin and as the only official that correspondents have any dealings with, he catapulted into fame and, today, outside of Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov and Timoshenko, he is probably the best-known Russian in the world. He occupies much the same position in Moscow as Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels occupies in Berlin. There is one difference between them: Goebbels deals in lies. Lozovsky tells the truth. He doesn't tell nearly as much of the truth as we correspondents would wish, but so far none of us have caught the vice-commissar in a lie. He is far too clever and too evasive to resort to the clumsy fabrication of lies in answering questions that policy dictates should be left unanswered. But, unfortunately, correspondents are not interested in policy. We are interested in news.

Twice a week Lozovsky holds press conferences. We attend religiously, ask dozens of questions, and then leave with the uncomfortable feeling that once more the man who sits at the head of the table has completely outwitted us and told us only what he had made up his mind to tell us before the press conference opened. He does it with such charm and humor that it is rather difficult to become annoyed.

The career of any prominent Soviet official is sure to be interesting. Usually they have achieved distinction the hard way. Lozovsky graduated from his matches and lemons to become a butcher's boy. Later, as a youth, he became a blacksmith's helper. No trace of this hard, adolescent life can be seen in the slender hands or the well-groomed nails of Lozovsky, nor is there a trace of peasant accent in his cultured speech. In addition to Russian, he speaks perfect French and German. He speaks English reluctantly but much better than he realizes, and his Spanish is good. Obviously the young blacksmith's helper saw far beyond his forge and learned languages other than that sung by the clash of hammer against anvil.

Charter Member of the Party

When he was twenty-one Lozovsky was sent to Kazan for military service and it was in the barracks there that he learned the elements of social democratic literature, that form of social democracy that Lenin later stamped with his own personality and transformed into a high revolutionary doctrine under which 170,000,000 people live today. It wasn't long before Lozovsky, with revolutionary zeal burning brightly in his young heart, joined the Social Democratic party, the party whose members were known as Bolsheviks. He moved to Lozovaya where he gave lessons on the new social philosophy to workers. It was here that he found his *métier*. Unions were being formed surreptitiously in Lozovaya by workers. Our young zealot plunged into this enterprise with joy; it was a chance to transfer his theories and his beliefs into practice. But in 1903 the Czarist police were a bit intolerant of those who had the impudence to demand decent working conditions and reasonable hours.

During the next decade he was in and out of jail with commendable regularity. But now Dridzo existed only in police records. He was Lozovsky to the workers of Russia. Once, after a jail break, he was recaptured and exiled to Irkutsk, but even the wastes of that desolate region could not confine our slippery comrade. He bobbed up in France, where he combined revolutionary journalism with union activities. It was in Paris that he met Lenin and, like nearly everyone else who met the young, vigorous revolutionist, Lozovsky fell completely under his spell. Lenin had the gift of making men worship him. He backed up all of his eloquence in expounding the Marxist doctrine with an intense practicality and a knack of putting those theories to work. Lozovsky and Lenin were friends until the death of the great revolutionary leader. Lozovsky endured his Paris exile until 1917, when he returned to Russia. Since then he has given a quarter of a century's devoted service to his country.

Before the war, his pet scheme was the Profintern, an international trade-union organization. But he turned in his dreams of a world-wide labor union in exchange for a heavy red dispatch case out of which at press conferences he sometimes pulls secret German documents with the studied casualness of a conjurer pulling a rabbit out of a hat.

(Continued on page 76)

TO FIRE THE WIFE

She could be a first-rate secretary. Or a wonderful wife. But when she tried to be both at once, you can imagine what happened. Oh, you think you can?

By Meyer Levin

WHEN Pete and Bennet Pierce took over the Wellington, Cohen and Fay agency they had some ideas for bringing it back to life. The Pierce brothers were masters of the psychological approach. A matter of first importance, they agreed, was office personnel. So they made some rules:

1. The girls must be attractive.
2. Executives must engage in no extracurricular activities with the girls.

Pete, a married man, attached grave importance to the first rule, because pretty girls in an office gave the place an air of optimism, and kept the males at their brightest. On their toes. In fact, pretty girls created a forward and prosperous atmosphere.

Brother Bennet, unmarried, brought up the psychological point that pretty girls sometimes distracted men from their work, but finally agreed that the desire to show cleverness, to excel, which the girls induced, more than compensated for the distraction.

Their second rule was, of course, the generally accepted thing in business offices, in spite of the great American myth about executives and their private secretaries. Any experienced executive would put up all his defenses at the idea of getting involved with a girl in the office. Gives her too much power. Makes her lose respect and efficiency. Also, such an entanglement weakens the boss, in the eyes of the entire force.

Neither Pete nor Bennet found it difficult to keep from getting involved. Pete was quite satisfied at home; and he was also in luck at the office because he drew Miss Mulligan, an efficient and cheerful girl of thirty, still fully within the standards of pulchritude they had set up, and, on the other score, distinctly not interested. She was one of those office workers whose personal lives are a sacrosanct mystery. There was a vague story about a steady arrangement with an interior decorator.

BUT brother Bennet had secretary trouble. He was a difficult man to fit. Probably should have had an academic career instead of going into advertising, though his studious approach was meeting with success.

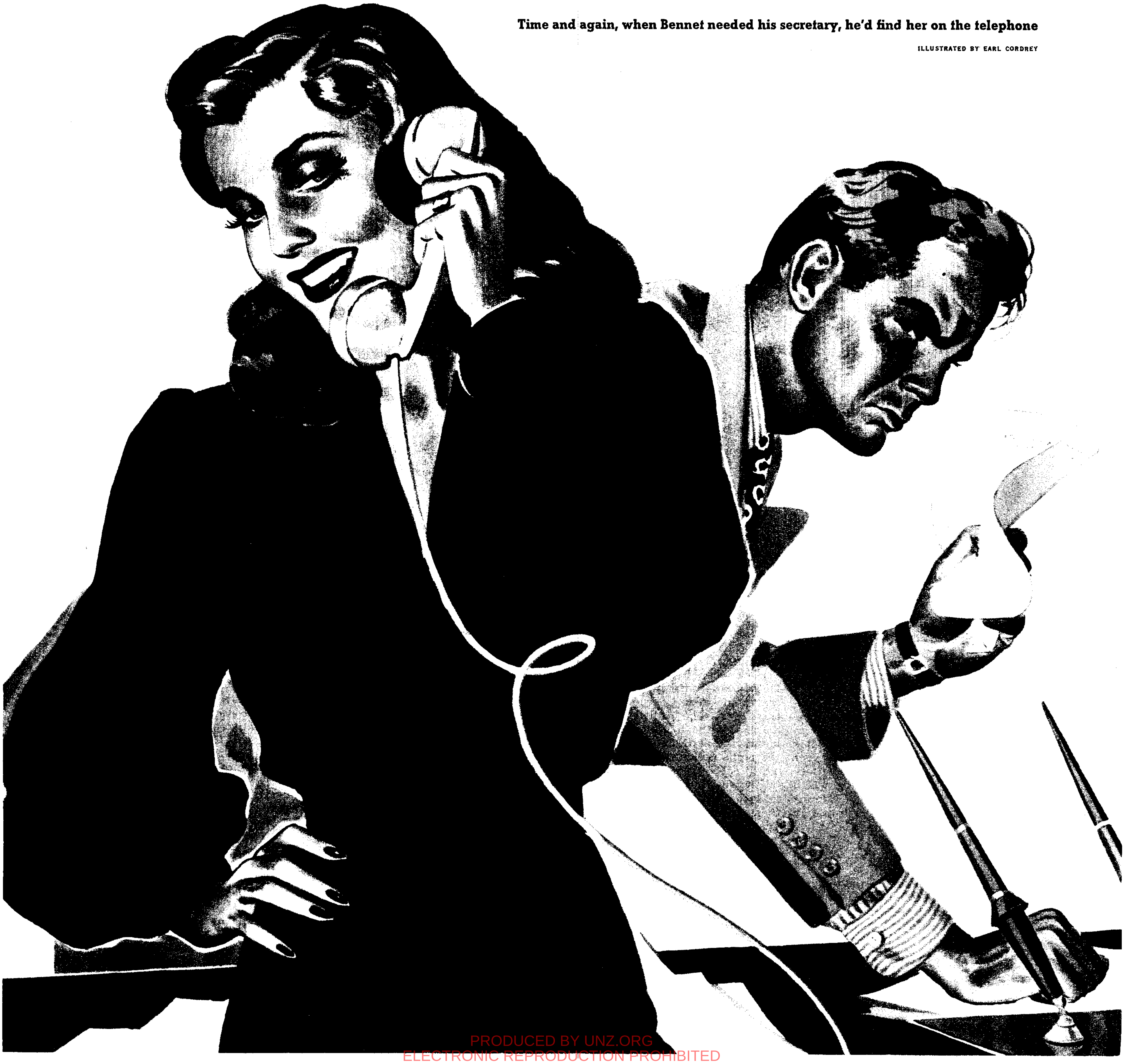
A secretary for Bennet had to be more than a filing system; she had to be a mind reader. He'd gaze at the ceiling, snap his fingers, trying to remember to whom he wanted to write; the girl would have to know. Also, he had a habit of scribbling notes on the underside of match covers, in a personally invented combination of shorthand and hieroglyphics, which he never could decipher. It was up to his secretary to figure out his notes. Furthermore, a girl for Bennet had to be willing to lead a flexible life in the matter of working hours, because his mind functioned best late in the afternoon; he'd start to dictate campaign projects just before six.

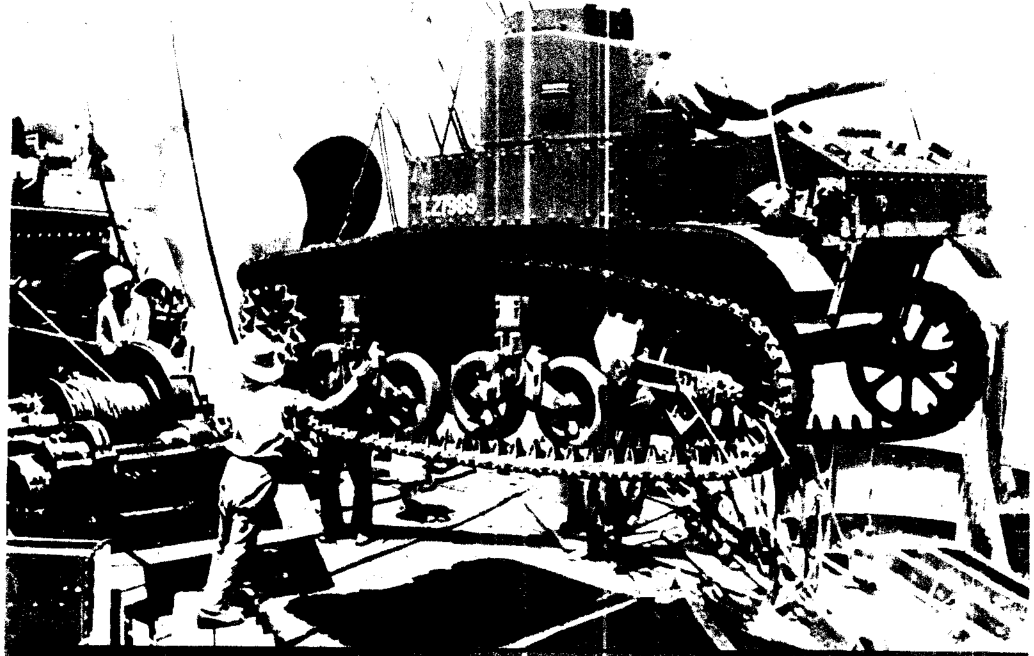
Obviously, the best type of girl for him, in compliance with Rule 2, would have been the secretary that carries a mute love for her boss.

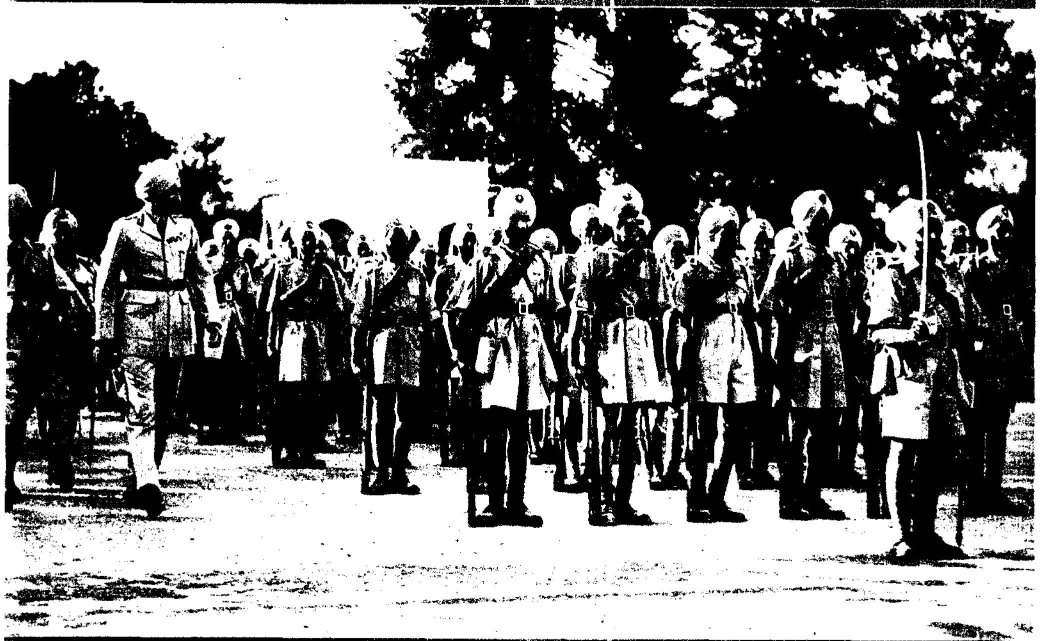
(Continued on page 47)

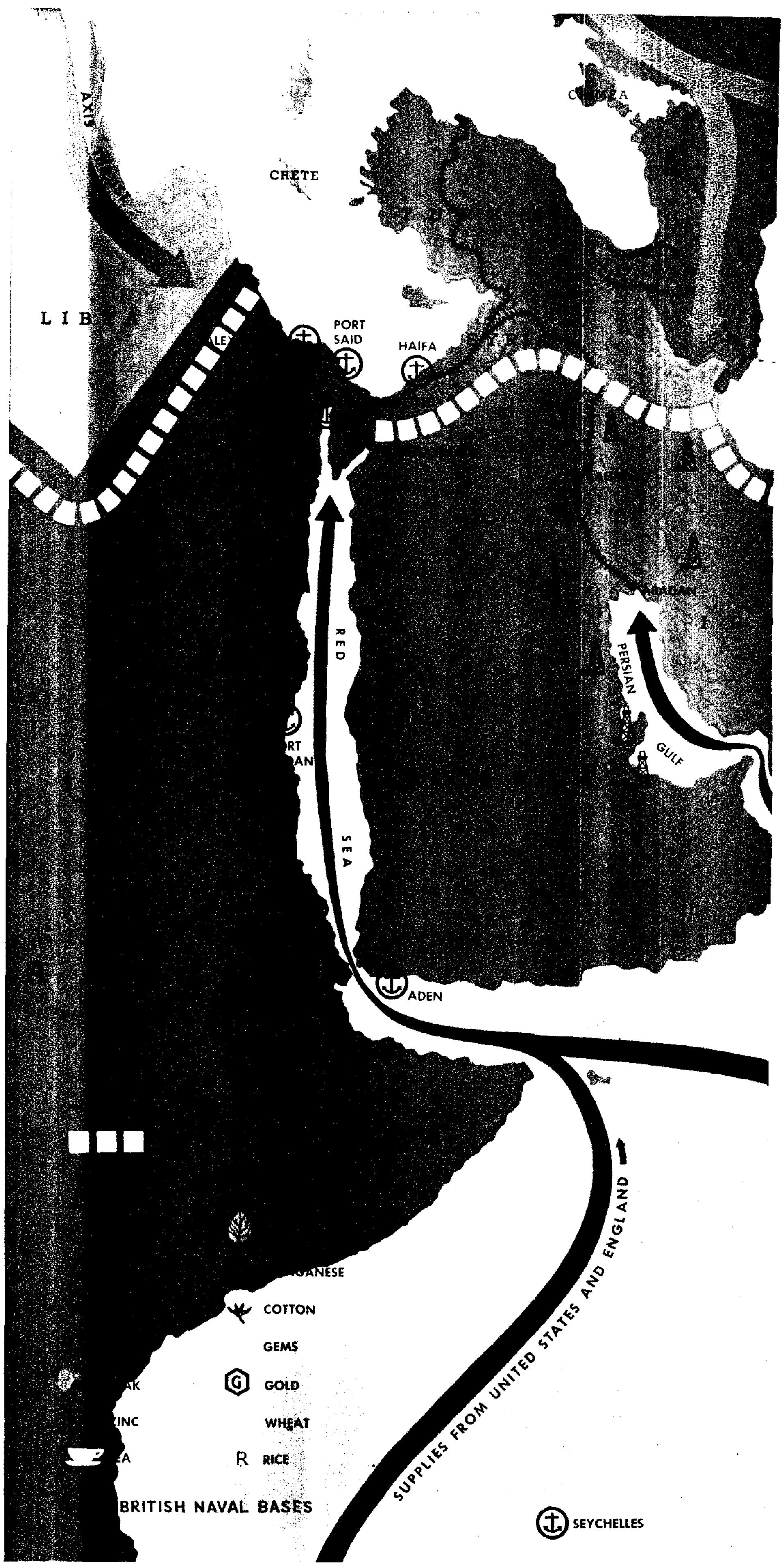
Time and again, when Bennet needed his secretary, he'd find her on the telephone

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY









ROLF KLEP

THE Wavells have undertaken several jobs of heroic dimensions in their time. One helped to conquer England. Another had a hand in the fashioning of Texas. But it is the contemporary Wavell, an unassuming gentleman with one eye and the benign expression of a blooded spaniel, who has drawn the biggest job fate or man ever assigned any soldier. He has been entrusted with the defense of India, which is to say the defense of the British empire—and more. For India isn't merely the bastion of the empire that Clive built. It's the core of Asia, the Eastern storehouse of the raw stuff of Western wealth.

It's the new battlefield of the war and it reaches from the Mediterranean eastward to the Pacific and from the Urals of Russia southward to Ceylon and the Indies of the East. On this battlefield the destiny of the world may be decided and its defender is General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell. His Tommies call him Archie. His wife calls him Sir Archie.

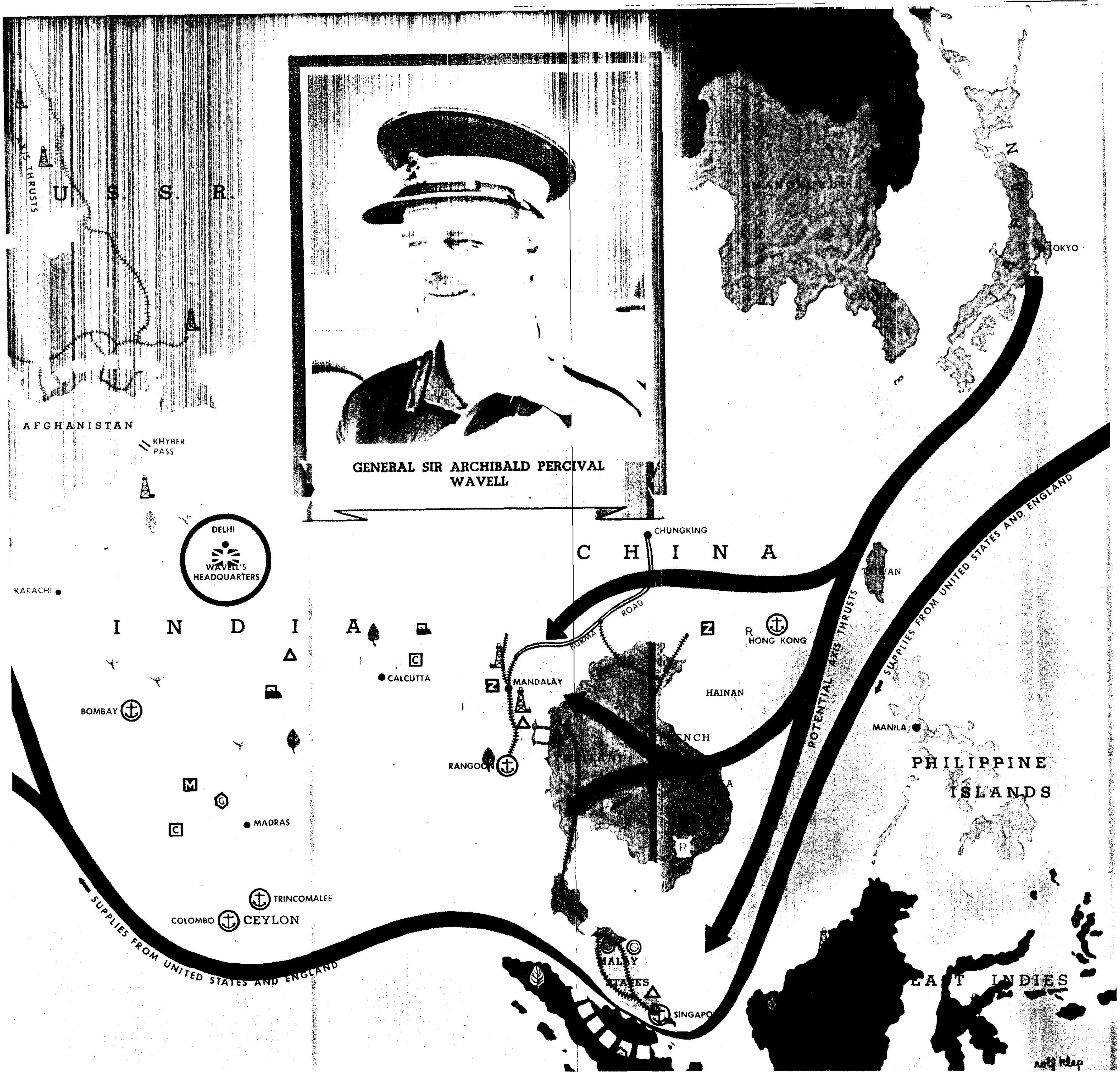
Back when the Wavells were called De Vauville, after their home town of that name near Cherbourg, in France, there was one called William who marched with a namesake whom history knows as The Conqueror. You can find the name still in the Domesday Book, which is the record of the land surveys of England that The Conqueror ordered in 1085. William De Vauville appears there as a settler and landholder in Devon and Dorset.

Seven hundred and forty years later, in 1825, one Major General Arthur Goodall Wavell received from a grateful Mexican government a grant of several hundred thousand acres lying between the Red River and the Sulphur River. This Wavell had helped Mexico win its independence from Spain and the reward he received was a large piece of what later became Texas. For ten years the region was known as the Wavell Colony and the colonists that Wavell brought into the country were among those who fought for the independence of the state. A Colonel Milam, Major General Wavell's agent, was killed leading a charge of Texans in the battle of San Antonio.

On July 4, 1941, fate and Winston Churchill thrust upon the Texas Wavell's grandson, Archie, an assignment that may raise the name of Wavell to stand with those of Nelson, Clive and Wellington. On that day Archie was ordered to India.

At the time it looked as though Churchill had broken Wavell. Cairo was full of punch-drunk and shell-shocked and Stuka-stupid Aussies and Anzacs who'd survived the hell in Greece and Crete. None blamed Wavell, directly. They just raved about the abysmal orneriness of brass hats. They were loudly candid about wanting to know why only two and a half divisions had been sent to help the Greeks instead of at least ten. Premier Metaxas of Greece had asked for nine. The survivors of the Balkan campaign wanted to know why the hundred and fifty tanks the British sent with the expeditionary force were so war-weary they broke down, many of them, before firing a shot at the Germans. They beefed about lack of guns and the almost total absence of any assistance from the Royal Air Force. It was the blackest hour in Britain's war since Dunkirk.

It was easy to imagine, from listening to the soreheads in Cairo, the kind of pressure that was being exerted on Churchill behind the screen of empire solidarity. Australian and New Zealand politicians were demanding explanations, too. They wanted an Imperial War Council formed with all the Dominions represented to formulate war strategy and avoid further disastrous adventures overseas. Aussies and New Zealanders hadn't yet learned, then, that the defense of their homelands begins



GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD PERCIVAL WAVELL

AXIS THRUSTS
U. S. S. R.
TOKYO
AFGHANISTAN
KHYBER PASS
DELHI
WAVELL'S HEADQUARTERS
KARACHI
CHUNGKING
C H I N A
I N D I A
BURMA ROAD
HONG KONG
TAIWAN
SUPPLIES FROM UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND
POTENTIAL AXIS THRUSTS
CALCUTTA
MANDALAY
HAINAN
BOMBAY
MANILA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
RANGOON
MADRAS
TRINCOMALEE
COLOMBO
CEYLON
SUPPLIES FROM UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND
MALAY STATES
SINGAPORE
EAST INDIES
rolf klep

Wavell's job in Asia is by far the biggest one ever handed to a British fighting man. Mapped above are the territories he must hold. They are Britain's most lucrative possessions and on Wavell's success hangs the fate of over a billion people

thousands of miles away from Melbourne and Auckland.

In Cairo, after the Crete debacle, we knew a shake-up was coming. The war had gone rather badly in the western desert, too, and the campaign in Syria was stumbling along. For days the censors wouldn't allow reporters to mention the fact that the Vichyite French were resisting what was to have been a British march of liberation. And one night war correspondents and officers just back from the fighting in the western desert knotted around the news juke in the lobby of Shepheard's Hotel and watched the Reuter's teleprinter pour onto the yellow paper the news that Wavell was transferred to India.

Some of us had just returned from the last of a series of futile attacks against the Italo-German defenses at Fort Capuzzo. Someone, up there, had blundered. Two battalions of a certain crack North Country regiment had gotten it rather badly. A cerebrally muscle-bound officer had ordered first one and then a second battalion of poorly armed men in Bren gun carriers into action against the enemy's seventy-fives and superior tanks. He'd got his orders mixed, that certain officer. He was to have waited for a signal from the British tanks attacking Fort Capuzzo, when they'd broken the stronghold's defenses.

Not Directly Responsible

The signal never came. The tanks themselves were turned back by the fort's fire. But the officer commanding the two battalions of tin-plated hay wagons they call Bren gun carriers sent his men in anyhow. It was worse than Balaklava.

Reporters close to events in the Middle East knew that Wavell couldn't be held directly responsible for the series of disasters that befell the British on the Libyan desert and in the Balkans, or for the bungling in Syria. They knew, for instance, that Sir Archie had yielded to advice from London when he about-faced his army after taking Benghazi last winter to send more than half of it to Greece. He wanted to go on to Tripoli.

Italian officers with whom I talked in prison camps told me Wavell could have taken Tripoli, too. There was nothing between Benghazi and Tripoli during the rout of Graziani's Invincibles.

But London had made certain promises to Athens. To have welshed on the Greeks would have raised a storm in the House of Commons at least as violent as the one that followed the defeats in Greece and Crete. And Britain had American "public opinion" to consider. The British High Command and the British government were anxious to preserve the respect of Americans. About 27,000 Australians, New Zealanders and Englishmen—I was not able to obtain reliable figures on how many Greeks—died, or were wounded or captured, as a result.

Reporters knew how poorly armed Wavell's army in the desert really was. They knew that the vaunted British I-tanks weren't worth their sale price as junk. They knew Wavell was undermanned. At one time the British held Egypt with less than 15,000 men and only 87 airplanes. Luckily for the British, the enemy never discovered this.

But Cairo reeled with gossip and

(Continued on page 52)

BE FAIR TO FRANC

By JOHN ERS

A nation that went down fighting deserves respect and sympathy rather than sneers. Dr. Erskine, noted scholar and author, appeals for calm and honest thinking about France and the French people

AT THE newsreel not long ago, when American supplies were shown arriving in England, some of the audience cheered uproariously. A few minutes later, when a picture of France was shown, the same members of the audience hissed.

I don't know whether the applauders and hissers were Americans or visiting allies, but I'm glad to say there were many in the audience who didn't join in the insult to France, nor disclose the slightest wish to jump on her because she is down. Perhaps the thought occurred to us that if she had enjoyed a fraction of the aid which our government has given to England she wouldn't be down. On the other hand, if we had helped England no more than we helped France, England herself might now be in a bad way. If France, prisoner that she is, hadn't pretty well occupied the attention of her captors, England might have been invaded.

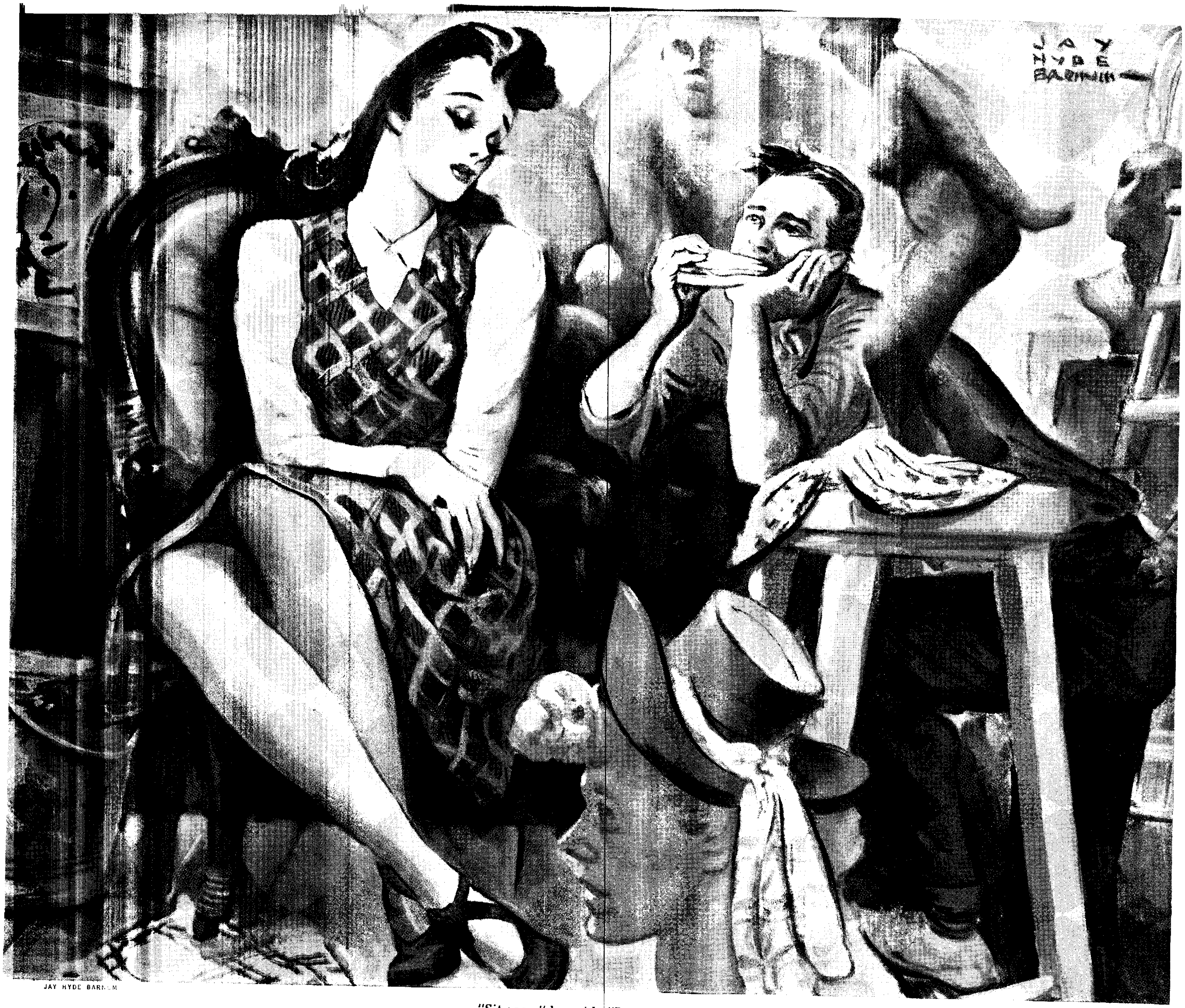
And if France and England hadn't stood in the way, Hitler could have done what he pleased with us, since we were the least prepared of all.

It's time something like this were said, in fairness to France. It's time we stopped speaking of the French defeat as "treachery." Treachery to whom? To England? Parliament had been assured that the British air force was adequate, but it wasn't. To the United States? Our Congress had appropriated over several years large sums for defense, but when defense was needed we had none. If treachery is the word for governmental incompetence and bad judgment, let's admit it can be found in our household, too. Only a very shortsighted kind of conceit scorns a neighbor just because he's in trouble and we're not —at least, not yet. The worship of success can go too far. If we turn on France for no other reason than that she was beaten, we are paying too high a tribute to the well-organized thuggery that brought her to her knees.

Democracy in France has been an ideal of the poor, who through the centuries have suffered from repressive or predatory governments. In other countries also the common man has been cheated of his hopes, but in France he has always refused to give up the struggle. From the French soil have come an endless line of orators, poets, scholars, artists, liberals and would-be liberators, who inspire brave efforts elsewhere and advance the human cause. From some French farm or from some (*Continued on page* 75)

Tangible expression of the instinctive French love of freedom is the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, presented to the people of the United States by the people of France to commemorate 100 years of American independence

To get this remarkable picture Photographer William Hoff climbed 150 feet into the torch, which is closed to the public, and leaned out into the wind to focus his camera. Assisting him is one of the guards on duty at the statue



"Sit easy," he said. "Put your hands in your lap. Look down at 'em"

My Poor Head

By Price Day

Sue learned that most anything can happen on the 7th Avenue Subway, from starting a new romance to patching up an old one

I'M PERFECTLY sure that there are plenty of people who hate to see that evening sun go down, but for me personally the time of day when my troubles seem just almost too much to bear has always come early in the morning, going to work on the 7th Avenue Express. So maybe that was one reason I didn't pay any attention to the man looking at me. My mind was on my troubles. Another reason, of course, was that I was used to having men look at me, because I'm pretty. But mostly I was thinking: Poor me, poor baby, poor little Sue.

Not that there was anything new about my troubles. One thing there'll always be is people in New York, and girls to feel about people the way I felt about Lou. And there'll always be men like Lou, too, with responsibilities back home, and worried about times like these, and not wanting to get married till they are making a million dollars a week, or anyway fifty, and not being willing to have kids till the kids' future is absolutely ironclad guaranteed to the age of ninety-six, and so on. Now no girl believes more than I do in responsibilities, or thinks harder about the times, figuring out where she stands with them, but on the other hand—

I mean, just looking at him did things. That face, all bones and freckles, and hair so close to red it might as well be red, and that walk like he was about to bust somebody in the nose. Wonderful. Vitamins to burn. But a girl can wait just so long, and Lou and I had known each other two years, and almost every time we were together lately we'd had a fight. There'd been an awful one the night before.

SO I guess that was what I was thinking about that morning, whishing and rumbling along on the subway and standing on the platform packed in with a lot of people reading their morning papers. And you know how it is when somebody is looking at you. You finally look at him.

I looked at the man. He was thirty-five or so, and he had on an old tweed suit, and a blue shirt, like a farmer's, very faded, and a black tie he must have tied with his feet, and no hat. He was sort of big and rough-looking, with dark eyes and dark hair, getting thin on top.

The express was coming into 72d Street then, and sometimes I wonder. what if I'd got off and taken the next train? That horrible accident wouldn't have happened to my face—only, of course, it wasn't an accident, but very intentional, and it didn't happen to my *face*, exactly—and there wouldn't have been those pictures in the papers, and, oh, a lot of things.

But I didn't get off, and the train went on, and I looked again and he was still looking and I said, "See anything green, son?"

"Sorry," he said. He moved his hand in the air. "I was admiring the structure of your jaw." Then he smiled and said, "I'm not crazy. Just like to look at people's faces, that's all. Yours is one of the strangest I ever ran into."

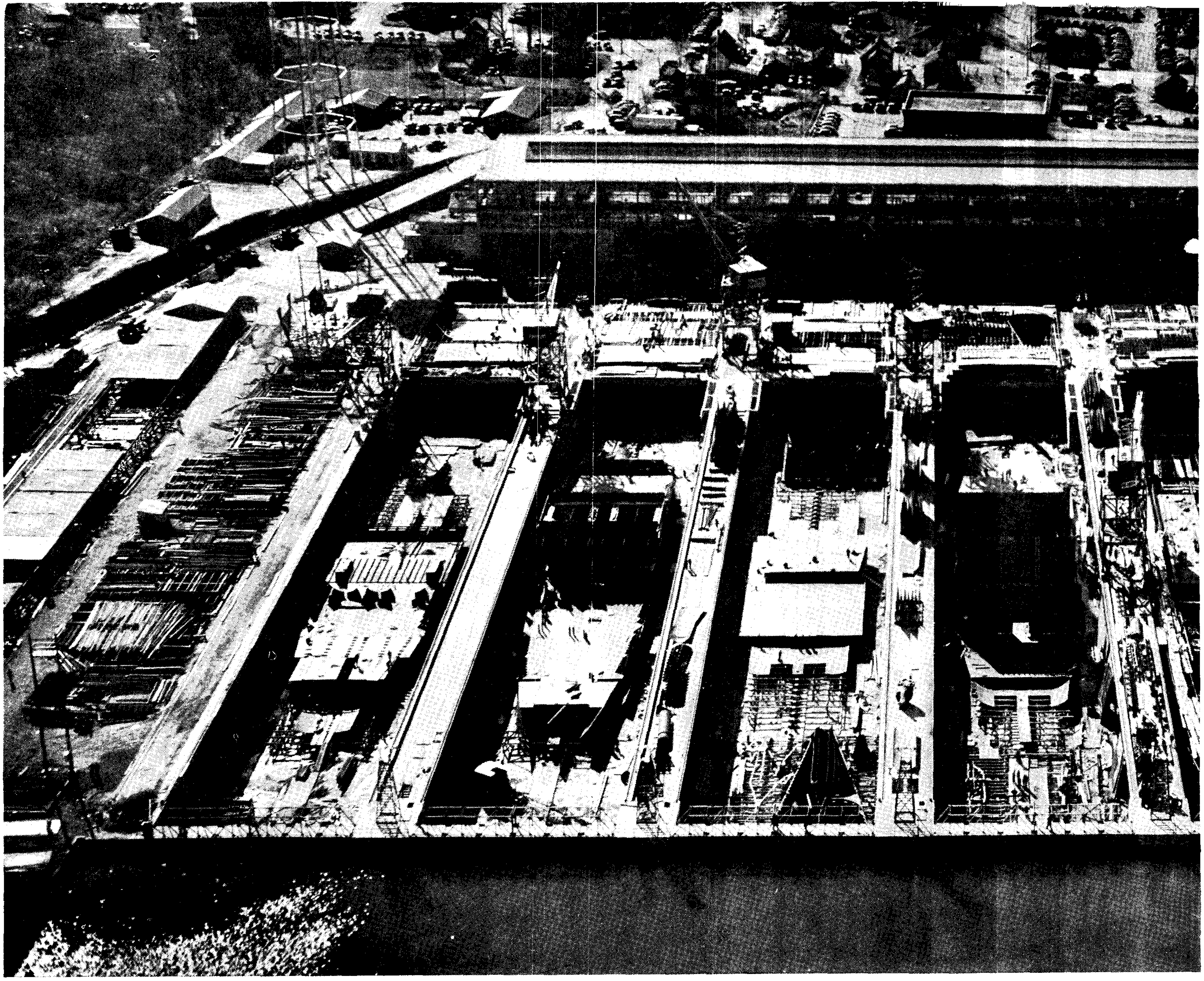
"Thanks," I said.

"It's the shape of the jaw, mostly, that makes you smile the way you do. Quite beautiful."

"Oh," I said.

"Nothing personal," he said. "I just happen to be a sculptor."

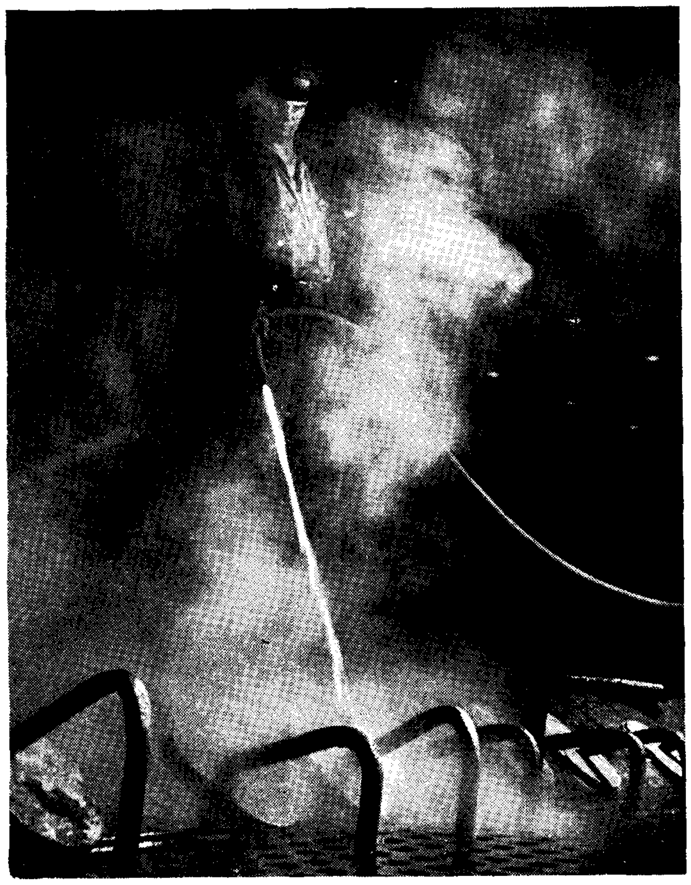
(Continued on page 68)



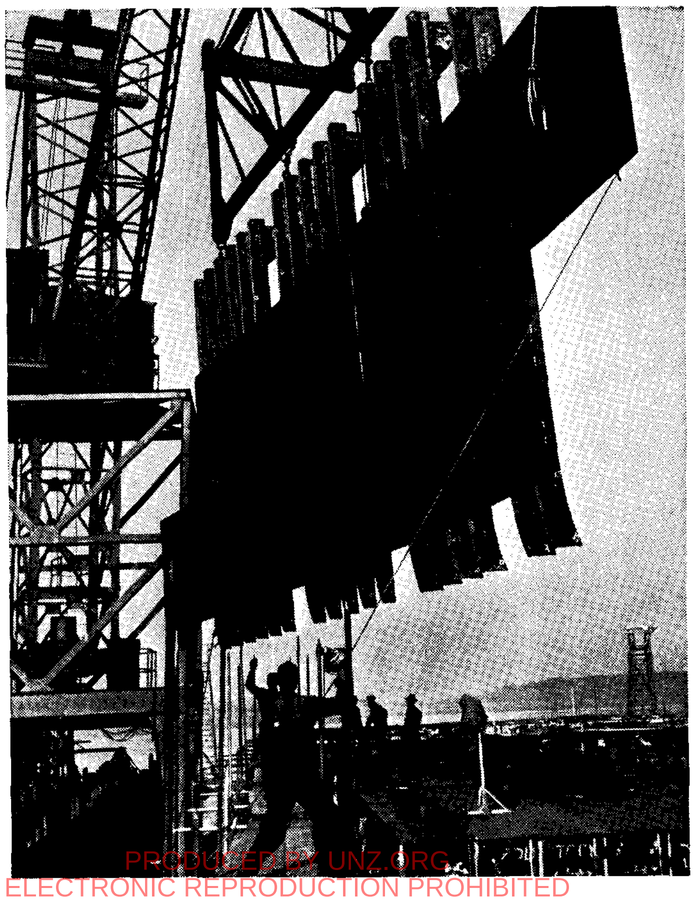
Seagull's-eye view of the Todd-Bath shipbuilding basin at South Portland, Maine, assembly line for ships

Seven 10,000-ton freighters are being built simultaneously

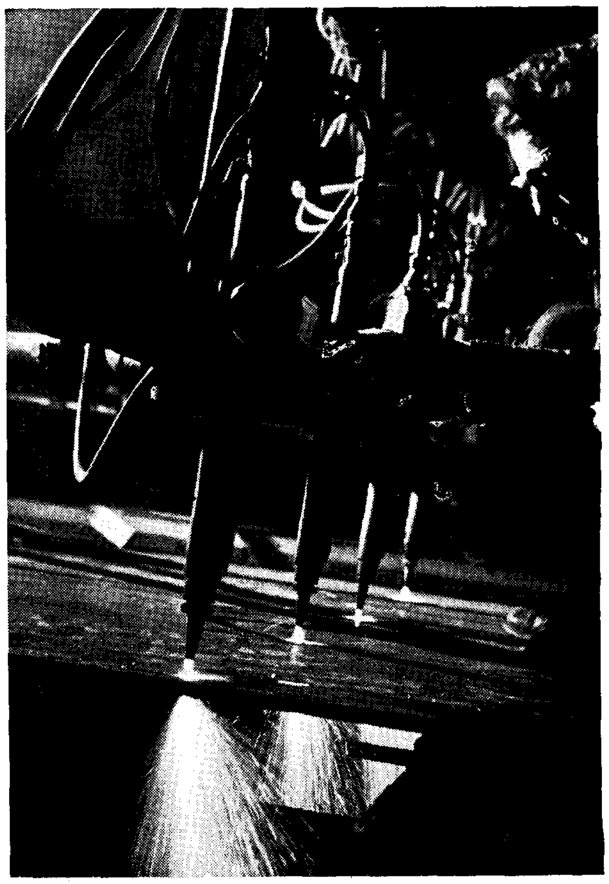
Cooling steel shapes on bending floor. Shapes are first heated in furnace, then bent under clamps



Traveling crane lowers 25-ton section of hull to form ship's side. Crane capacity is 50 tons



Travograph, oxyacetylene cutter, forms fou identical floor plates in a single operation



Built in a Bathtub

By Frank D. Morris

For centuries men have been building ships singly on shipways until this year, when Pete Newell worked out his mass-production building basin. The assembly line has gone to sea at last, to help win the war

YOU don't have to build your ship on an incline, bow high in the air. Your builders don't have to use special "declivity compensation" gauges throughout to allow for that uplift. You needn't spend weeks worrying whether your ship is going to slide down the ways on launching day or refuse to budge and you can forget all about the tons of grease or hordes of bananas, slide accessories. All of these problems vanish if you build your ship in a bathtub.

That's exactly what Pete Newell is doing up in South Portland, Maine; building not one ship but seven simultaneously in his Todd-Bath ship basins. It's one of the most revolutionary steps forward in shipbuilding since steel hulls replaced wooden bottoms. The first chapter of this success story ends with two newborn 10,000-ton freighters floating out on the waters of Portland harbor. Twenty-eight sister ships, born the same way, will follow pronto—on rush order from Britain.

Here's Pete's setup: A concrete sunken bathtub, 750 feet long, about half as wide, has been built on the water front. The bottom of the tub is 16 feet below high tide. One of its long sides is shut off from the harbor by a series of solid-steel gates. Those gates are important—more about them later.

The bathtub (called a building basin) is divided into three compartments. One end section is big enough to handle three of those freighters, and each of the other two sections hold two. All set—let's watch Pete build a ship.

Lay 'Em Down and Shove 'Em Out

On permanent steel keel blocks the steel backbone of the ship is laid parallel to the basin bottom, as level as a stretch of rail the section hands lay on the main line. Steel ribs are now attached to that backbone and the double bottom takes shape. Gradually ship fitters, welders and riveters, using ordinary builders' gauges, carpenters' levels, etc., add plates, decks and frames until the hull is watertight. Then the scaffolding is removed, the basin is flooded by pumps up to the level of the outside harbor. Traveling cranes lift a pair of the steel gates, a couple of tugs take charge and Pete's ship is not launched, but gently floated out to open water.

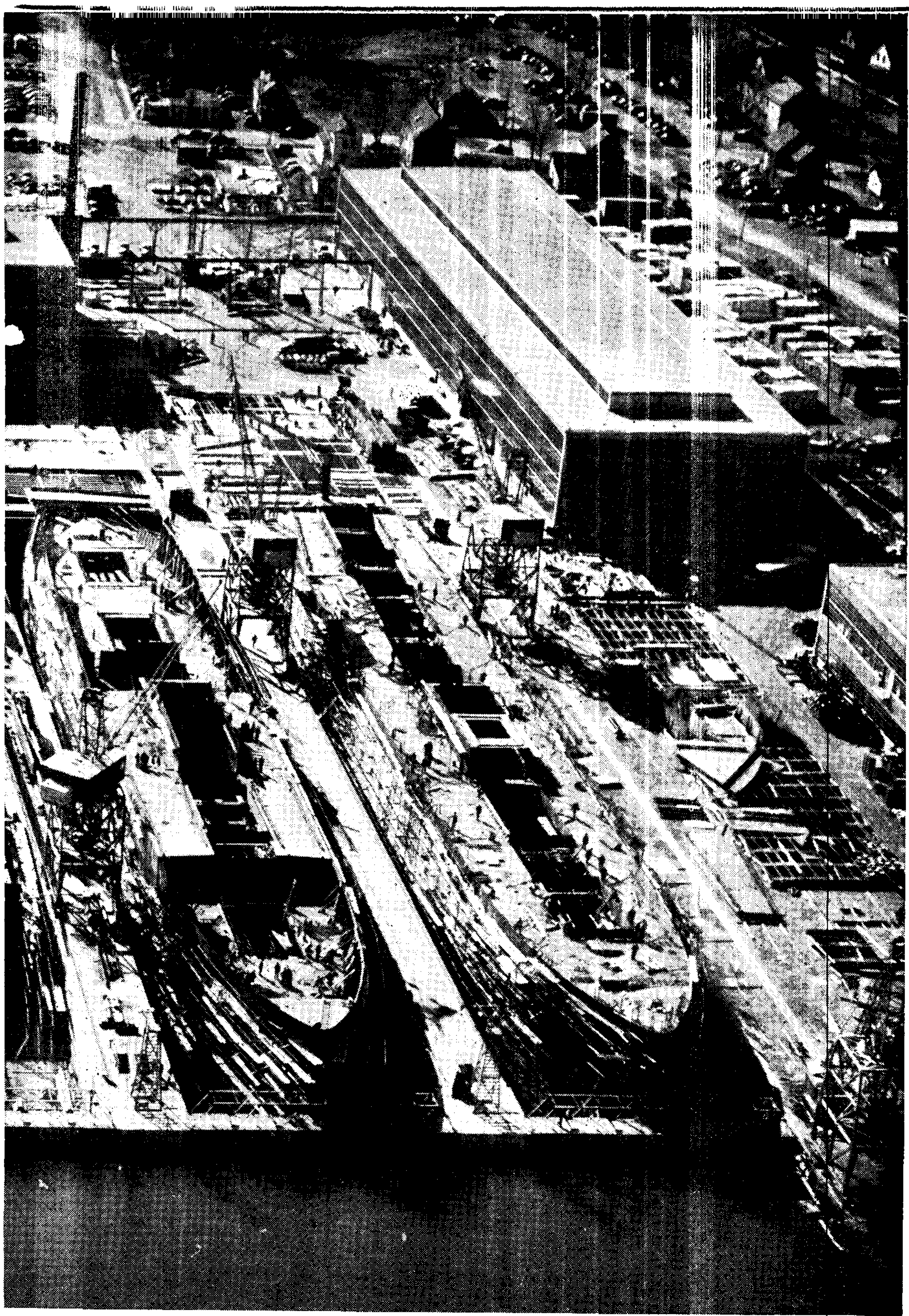
Close the steel gates, pump the basin dry and the keel blocks are ready for another built-on-the-level freighter.

Now see how the same type of ship is built on ordinary shipways. First the keel is laid on an incline and, from then on, that slope must be reckoned with in every measurement and fitting. Those freakish declivity-compensation gadgets mentioned above are expensive and, in these days of priorities, scarce, but they're a must here.

Fitters, riggers and calkers are scrambling all over your ship now, and the raised bow makes every worker feel like a mountain goat. Apparently one leg is shorter than the other.

But soon it's time to get busy with the cradle. This is the toboggan that carries a new ship down the ways for its first splash. The cradle must carry a 10,000-ton vessel smoothly and safely, so it had better be balanced accurately. Or no splash—or much too much splash. Let's explain that.

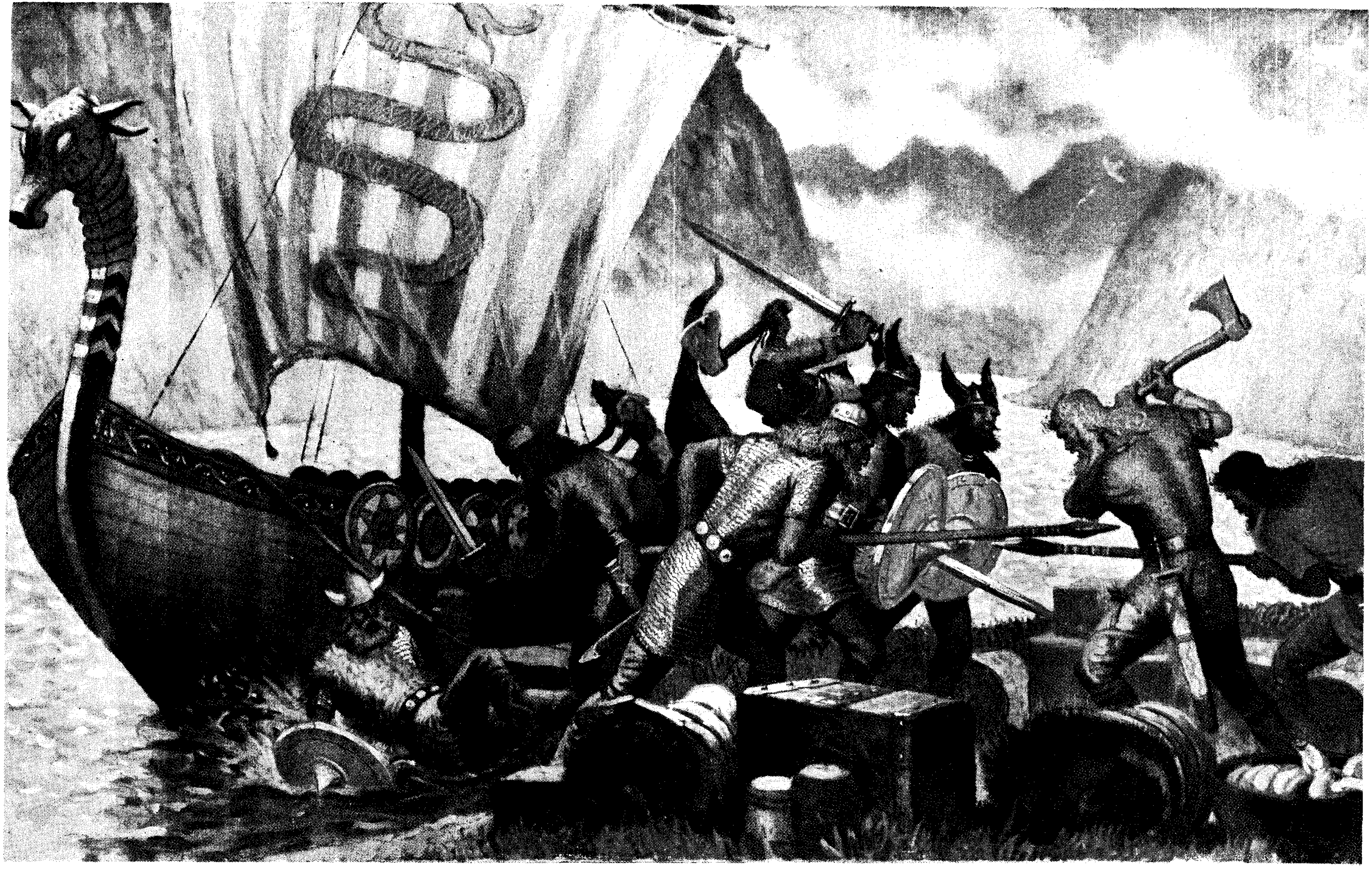
It takes weeks to design and build that cradle. Yet, occasionally on launching day, when the bottle of triple-sec is given the old heave-o, nothing happens. The ship is a (Continued on page 29)



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Two ships at the right are nearly completed and ready to be floated out into harbor

Steel interbottom section of ship is assembled upside down to facilitate welding, then is joined to the hull section in upper part of picture. Note permanent steel keel blocks on basin floor



Some of Orn's followers swung up their weapons, and iron clashed hard

BERSERK

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

[illegible] of a raid we never heard of by a [illegible] immortal page in American history

THAT day Brana heard oars in the firth. She dropped her rake and ran barelegged across the clover fields to her lookout. Here was the place, high up, where she liked to lie and dream and watch the gulls circling over the mist that often hid the bleak coast of Norway.

In this high seat of her own the girl Brana could not easily be found by the people of the homestead. Hiding out here, she could look down at the women of the homestead working among the cattle pens or picking wool, she could listen to the sound of the axes where the men chopped interminably at the timbers in the forest.

For the forest Brana had no love. It was dark, and bears snuffled through it, and in the dimness of the northern nights werewolves might be heard howling there.

She was a Viking's girl, with the colors of gold and fire in her long hair, and the blue of deep water in her eyes. Moreover, she was now fifteen winters of age, and many girls of the coast had gone to their bride bowers after fourteen winters. But she thought that the youths who came in to Orn's Firth had thin beards and a small way of doing things. They brought hewn timbers down from the forest to the water of the inlet, or they fetched in fish from Lofoten.

It pleased her better when warfarers came in from the long ways of the sea, to shelter themselves at the homestead and drink beer with her uncle Orn. These warfarers often gave her bits of bright silk for her garments, and carved ivory, and they had tales to tell, while she poured their beer, of raiding and burning. Although her uncle Orn would shake his head in his stubborn way, saying that she would not be so pleased when she knew more of war or the men who fared forth to it. Wait and learn, he said to her, blinking wisely. Orn, being old, did not know that Brana was waiting for the day when a tall man might come into their gray inlet, to refit his long ship, and would look upon her and demand her for his bride to carry off to his homestead, wherever that might be. . . .

That morning she saw a dragon ship coming out of the mist, into Orn's Firth.

No ordinary Viking long ship this. Painted war shields lined its rails. The dragon's head above its prow gleamed with silver. A good ship, she thought, and it must have on it a man of mark. The blood throbbed in her body when she ran to tell Orn.

"Ho, redhead," he laughed at her. "you have been dreaming again."

"It is you who sleep, Orn," she cried, "here in the hay when you have a great guest to greet."

She ran by the cattle pens to the women's sleeping room of the homestead. She put on the blue cape that matched her eyes, in such a way that the mends did not show. Clasping it with the silver clasp, she wished that she had at least one gold ring for her slender arms. And she persuaded Ingiald the maid to comb her hair smooth, without braiding it. After this, in her excitement, Brana forgot to put on her shoes and ran barelegged down to the landing place.

There she saw that the strangers had come for trading.

The homestead men were carrying down piles of wool, and casks of honey, and bearskins for trading. Brana had eyes only for the man from the dragon ship. Tall he was, with a bold swing to his shoulders, and laughing eyes. Edging closer, she heard his name spoken, Hrolf the Gautlander, the Earl's man, who had made the voyage over from Gothland. His weapon men looked hard as broken ice, coming down the landing plank in their gray iron shirts and wolfskins. Yet their landfall had been friendly enough, with the peace flag flying over them.

NOW Hrolf stood on the shore examining the trade goods Orn set before him. "Have you no wine?" he asked, looking for more than he saw.

"We make only beer," said Orn placidly, as his homesteaders set down more goods—wood carvings and piles of dried Lofoten fish.

"My followers are thirsty for wine," Hrolf smiled. Then he looked at Brana, and looked at her again. When she lowered her head modestly, she discovered that she had not put on her shoes—she, a woman of fifteen winters stood before a mighty seafarer like a barelegged child. Her face felt hot with shame.

"We make only beer," said Orn proudly. "And it is good enough."

Brana thought otherwise. Beer and bearskins, honey and wool, these things of the homestead did not seem to her good enough to lay before seafarers.

The smile went out of Hrolf's face. He stared at Orn.

"If you do not like it, Gautlander," Orn rubbed his beard, "I cannot help that. You can drink with me or not, as seems best to you."

"Do you think yourself," Hrolf demanded quickly, "as good a man as me, homesteader?"

"Certainly," said Orn, who was stubborn about such matters.

Hrolf grew pale in the face, and the gold rune ring moved on his arm. "That is bad to hear," he said.

His arm pulled the sword from the sheath at his hip, and he stepped toward Orn. His arm thrust hard, and the sword point came through the shirt at Orn's back. Orn laid hold of the sword in front of him, and dropped down to his knees. A man howled like a wolf.

The homesteader nearest Brana dropped the wool he was carrying. "*Berserks-gang!*" he cried.

Berserk rage. Brana saw Hrolf's followers leap high in their wolfskins. They caught at their weapons and struck at the startled men in front of them. They howled and they struck. Brana could not stop looking, nor could she move her legs.

Running forward, the gray men from the ship grasped at the homesteaders

(Continued on page 81)

Divided by Two

By Octavus Roy Cohen

OLD BILL GORDON walked across the road so that he could get a better view of his tourist camp. The sign said:

THREE PINES MOTEL
AIR CONDITIONED CABINS
MEALS — MUSIC

The cabins were new and white and immaculate. There was a main building, which Old Bill called the Lodge where Ma Gordon did the fanciest plain cooking on Route 66. The "music" referred to on the sign was a juke box.

It was very late afternoon when the car arrived. Old Bill poked his head inside the kitchen door and said, "Hey, Ma, look what we got."

What they had was a bridal couple. You couldn't miss it. They had tried to rub out the chalk marks on the side of the car, but you could still read "Just Married." . . .

The young man got out. He was medium size and neatly built, and with a blond, healthy look that Old Bill liked. The girl was nice, too: Big black eyes and wavy black hair and the lightest, clearest skin he'd ever seen. The young man looked at Old Bill and asked, "Have you got any vacancies?" and Old Bill said, "We sho have, son. C'mon into the office."

Old Bill sat himself down behind the desk and showed the young man where to register. The young man signed, MR. AND MRS. STEVEN ROBERTS, and wrote down the name of the town they'd evidently got married in. Then he looked right past Old Bill and said in a tight, steady voice, "We'd like two cabins."

Old Bill always prided himself on being able to handle pretty near anything that came up. But this time he got caught with his guard down and before he knew he'd said anything, he repeated the word "*Two?*" in a voice which was shot through with surprise.

Steve Roberts said, "That's right. *Two* cabins." And Old Bill said, "Gosh . . ." and then he added, "Well, of course, son, if that's what you want . . ." and the boy said that was just exactly what he wanted.

When Old Bill went outside to show the young man what garage to drive into he wanted to get to Ma quick and tell her what was happening.

Steve carried his bride's things into one cabin and his own into the other. Old Bill heard him ask, "Will you have dinner with me?" and her tired little voice saying, "I think I'd rather not, Steve."

Old Bill went inside and told Ma about it, and she said, "Land o' Goshen, Bill . . . that ain't decent!"

It was almost dark now. The bridegroom came out and rambled off along the highway.

SOME seven o'clock the tourists started drifting into the Lodge for food. After a while, the bride came in and took a seat at the counter. She ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee and she hardly touched the sandwich.

Somebody put a nickel in the juke box, and two couples started to dance.

A little later, Jimmy Dawson came in. Jimmy worked for Old Bill. He was a nice boy: big and well-made and full of fun.

The way things started, it really wasn't Jimmy Dawson's fault. Jimmy wasn't shy, but he wasn't fresh either. He was even blushing a little when he sidled over to where the lonely little bride was sitting and said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but I was wonderin' if you maybe might like to dance."

She looked up, sort of startled and said, "No, thank you," and Jimmy said, "I didn't mean no harm, ma'am," and then the bride looked out through the screen door and saw her husband looking in, and she said suddenly, "Well, why not?" and before you could say Jack Robinson they were dancing.

Old Bill would have stopped it if he could, but now it was too late. Steve Roberts came in through the front door, and you could see that he was mad all through. He walked across the floor and stepped in the way of Jimmy and the girl. He said, "All right, Buddy. That's enough."

Jimmy stopped dancing. He grinned and said, "What's eating on you, feller?" and Steve answered, "You're not dancing with her any more."

Those who knew Jimmy Dawson could tell you that he was never one to enjoy being pushed around. He said, "Get away from me, Mister. I don't like you."

He held out his arms to the girl. She stepped into them. And that was when Steve boiled over. He clenched his fists and let Jimmy Dawson have it.

Jimmy ain't in the habit of taking anything from anybody. He shoved the girl aside, brought his right up from somewhere near China and it exploded against the bridegroom's jaw.

Steve Roberts went down and stayed down. Old Bill grabbed Jimmy and hustled him outside.

Things were happening. The bride was kneeling beside her husband. She was crying and saying silly, foolish, sweet, bridey things. Old Bill pitched in, saying he was awful sorry and for her not to worry because Steve wasn't hurt bad, and she said, "Help me! Help me, please. . . ."

So Old Bill picked Steve up and carried him into his cabin and the girl came in, too. They laid him on the bed, and Old Bill said he'd go get some ice, and when he came back Steve was sitting up and shaking his head and his bride was holding his hands and they were looking at each other sort of like *that*, and Old Bill said, "I reckon he's all right now, Miss," and the girl said she figured he was, and then Old Bill went back to the Lodge to apologize to the other guests for the brawl. . . .

YOU get up awful early when you run a tourist camp. Before the day was real bright, Old Bill was puttering around, when the door of Steve Roberts' cottage opened.

Steve came out of that cottage. So did his bride.

The sun was coming up over the folded hills, and it shone, all rich pink and gold, on the young faces of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. They said good morning to Old Bill and seemed a little embarrassed and very happy as they stowed their nice, new bridal luggage in the back of the car. Steve backed out onto Highway 66. Then he headed west; headed into the mountains for the honeymoon they'd dreamed about.

Old Bill sighed and walked out toward the gas pumps. Jimmy Dawson was there, waiting for him.

Old Bill told Jimmy off. Good and strong. He said it was all Jimmy's fault. . . .

"But it wasn't," defended Jimmy. "It wasn't my fault at all."

"No? I suppose you couldn't have figured out that there was some tie-up there."

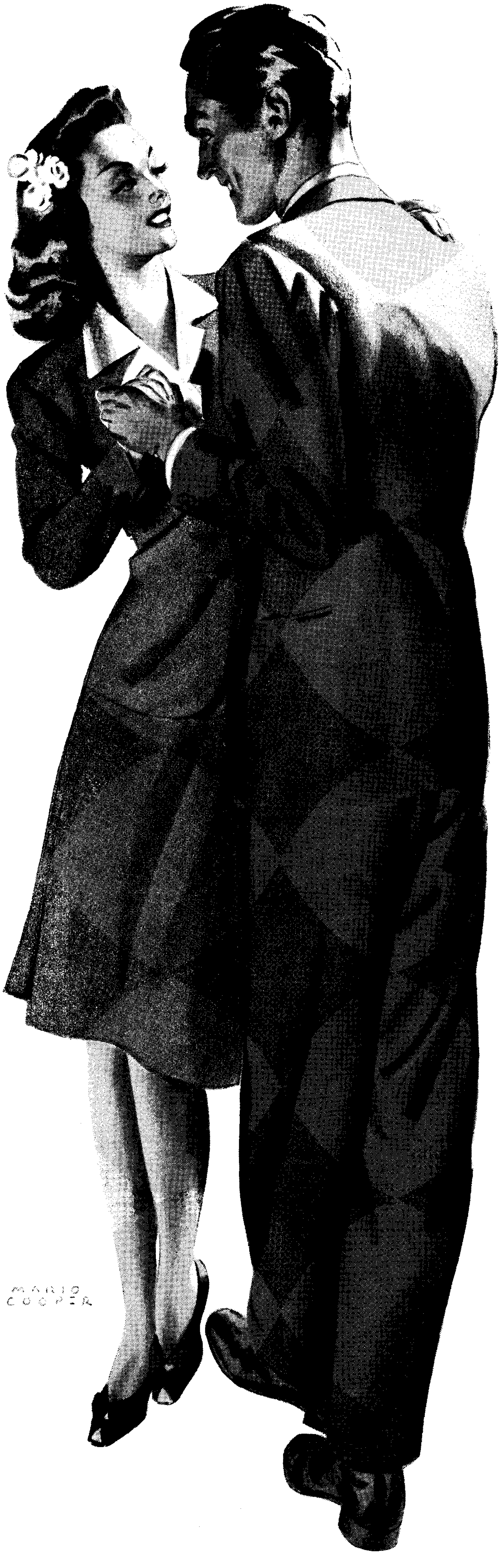
"I didn't have to figure it," said Jimmy. "I knew already she was his wife. You see, that feller Steve—he met me down the road and told me all about it. He said he was desperate. So he asked me as a favor wouldn't I please get in a fight with him and beat him up."

Old Bill had trouble digesting that. Then his lips creased into a smile. After that he laughed and said, "You might have told me that last night, Jimmy. I turned down a chance to rent the cabin they forgot to use."

Old Bill walked away. He was thinking of a new sign he might put up in front of his place, only he decided against it because he figured it wouldn't make sense except to himself and Jimmy Dawson.

The sign he'd thought about would have said:

SERVICE WITH A PUNCH



She saw her husband and she said suddenly, "Well, why not?" and before you could say Jack Robinson they were dancing

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Alder Gulch

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco, and taken on board a ship to Portland, Oregon, Jeff Pierce is attacked by the captain of the vessel with a pistol. In self-defense, he strikes the fellow with a belaying pin; after which he swims to shore. The captain, knocked unconscious, dies.

While wandering through the streets of Portland, Pierce is approached by a girl, who tells him that she must get out of the town, undetected; and that she wants him to pose as her husband and take her away—anywhere!

Liking the girl (whose name, she says, is Diana Castle), Pierce succeeds in boarding a vessel with her. It is 1863; a rich "strike" has recently been made at Alder Gulch, where the pioneer town of Virginia City is rapidly rising. Pierce and his "wife" make their way toward Alder Gulch.

In The Dalles, Pierce becomes involved in a fight with a man known as "Rube" Ketchum. While Ketchum's closest friend, George Ives, looks on, Pierce gives the man a terrific beating. . . . As they proceed toward their destination, Pierce and Diana see quite a bit of Will Temperton, a professional gambler, and his young daughter, Lily Beth; and Diana mothers the girl. Others whom they encounter are: Lil Shannon, a flashily garbed, free-and-easy woman of the frontier; Ollie Rounds, an uncommunicative redhead who will not discuss his past; and Ben Scoggins, who hopes to make a fortune as a trader in Alder Gulch.

In Lewiston, Pierce enters a gambling establishment, where he again meets George Ives. Ives, in a belligerent mood, taunts Pierce into a fist fight; and Pierce gives him a drubbing. A short time later, Pierce sees on the street a man whom he recognizes as Sitgreaves—the dead captain's brother. Certain that Sitgreaves is pursuing him, and not wanting to kill another man, Pierce slips out of the town; again, he is accompanied by the girl.

Riding horses that Pierce has acquired, the two young people reach Virginia City in fourteen days. There, surrounded by feverish activity (the place is swarming with prospectors, gamblers and adventurers of all types), Diana feels sure that she can now make her way alone. They part company, and Pierce, turning a corner of the town, sees a saloon's sign on a wall: "Jack Tanner's." Adjoining the saloon is a hurdy-gurdy house. From the house come the strains of music—and the brief, calculated laughter of the dance-hall girls.

III

BARNEY MORRIS came into the Pantheon during the shank of the evening and placed himself at the bar. Barney, once a merchant in Ohio, was a chunky man whose ruby face was framed in fatherly mutton-chop whiskers. Barney was one of the redoubtables of the Gulch, early arrived on the scene and the possessor of a claim straddling Alder Creek half a mile above discovery.

The Pantheon stood on Wallace Street, newly thrown together from alder logs and brush and mud. A bar skirted the edge of a dance floor on which miners broke the day's work by whirling their favorite girls at a dollar a throw. On a raised platform at the far end of the room the fiddles and guitars pitched into a quadrille with the announcer sing-songing the figures through his nose.

Barney weighed out his dollar's dust on the bar scales and got his ticket. The music came to a dead halt, the announcer cried, "Promenade!" and the ladies led their gentlemen promptly toward the refreshments which, at fifty cents a glass, ended every dance set. The miners took their whisky straight, while the ladies, to whom this was a routine part of the night's business, drank ginger beer and moved back to the floor to await the next partner and the next set. Barney at once sought out Lil Shannon, gave her his ticket and squared himself away like a wrestler.

"You've been away," said Barney. "I've missed you."

"I took a trip to Portland," said Lil. "How's things?"

"Fair," said Barney.

"You've got a fortune out of that claim, Barney. Don't tell me"

But Barney was closemouthed about his affairs, and although Lil Shannon was an old friend he only grinned. Lil said, "Written to your wife lately?"

"Sure. She sent me a tintype of Bill the other day. Tall as I am now."

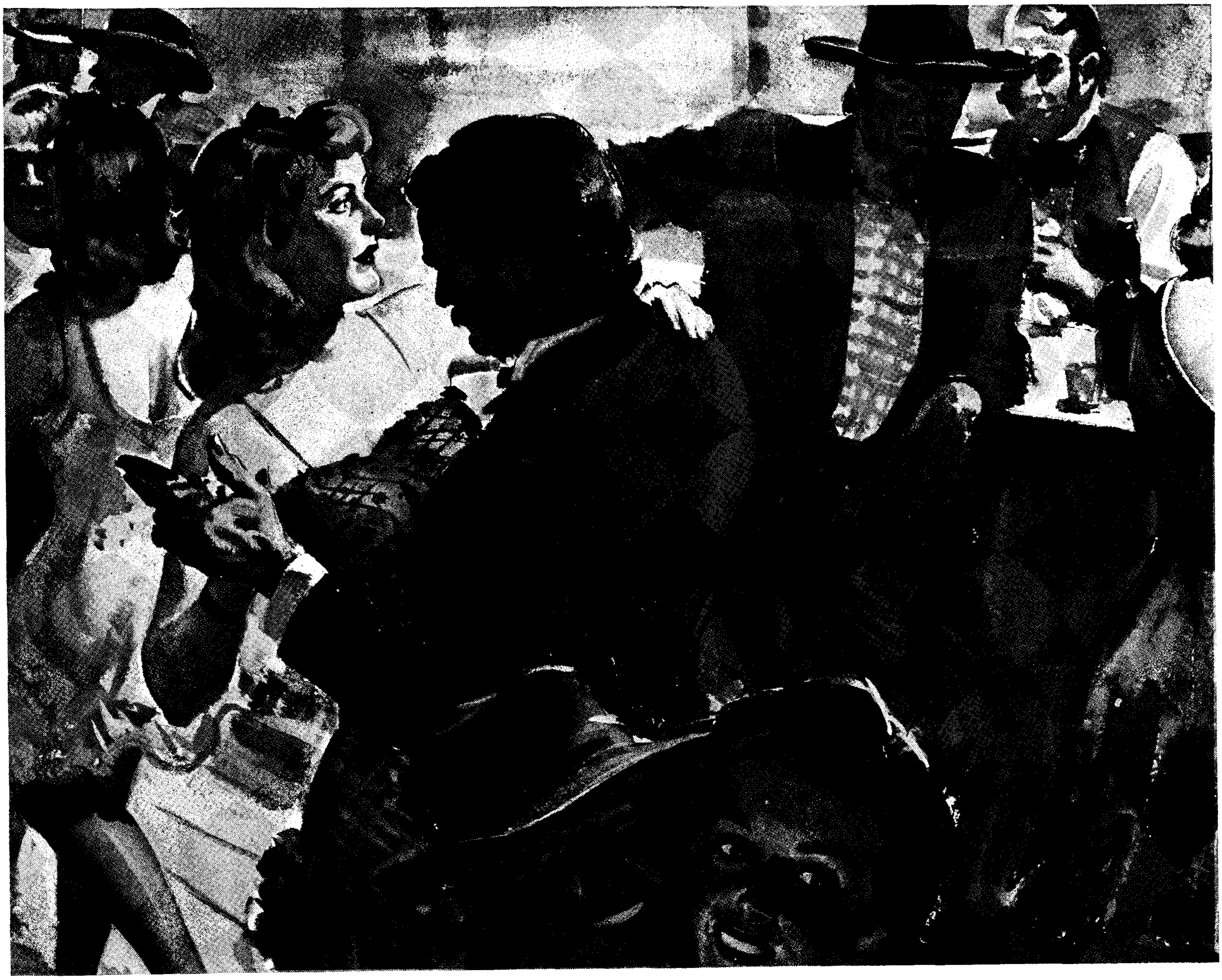
"Barney," said Lil, now completely serious, "you've made your stake. Don't stay here too long or the toughs will knock you over the head some night."

"Going home," said Barney, "in a couple months."

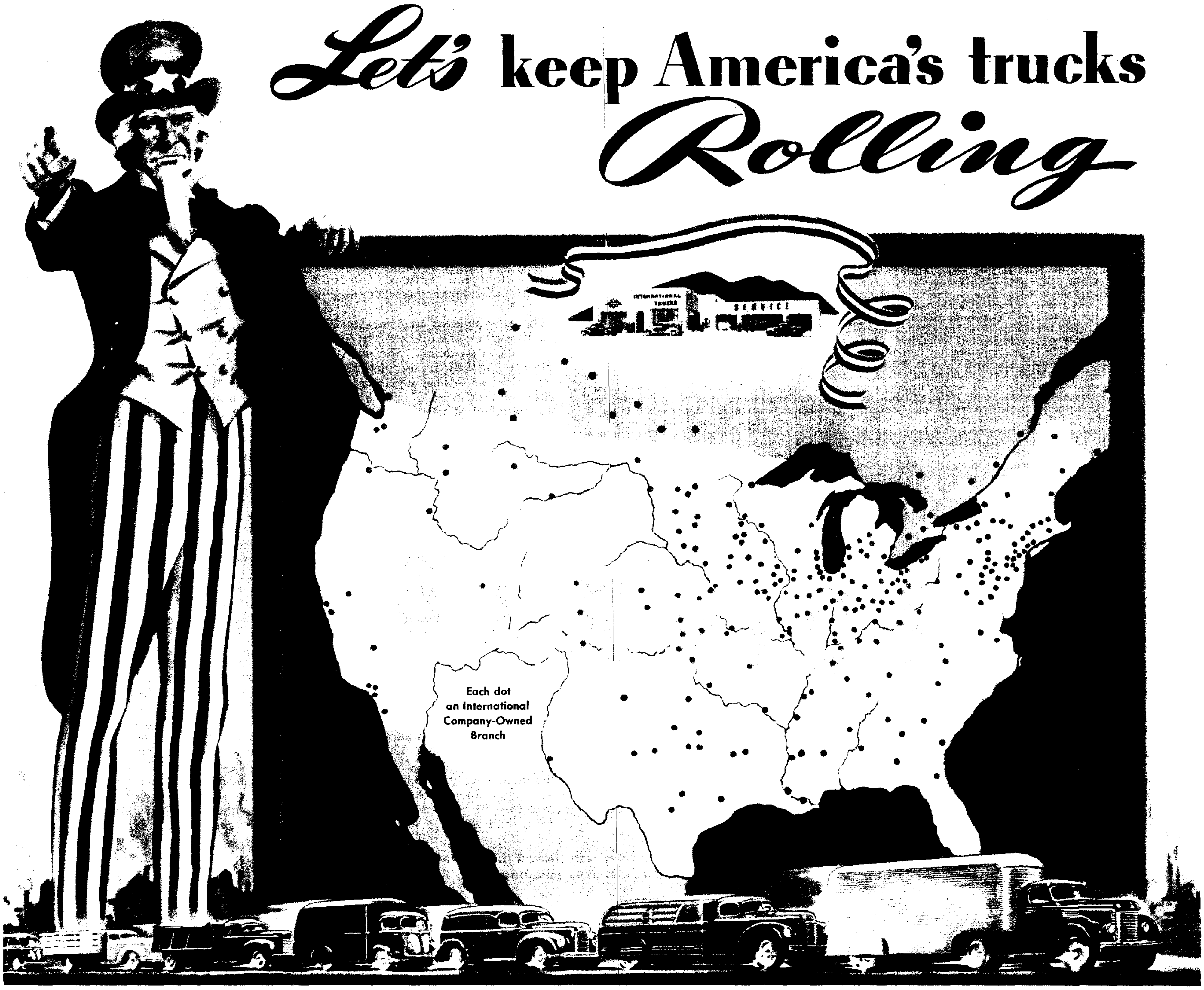
The announcer yelled, "Gentlemen, claim your partners!" The music moved into a waltz tune, and Barney, grim as death about this business, seized Lil Shannon and whirled her around, stamping his boots at every second swing. The room grew warm as all these black-burned men, stained with the yellow clay of the diggings, shaggy-haired and short-tempered, wheeled and collided and wheeled. The ladies were all accustomed to twenty dances a night and deftly maneuvered beyond the heavy feet of their partners. Lil Shannon laughed at Barney's dead-set expression and the steady motion of his lips as he counted the waltz rhythm. She wore a red gown and her cheeks were rose and her brown eyes sparkled; and, turning around and around, she saw Jeff Pierce standing as an onlooker near the door.

"Barney," she said. "See the tall man with the poker face? His name is Pierce and he's new. I came up the river on

(Continued on page 57)



"Bump into him and help him locate a claim," suggested Lil. "If he waits another week there won't be any unstaked ground left"


Let's keep America's trucks Rolling
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS
SERVICE
Each dot an International Company-Owned Branch

INTERNATIONALS have *What it takes!*

Civilian trucks, no less than military trucks, face a gigantic job these days—one of the toughest of all the emergency jobs. Trucks are hauling millions of tons *extra.* They have to work harder—and live longer. There's less rest between hauls for most trucks, fewer empty returns, more double duty—*and fewer new trucks for replacement!*

To International Harvester that means *greater emphasis on* SERVICE *than ever before.* That's a job International tackles with enthusiasm—a job for which it is completely equipped.

Service—factory-trained, nation-wide, well-stocked, well-manned—*there* is a foundation rock under International Truck reputation! Service is one of the prime reasons why operators of *heavy-duty* trucks have put more Internationals on the road, for years, than any other truck. These men *know* what it takes!

For the new year International is ready to match the new standards of truck endurance with still higher standards of performance and maintenance. It is Harvester's pledge that its 250 Company-owned branches, placed strategically beside the highways of America, and the thousands of International Truck dealers in between, shall render *the utmost* in service to national transportation and National Defense.

If *your* trucks have to take it as never before, International Service has what it takes to keep them rolling.

International Harvester Company
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

250
COMPANY-OWNED BRANCHES AND THOUSANDS OF DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE!

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his only son, a member of the Royal Air Force, is killed, John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, leaves England and goes to France. There, in the placid village of Cidoton, he tries to find peace, forgetfulness.

A few weeks later—while the Germans are driving into France—he begins the difficult trip back to England (difficult, because most of the trains have been commandeered by the army, and the roads—frequently bombed—are congested with soldiers and refugees). When he starts, he is accompanied by two English children: Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh, whose parents, unable to leave France, wish them to be in their homeland. Later—in the course of an arduous journey toward the Channel, he picks up three other young people: Rose, a little French girl whose father is in London; Pierre, a lad whom he finds, terrified, speechless, beside a bomb-shattered road; and Willem Eybe, a seven-year-old Dutch boy who, somehow stranded in France, is suspected by the simple folk around him of being a German—and a spy!

Howard is an old man; he is nearly seventy. When, at last, he and his small charges reach Chartres, he is exhausted. Realizing that he is in peril (the Germans have occupied Chartres), he goes to the flat of the Rougerons—Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter—whom he had met while vacationing with his son, John, at Cidoton, before the war.

Nicole, the daughter, and Madame Rougeron give him a warm welcome. They tell him that the colonel is at the front; they make some plans for him—accompanied by Nicole and the children, he is to go to the home of Jean Henri Guinevec, a fisherman who lives in Finisterre and who may assist the little party in slipping aboard an England-bound boat.

The next day they leave Chartres—the old man, Nicole and the little ones. Howard (wearing some old clothes that the girl gives him) pretends to be a stupid old man—Nicole's aged uncle. They reach Rennes, find their way to a refugee hotel. There—after the children have been put to bed—Howard tells Nicole, "I lost my son. He was killed flying—he was a squadron leader with the Royal Air Force. He was shot down—over Helgoland."

"I know," the girl says gently. "They wrote me from the squadron."

VII

THE cinema was half full of people, moving about and laying down their mattresses for the night. The air was full of the fumes of the cooking stove at the far end, and the smoke of French cigarettes; in the dim light it seemed thick and heavy.

Howard glanced toward the girl. "You knew my son as well as that, mademoiselle?" he said. "I did not know."

In turn, she felt the urge to talk. "We used to write," she said. She went on quickly, "Ever since Cidoton we used to write, almost each week. And we met once, in Paris—just before the war. In June, that was."

She paused, and then said quietly, "Almost a year ago today."

The old man said, "My dear, I never knew anything about this at all."

"No," she said. "Nor did I tell my parents."

There was a silence while he tried to collect his thoughts and readjust his outlook. "You said they wrote to you," he said at last. "But how did they know your address?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He would have made arrangements," she said. "He was very kind, monsieur, very, very kind. And we were great friends. . . ."

He said quietly, "You must have thought me very different, mademoiselle. Very rude. But I assure you, I knew nothing about this. Nothing at all."

There was a little pause.

"May I ask one question?" he said presently.

"But yes, Monsieur Howard."

He stared ahead of him awkwardly. "Your mother told me that you had had trouble," he said. "That there had been a young man—who was dead. No doubt, that was somebody else?"

"There was nobody else," she said quietly. "Nobody but John."

She shook herself and sat up. "See," she said, "one must put down a mattress or there will be no room left by the wall." She got to her feet, and stirred him, and began to pull down one of the sacks of straw from the pile. He joined her, reluctant and confused, and for a quarter of an hour they worked, making their beds.

"There," she said at last, standing back to survey their work. "It is the best that can be done." She eyed him diffidently. "Will it be possible for you to sleep so, Monsieur Howard?"

He said, "My dear, of course it will."

She laughed shortly. "Then, let us try."

Over the mattress he stood looking at her, blanket in hand. "May I ask one more question?"

She faced him, "Yes, monsieur."

"You have been very good to me," he said quietly. "I think I understand now. That was because of John?"

There was a long silence. She stood looking out across the room, motionless. "No," she said at last. "That was because of the children."

He said nothing, not quite understanding what she meant.

"One loses faith," she said quietly. "One thinks that everything is false, and bad."

HE GLANCED at her, puzzled.

"I did not think there could be any one so kind and brave as John," she said. "But I was wrong, monsieur. There was another one. There was his father."

She turned away. "So," she said, "we must sleep." She spoke practically, almost coldly; it seemed to the old man that she had set up a barrier between them. He did not resent that; he understood the reason for her curtness. She did not want to be questioned any more. She did not want to talk.

He lay down on the mattress, shifted the rough, straw-filled pillow, and pulled the blanket around him. The girl settled down upon her own bed on the other side of the children.

Howard lay awake, his mind in a tumult. He felt that he had known that there had been something between this girl and John, yet that knowledge had not reached the surface of his mind. But looking back, there had been little hints all the time that he had been with them in the flat.

HOW close had their friendship been, then? They had written freely to each other; on top of that it seemed that they had met in Paris just before the war. No breath of that had reached him previously. But thinking back, he could remember now that there had been a space of two week ends in June when he had seen nothing of the boy; he had assumed that duties with the squadron had prevented him from coming over to see him, or even from ringing up. Was that the time? It must have been.

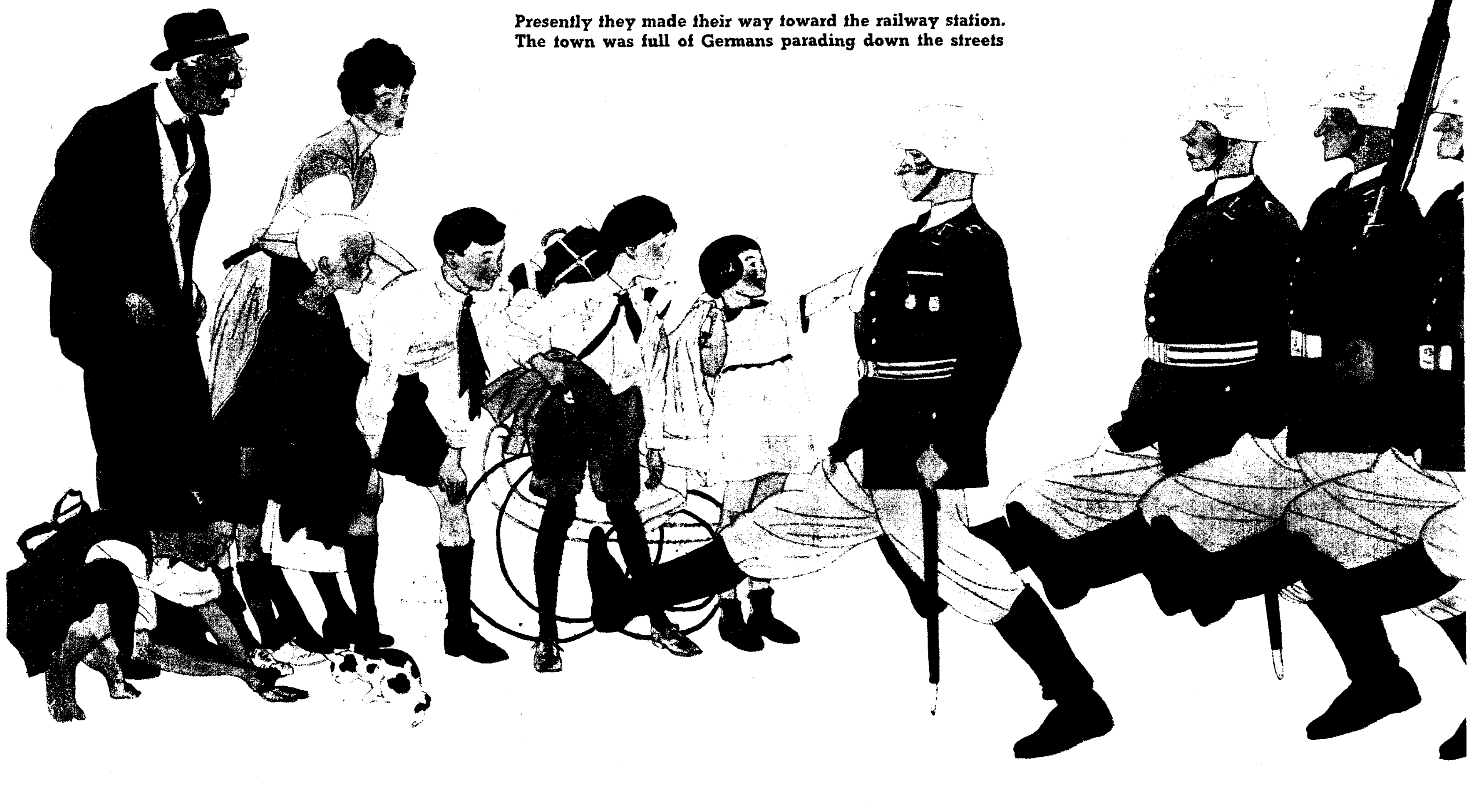
His mind turned to Nicole. He had thought her a very odd young woman previously; he did not think of her in quite the same way now. Dimly he began to realize a little of her difficulties with regard to John, and to himself. It seemed that she had told her mother little about John; she had nursed her grief in silence, dumb and inarticulate. Then he had turned up, quite suddenly, at the door one day. To her secret grief he had added an acute embarrassment.

He turned over again. He must let her alone, let her talk if she wanted to, be silent if she chose. If he did that, perhaps she would open up as time went on. It had been of her own volition she had told him about John.

He lay awake for several hours, turning these matters over in his mind. Presently, after a long time, he slept.

He did not wake until six o'clock. The

(Continued on page 30)

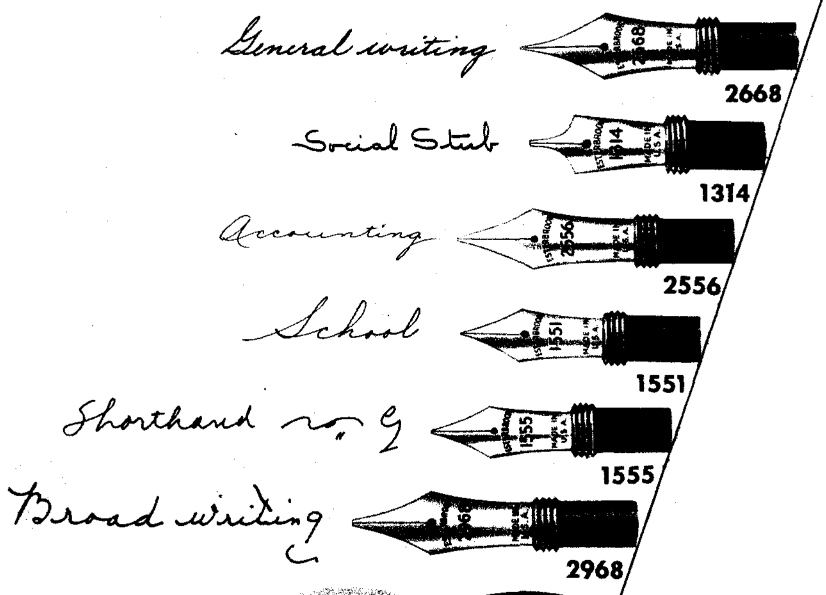


Presently they made their way toward the railway station. The town was full of Germans parading down the streets

NUMBER,
PLEASE?

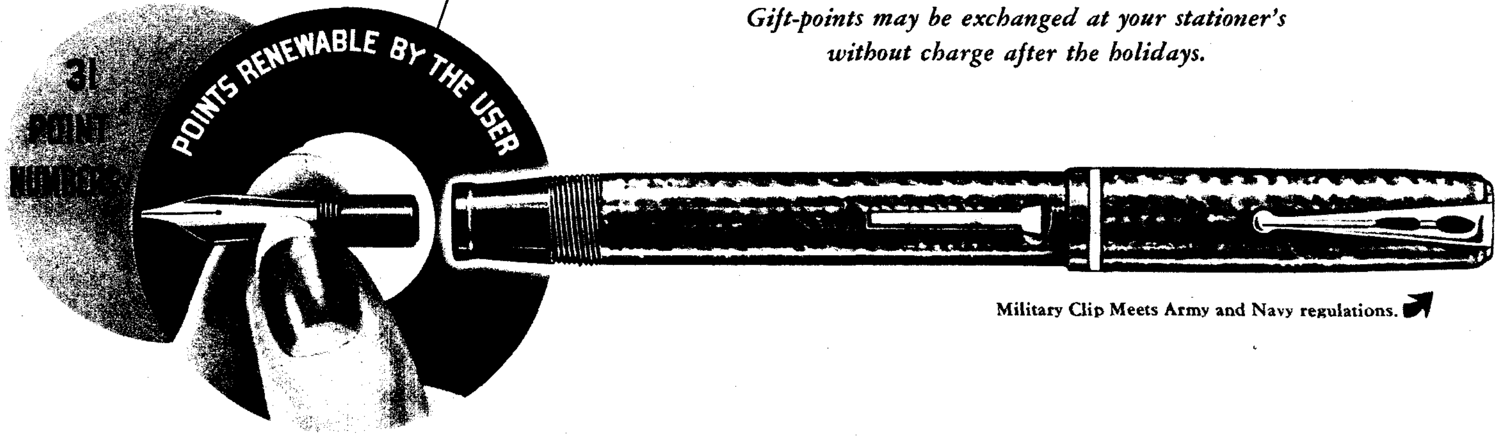
All hands agree on ESTERBROOK PENS for Christmas!

We've got Your Number!

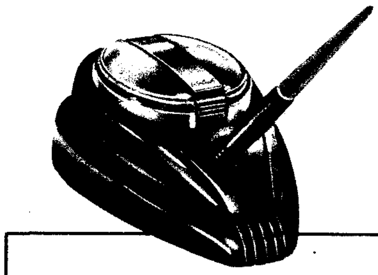

General writing
2668
Social Stub
1314
Accounting
2556
School
1551
Shorthand no. 9
1555
Broad writing
2968

ESTERBROOK, the *old* name with the *new* idea in fountain pens...31 point numbers, 31 point styles, to fit every "hand," match every writing style, fill every writing need. Fountain pens in black or colors at a dollar and up complete! Solid Duracrome Renew-Points may be replaced in the pen by the user for twenty-five cents. (Osmiridium-tipped points sell for fifty and seventy-five cents.) Repeater pencils to match the pens, singly or in sets. We've got your number...the right point to give or receive. It looks like an Esterbrook Christmas! The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, New Jersey.

Gift-points may be exchanged at your stationer's without charge after the holidays.


31 POINT NUMBERS
POINTS RENEWABLE BY THE USER

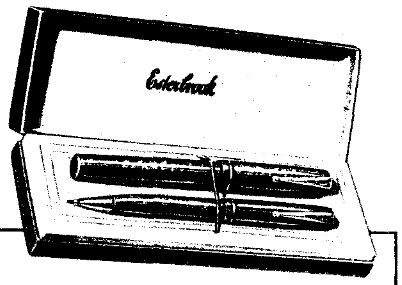
Military Clip Meets Army and Navy regulations.



WORLD'S LEADING PEN MAKERS.....SINCE 1858

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



Esterbrook Dip-less Desk Set in a wide choice of colors, $2.50. The ink supply is in the base. Double set (two wells, two pens), $5. Fill it once-write for months.

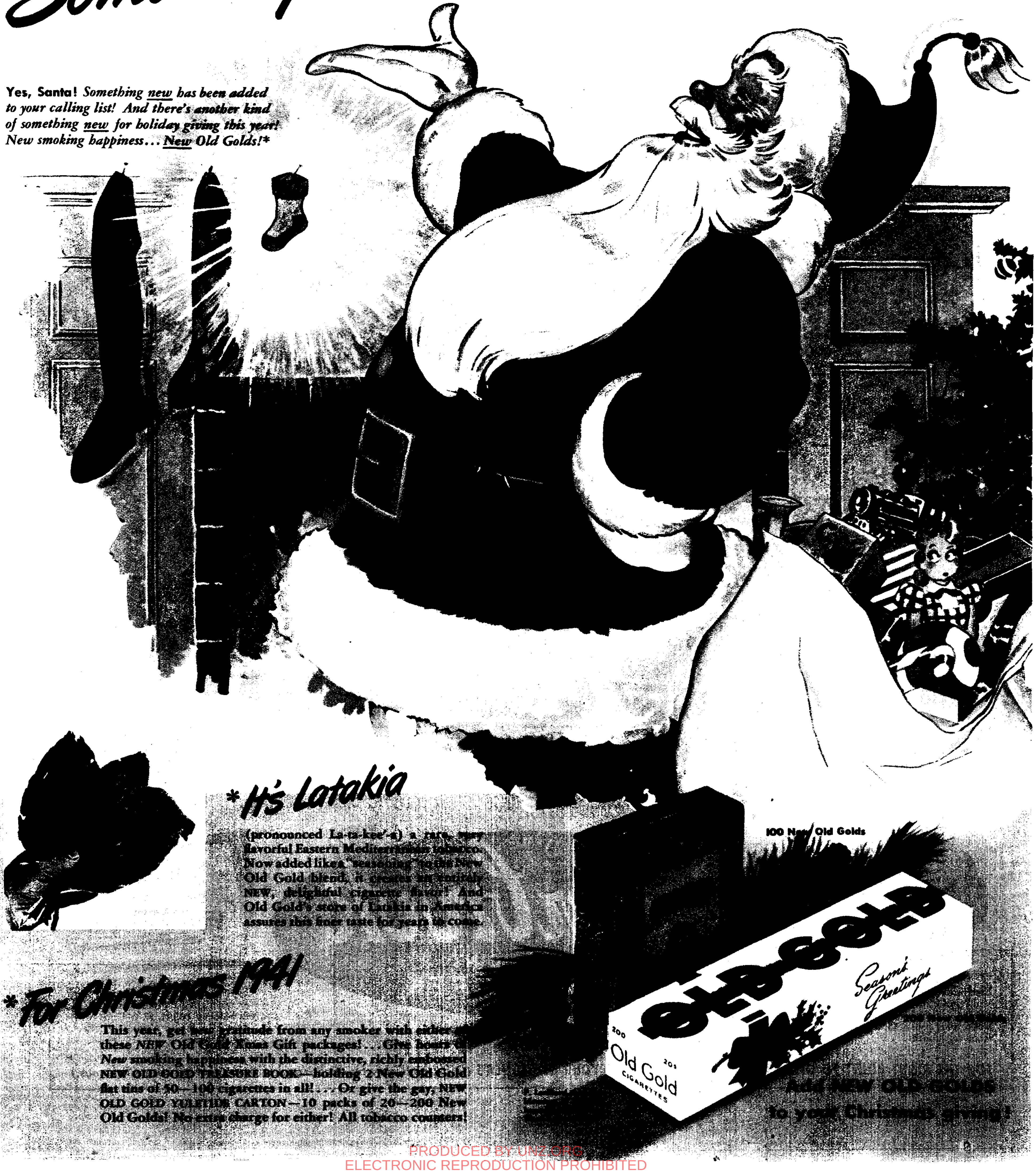
COPYRIGHT 1941, THE ESTERBROOK PEN CO.

Esterbrook fountain pen and repeater pencil in handsome matched sets in black or colors, $2 and up. Military clip meets Army and Navy regulations.

FOR THE RIGHT POINT TO GIVE, SEE THE POINT-CHART AT YOUR STATIONER'S *(Gift-points may be exchanged without charge after Christmas.)*

Something NEW has been added!*

Yes, Santa! *Something new has been added to your calling list! And there's another kind of something new for holiday giving this year! New smoking happiness... New Old Golds!**



**It's Latakia*

(pronounced La-ta-kee'-a) a rare, very flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now added like a "seasoning" to the New Old Gold blend, it creates an entirely NEW, delightful cigarette flavor! And Old Gold's store of Latakia in America assures this finer taste for years to come.

**For Christmas 1941*

This year, get new gratitude from any smoker with either of these *NEW* Old Gold Xmas Gift packages! . . . Give hours of *New* smoking happiness with the distinctive, richly embossed NEW OLD GOLD TREASURE BOOK—holding 2 New Old Gold flat tins of 50—100 cigarettes in all! . . . Or give the gay, NEW OLD GOLD YULETIDE CARTON—10 packs of 20—200 New Old Golds! No extra charge for either! All tobacco counters!

Add NEW OLD GOLDS to your Christmas giving!

Built in a Bathtub

Continued from page 21

landlubber! Then several expensive weeks are spent building a new cradle for another try.

Or the ship may take to the water too eagerly. Again this is not a frequent occurrence, but Maine shipbuilders still shudder when you mention the launching of that trawler at Bath. After hitting the water the trawler snapped her hawser and went on the loose, almost scoring a direct hit on the understructure of a giant bridge.

Building a single ship in a basin is nothing new. The Navy has turned out battleships and cruisers that way, and a new $10,000,000 building basin was recently completed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. In effect a basin is the same as a dry dock.

But never before has mass production been applied to basin building. And since Britain needs plenty of bottoms for bundles, speed in building is vital. Britain's rush order was more than a challenge to Pete Newell, president of the Todd-Bath Iron Shipbuilding Company. It also gave him an opportunity to work out a theory he happened on in the days of the first World War.

Some Help From Nature

Twenty-odd years ago Pete Newell (they call him William S. for long) stood on a promontory overlooking Portland harbor. The postwar shipbuilding slump was on, but Pete, who had started as a rivet heater back in 1898, was still searching for the perfect shipyard. That day he found it. As his eyes swept the harbor front they widened when the South Portland cape came into focus. That cape, housing several small shipyards, tapered off into the harbor.

It was a hunch, but a worth-while hunch. Soundings were taken and they showed that nature had formed a large V-shaped pocket of rock at this spot in the harbor. The pocket was lined with thirty feet of clay. That proved it was a natural for a building basin. Just throw up a cofferdam, or earthen dike, around the site to isolate it from the harbor, dredge out the clay, pump out the water inside and there was a sunken bathtub. Little or no expensive blasting would be needed. No, simply concrete that bedrock depression at the South Portland cape, install the steel gates and presto—there was a dry-dock-building basin and nature had supplied half the labor and materials.

Pete's ship-basin hunch slumbered along until 1938—twenty long years—when it awakened and went on an express-train schedule:

July, 1938—Soviet Naval Commission visits U. S. to order a wow of a battleship built here. Specifications: 80,000 tons, 18-inch guns and apparently to be skippered by Superman himself. Shipbuilders, recalling that our pride, the North Carolina then building, was to be only half that size, shook their heads.

July, 1938—Pete Newell accepts Soviet order; hastens to get $500 option on South Portland cape. Renews option twice at $500 per renewal of his own cash while Moscow dickers.

August, 1939—Russia signs pact with Germany alleging mutual peace. Soviet Naval Commission phones Newell long-distance, same day, to close battleship deal. Newell, having read the headlines, says no thanks, I'm building no ships for Hitler or his pals.

August, 1939, to October, 1940—Just option renewals.

November, 1940—British Purchasing Commission arrives to place orders for sixty cargo ships, delivery in 1942. Commission shops around for six weeks on both coasts, then takes ship for England. Chairman C. L. V. Thompson tells Newell, competing bidder, he'll let him know.

December, 1940—Ship commission sailed on is torpedoed. Chairman Thompson, Newell's contract in his pocket, drifts in a lifeboat for eight hours before being rescued. Contract dry enough for London headquarters to approve and sign.

December 20, 1940—London phones Newell to go ahead.

December 21, 1940—Steam shovels, graders go ahead clearing forty acres of South Portland Cape.

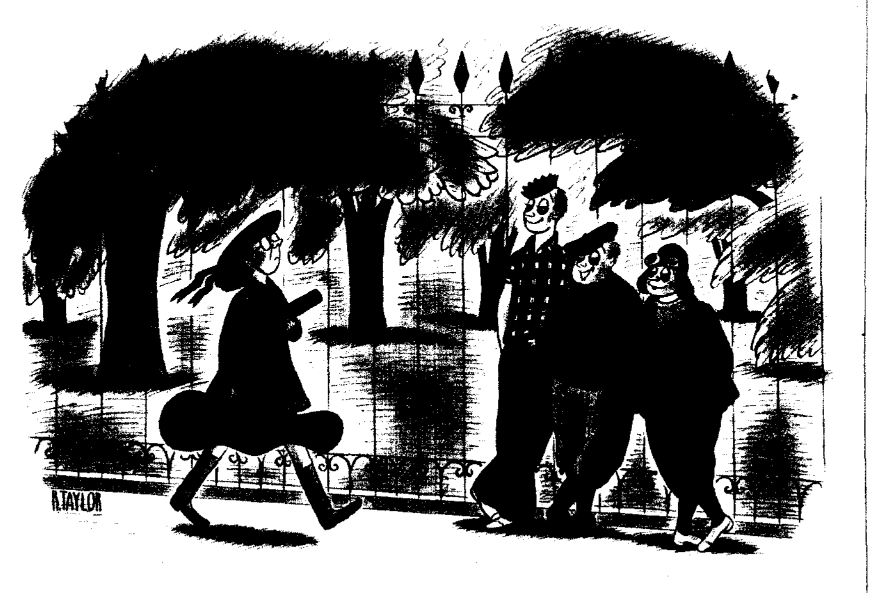
May, 1941—First keel laid.

June, July, 1941—Six remaining keels laid. Basins operating on three daily eight-hour shifts.

November, 1941—First two ships floated out to fitting pier for final tailoring. Basin pumped dry and new keels laid for eight ships.

January, 1942—(Scheduled) First of sixty new ugly ducklings steams out of Portland harbor, eastbound with ten thousand tons of supplies for Britain.

That briefly is the history of a modern shipbuilding miracle performed in less than a year. It's the story of a practical visionary who discovered that you don't necessarily have to build ships the hard way, on stilts, and proved it.



"Hi, Long Underwear!" RICHARD TAYLOR

"The Tougher They Come..."

J. RICHARD ROCKJAW is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."

BUT THE WEAKER HALF has ideas too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

"FOR INSTANCE, my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you 'Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

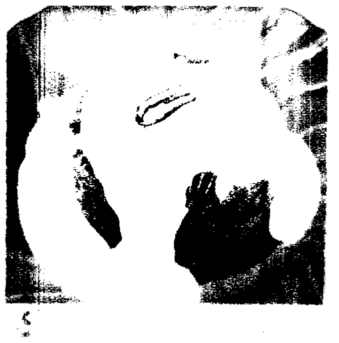
"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You should eat ALL-BRAN every day, and drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's All-Bran

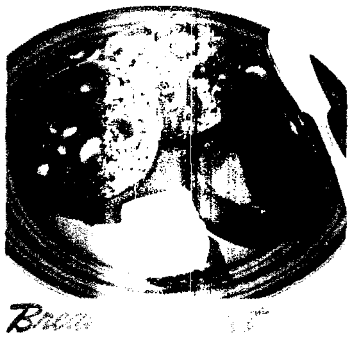
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Dainty sandwiches they'll *aah* over. Dromedary cuts beautifully, slices nice and thin.



Hot dessert *quick*, and so good! Just heat and top with foamy sauce or whipped cream.



Toasted or plain. Dromedary Date-Nut Bread makes a memorable, *and nourishing*, breakfast.

Use this Luscious, Fruity Roll
for tempting holiday treats!
DROMEDARY DATE-NUT BREAD
Hollywood Parfait
Smart parfait *at home!* Just crumble Dromedary Date-Nut Bread, fold into sweetened whipped cream . . . chill!
DROMEDARY READY TO SERVE Date-Nut Bread
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
"LUNCH DE LUXE"

Children . . . like grown-ups . . . adore Dromedary Date-Nut Bread sandwiches. And you couldn't provide anything more wholesome! Loaded with walnuts and Dromedary pasteurized Dates. *(Try new Dromedary* ORANGE-NUT *Bread too.* Delicious!)

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST GINGERBREAD, USE DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX

I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT. IT'S BETTER THAN MY OWN RECIPE!
AND ACTUALLY COSTS LESS!
Serve hot. Delicious!
DROMEDARY Gingerbread Mix
Just add water and bake.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The Pied Piper

Continued from page 26

place was all astir; there was no chance of any further sleep. He got up and straightened out his clothes as well as he could; he felt dirty and unshaven.

The girl got the children up and, with Howard, helped them to dress. She, too, was feeling dirty and unkempt; her curly hair was draggled, and she had a headache. She would have given a great deal for a bath. But there was no bath in the place, nor even anywhere to wash.

Ronnie said, "I don't like this place. May we sleep in a farm tomorrow?"

Rose said, "He means tonight, m'sieur. He talks a great deal of nonsense, that one."

Howard said, "I'm not quite sure where we shall sleep tonight. We'll see when the time comes."

Sheila, wriggling her shoulders in her bodice, said, "I do *itch*."

There was nothing to be done about that. To distract her mind Howard led her off with the other children to the end of the hall where the German cook was dispensing mugs of coffee. With each mug went a large, unattractive hunk of bread. Howard left the children at a trestle table and went to draw their bread and coffee.

Nicole joined them as he brought it to the table and they all had breakfast together. The bread was hard and tasteless and the coffee bitter stuff with little milk.

PRESENTLY they left the Cinema du Monde and, pushing the pram before them, made their way toward the railway station. The town was full of Germans parading down the streets.

At the station they passed the barrier without difficulty, surrendering their billeting pass to the German officer. They put the pram into the baggage wagon on the train for Brest and climbed up into a third-class carriage.

It was only when the train was well upon the way that Howard discovered that *la petite* Rose was nursing a very dirty black and white kitten.

Nicole was at first inclined to be sharp with her. "We do not want a little cat," she said to Rose. "No, truly we do not want that cat or any other cat. You must put him out at the next station."

The corners of the little girl's mouth drooped, and she clutched the kitten tighter. Howard said, "I wouldn't do that. He might get lost."

Ronnie said, "*She* might get lost, Mr. Howard. Rose says it's a lady cat. How do you know it's a lady cat, Rose?"

Nicole expostulated, "But, Monsieur Howard, the little cat belongs to somebody else. It is not our cat, that one."

He said placidly, "It's our cat now."

She opened her mouth to say something impetuous, thought better of it, and said nothing. Howard said, "It is a very little thing, mademoiselle. It won't add to our difficulties, but it will give them a good deal of pleasure."

Indeed, what he said was perfectly correct. The children were clustered round intent upon the kitten, which was washing its face upon Rose's lap. Willem turned to Nicole, beaming, and said something unintelligible to her. Then he turned back, watching the kitten again, entranced.

Nicole said in a resigned tone, "As you wish. In England, does one pick up cats and take them away like that?"

He smiled, "No, mademoiselle," he said. "In England only the kind of person who sleeps on straw mattresses in cinemas does that sort of thing. The very lowest type of all."

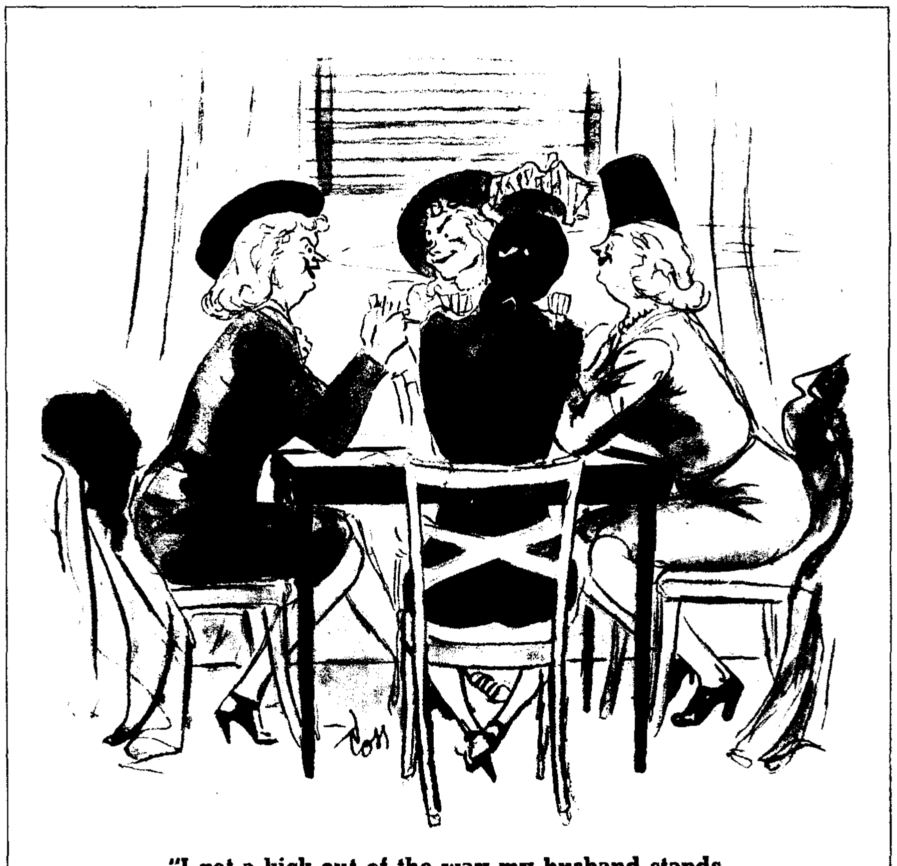
She laughed. "Thieves and vagabonds," she said. "Yes, that is true."

She turned to Rose. "What is her name?" she asked.

The little girl said, "Jo-jo."

The children clustered round, calling the kitten by its new name, trying to make it answer. The kitten sat unmoved, washing its face with a tiny paw.

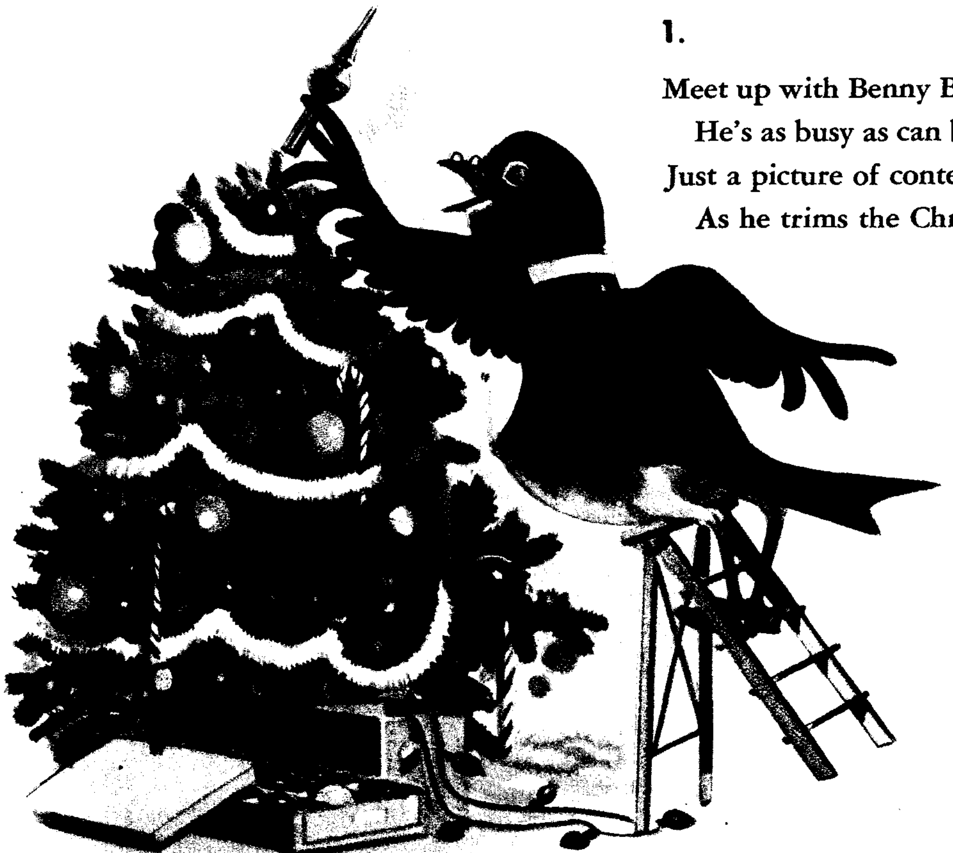
All day the train ground slowly on in the hot sun. On all the station platforms German soldiers were much in evidence. At towns such as St. Brieuc the exit from the station appeared to be picketed by a couple of German soldiers; at the



"I get a kick out of the way my husband stands up for his rights before doing things my way!"

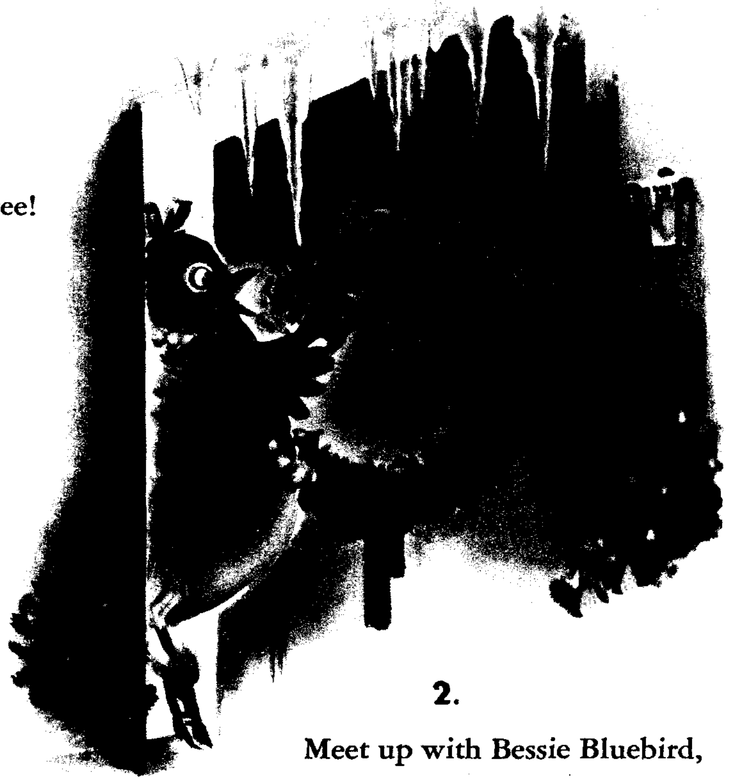
AL ROSS

GIVE THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"!



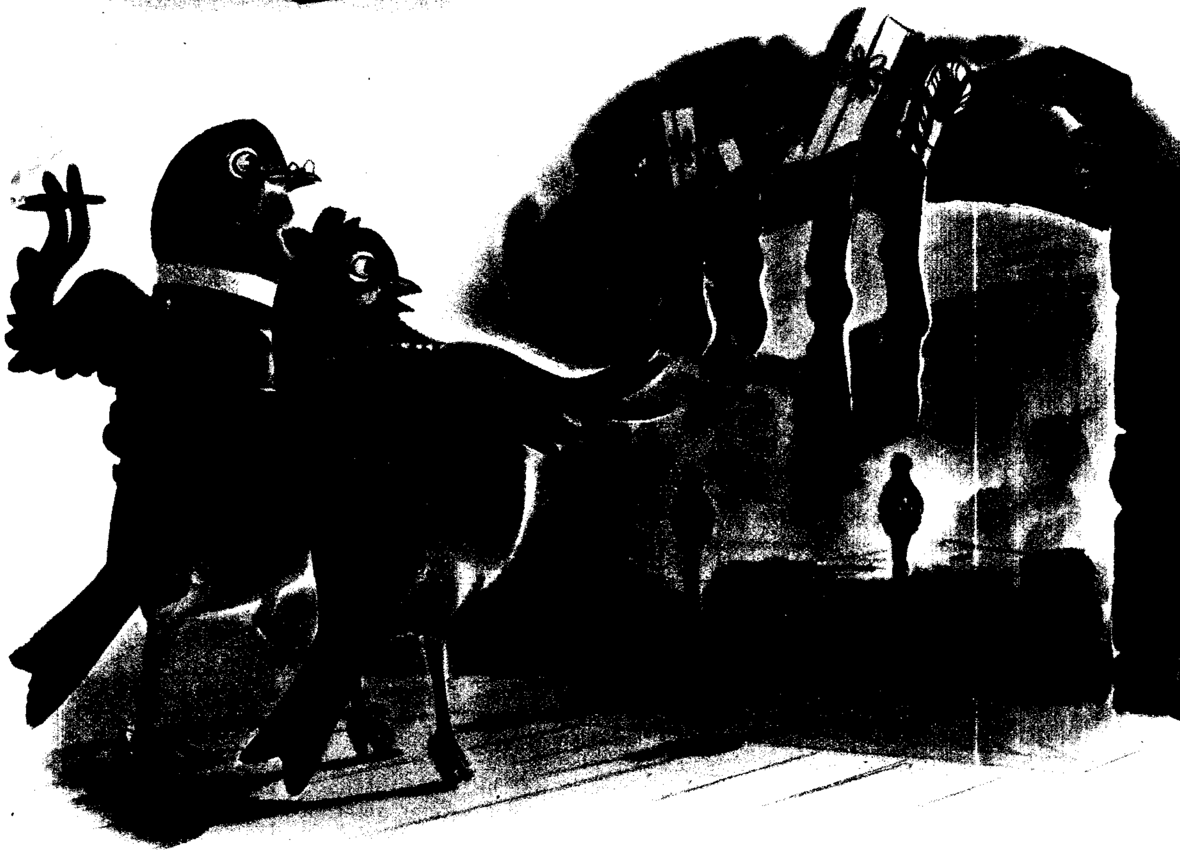
1.

Meet up with Benny Bluebird,
He's as busy as can be;
Just a picture of contentment
As he trims the Christmas Tree!



2.

Meet up with Bessie Bluebird,
His ever-loving spouse.
She's hanging wreaths of holly
All around her little house!



3.

What makes them both so chipper?
It isn't hard to guess.
Their marriage is a blend of all
That makes for happiness!

Let's skip from birds to bottles—
With CALVERT it's the same!
A "Happy Blend" of qualities
Has won this whiskey fame!

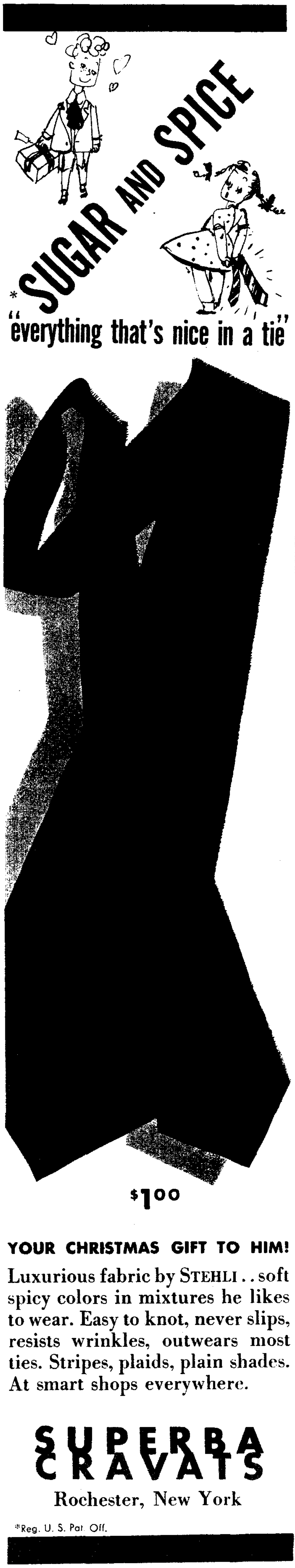
4. Yes, CALVERT is a mating of everything that's swell—
No wonder it's the perfect gift to ring the Christmas bell!
Why, man, you'll bring more happiness than all the Bluebirds living,
By sending CALVERT to your friends—it's tops in Christmas giving!

Calvert
SPECIAL
Blended Whiskey
Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL
Calvert
RESERVE

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City



*SUGAR AND SPICE
"everything that's nice in a tie"
$1.00

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO HIM!

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SUPERBA CRAVATS
Rochester, New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

wayside halts they did not seem to worry about passengers leaving the station.

Nicole drew Howard's attention to this feature. "It is good, that," she said. "At Landerneau it may be possible to go through without questioning."

He said, "Where are we going to tonight, mademoiselle? I am entirely in your hands."

She said, "There is a farm, about five miles from Landerneau, to the south. Madame Guinevec, wife of Jean Henri—that was her home before she married. I have been there with my father, at the time of the horse fair, the fete, at Landerneau."

"I see," he said. "What is the name of the people at the farm?"

"Arvers," she said. "Aristide Arvers is the father of Marie. They are in good circumstances, you understand. Aristide is a careful man, my father used to say. He breeds horses a little, too, for our army. Marie was Queen of Beauty at the Landerneau fete one year. It was then that Jean Henri first met her."

He said, "She must have been a very pretty girl."

"She was lovely," Nicole said. "That was ten years ago. She is still beautiful."

It was four o'clock when the train pulled into the little station of Landerneau. They tumbled out of the carriage with relief, Nicole lifting each child down onto the platform except Ronnie, who insisted on getting down himself. They fetched the pram from the baggage car and put the remainder of their lunch in it, with the kitten.

There was no guard at the gate, and they passed through into the town.

LANDERNEAU is a little town of six or seven thousand people, a sleepy little place upon a tidal river running to the Rade de Brest. It is built of gray stone, set in a rolling country dotted round with little woods; it reminded Howard of the Yorkshire wolds.

The town was sparsely held by Germans. Their lorries were parked in the square beneath the plane trees by the river, but there were few of them to be seen.

Unchallenged, Howard and Nicole walked through the town and out into the country beyond, upon the road that led toward the south. They went slowly for the sake of the children; the old man was accustomed now to the slow pace that they could manage. The road was very empty and they straggled all over it at will. It led up onto the open wold.

Rose and Willem were allowed to take their shoes off and go barefoot, rather to the disapproval of Nicole. "I do not think that that is in the part," she said. "The class which we represent would not do that."

The old man said, "There's nobody to see."

She agreed that it did not matter much, and they went sauntering on, Willem pushing the pram with Pierre.

They walked in silence for a time. Pierre and Willem tired of pushing the pram and gave place to Rose, with Sheila trotting at her side. The kitten lay curled up in the pram, sound asleep.

Presently Nicole pointed ahead of them: "That is the house—amongst those trees."

The house that she pointed to lay about a mile ahead of them. It seemed to be a fairly large and prosperous farm, grouped around a modest country house standing among trees as shelter from the wind. About it rolled the open pasture of the wold, as far as could be seen.

In half an hour they were close up to it. A long row of stabling showed the interests of the owner; there were horses running in the paddocks near the farm. The farm buildings were better kept and laid out than the farms that Howard had had dealings with upon his journey; this was a cut above the usual run of things.

They went up to a house that stood beside the entrance, in the manner of a lodge; here Nicole inquired for M. Arvers. They were directed to the stables; leaving the children with the pram at the gate, they went forward together.

They met their man halfway.

Aristide Arvers was a small man of fifty-five or so, thin, with sharp features and a shrewd look. Howard decided at the first glance that this man was no fool. And the second thought that came into his mind was realization that this man could well be the father of Miss Landerneau. The delicate features, sharpening by advancing age, might well be fascinating in a young girl.

He wore a shapeless black suit with a soiled scarf wrapped around his neck in lieu of collar; a black hat was on his head.

Nicole said, "Monsieur Arvers, do you remember me? You were so kind as to invite me here one day, with my father, Colonel Rougeron. You showed my father around your stables. After that you entertained us in your house. That was three years ago—do you remember?"

He nodded. "I remember that very well, mademoiselle. M. le Colonel was very interested in my horses for the army, being himself an artillery officer, if I remember right." He hesitated. "I hope you have good news of M. le Colonel?"

She said, "We have had no news for three months, when he was at Metz."

"I am desolated, mademoiselle."

She nodded, having nothing much to say to that. She said, "If my father had been at home he would, no doubt, have come to see you himself. As he is not, I have come instead."

His brows wrinkled slightly, but he bowed a little. "That is an added pleasure," he said perfunctorily.

"May we, perhaps, go to your office?"

"But certainly."

HE TURNED, and led them to the house. There was a littered, dusty office, full of sad-looking account books and files, with bits of broken harness thrown aside in corners. He closed the door behind them, and gave them rickety chairs; there being no other seats he leaned backward against the edge of the desk.

"First," said the girl, "I wish to introduce you to Monsieur Howard. He is an Englishman."

The horse breeder raised his eyebrows a little, but bowed ceremoniously.

Nicole said, "I will come directly to the point, Monsieur Arvers. Monsieur Howard is a very old friend of my family. He is traveling with several children, and he is trying to return to England in spite of the Germans. My mother and I have talked about this, in the absence of my father, and it seemed to us that Jean Henri could help, perhaps, with one of his boats. Or, if that was impossible, Jean Henri might know some friend who would help. There is money enough to pay for any services."

THE man said nothing for a time. At last, "The Germans are not to be trifled with," he said.

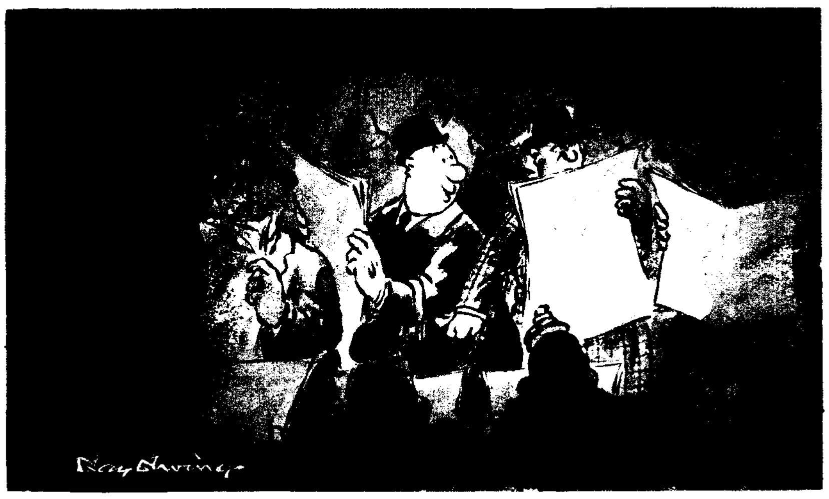
Howard said, "We appreciate that, monsieur. We do not wish that anyone should run into trouble upon our behalf. That is why Mademoiselle has come to talk to you before going to your son-in-law."

The other turned to him. "You speak French better than most Englishmen."

"I have had longer than most Englishmen to learn it."

The Frenchman smiled. "You are very anxious to return to England?"

The old man said, "For myself, not so very anxious. I should be quite happy to live in France for a time. But I have children in my care, you understand, English children that I have promised that I would escort to England." He hesitated. "And, as a matter of fact, there are three others now."



"Yuh like peanuts?"

JAY IRVING

"What are these other children? How many of you are there altogether? And where have you come from?"

It took nearly twenty minutes to elucidate the story. At last the Frenchman said, "These other children, the little one called Pierre and the little Dutchman. What is going to become of them when they reach England?"

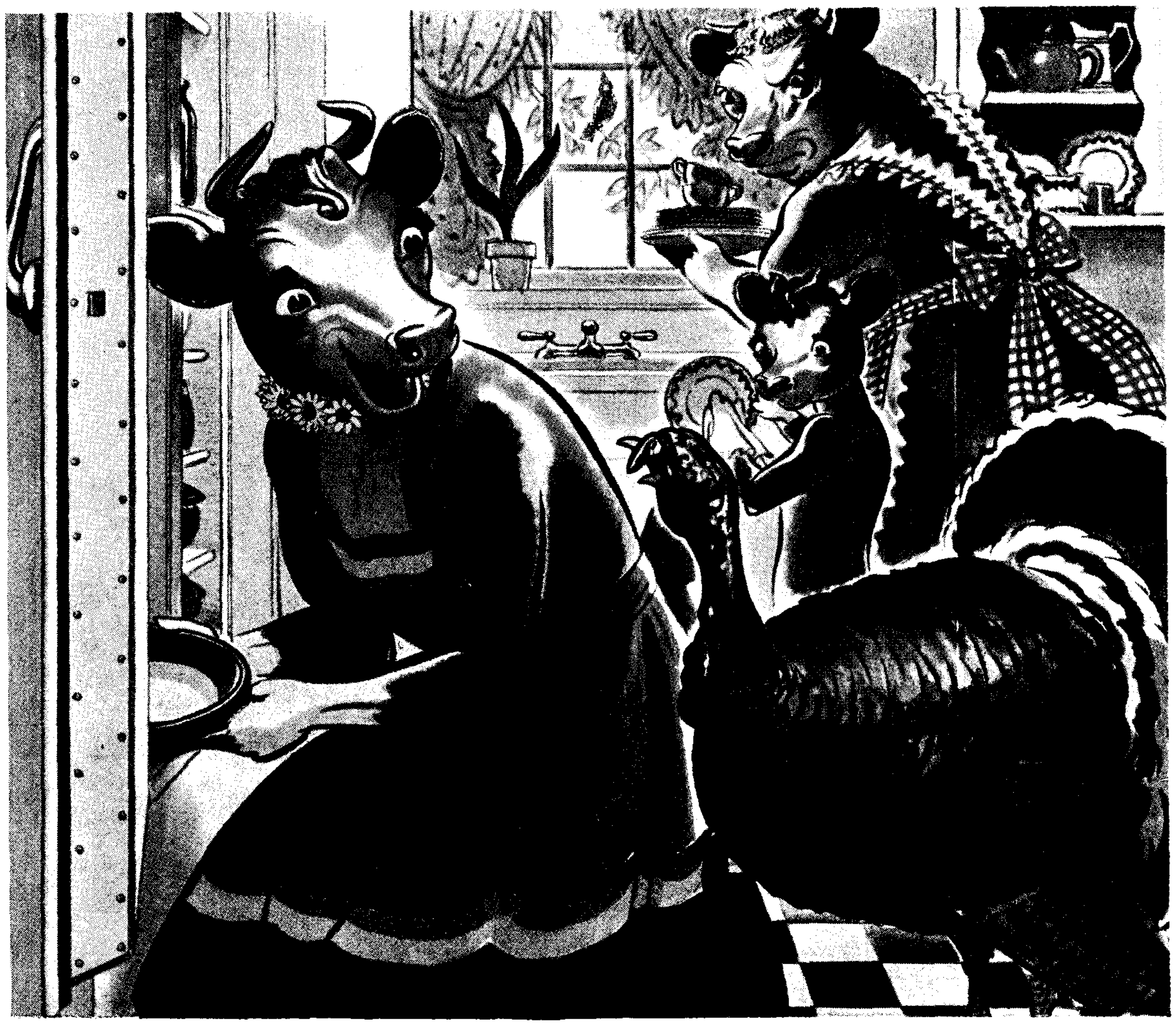
Howard said, "I have a daughter, married, in America. She is in easy circumstances. She would make a home for those two in her house on Long Island till the war is over and we can trace their relations. They would be very happy there."

The man stared at him keenly. "In America? That I can well believe. You will send them over the Atlantic to your daughter? Will she be good to them—children that she has never seen? Unknown, foreign children?"

The old man said, "My daughter has one child of her own, and now hopes for another. She is very fond of all children. They will be safe with her."

Arvers got up suddenly from the desk. "It is impossible," he said. "If Jean Henri should put his hand to this he would be in great danger. The Germans would shoot him, beyond all doubt. You have no right to suggest such a thing." He paused, and then he said, "I have my daughter to consider."

There was a long, slow pause. At last the old man turned to Nicole. "That's the end of that," he said. He smiled at Arvers. "I understand perfectly," he



"If I were you," warned Elsie, "I wouldn't be sticking my neck out!"

THE TURKEY stared reproachfully at Elsie, the Borden Cow, and then retorted:

"I'll overlook your crude choice of words and simply repeat that this is the season when I really get to be appreciated. There's a rising tide in my favor—I can see it in folks' eyes."

"I can see it in the corners of their mouths," agreed Elsie. "Of course it's a kind of enthusiasm I'm quite familiar with—you know, in connection with my milk."

"Your *milk!*" scoffed the Turkey. "Surely folks don't think there's anything very special about *that!*"

BORDEN'S MILK IS FINE FOR EVERYONE!
Borden's

"They certainly do, my chesty friend," asserted Elsie. "And not just now—but all the year round. They know that an army of Borden experts and scientists are making sure Borden's Milk, as well as the flock of grand products that are made from that milk, is always good as can be."

"Come, come, my good woman," gobbled the Turkey pompously, "I realize you're more or less useful. But, frankly, does anyone actually rate any of your contributions as a *treat?*"

"You bet your gizzard they do!" Elsie replied enthusiastically, not noticing how the Turkey winced. "Why, *Borden's Ice Cream*—smooth, pure, luscious, because it's made from such grand milk and cream—is hailed with glee by folks from 9 months to 90 years old."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS EXTRA CREAMY AND SMOOTH!

"Probably just a passing fad," pooh-poohed the Turkey. "Nothing permanent, like *my* standing in the community."

"*You* should live so long," remarked Elsie. "There's never any slack season in the popularity of *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,* either. It's the secret of elegant cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. And it's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it for babies."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAMED DISHES, SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

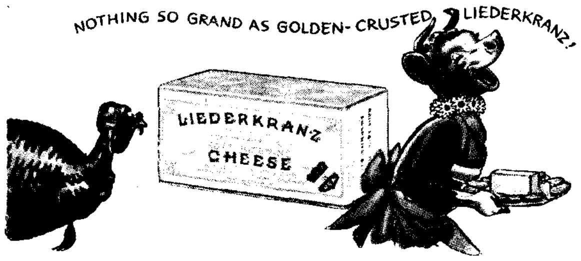
"Kid stuff, eh?" sneered the Turkey, getting a little redder in the face.

"Yes," beamed Elsie, "most Borden products do go great with kids—and grownups, too. *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* helps to make cookies, candies, and marvelous cake frostings that tempt every size of mouth."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND MAKES TREATS LIKE MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"Let me remind you," puffed the Turkey proudly, "that *I'm* an honored American institution!"

"So is Borden's," Elsie pointed out, "and so is one of the most popular of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—creamy, golden-crusted, rich-flavored *Liederkranz.* I'm really quite proud of it . . ."

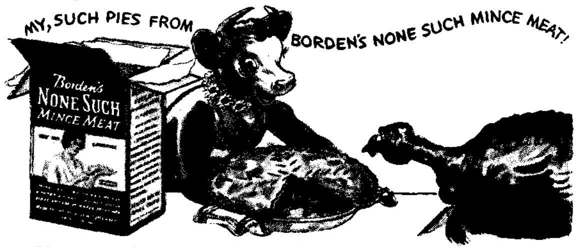

NOTHING SO GRAND AS GOLDEN-CRUSTED LIEDERKRANZ!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"So I've gathered," sputtered the Turkey. "You seem to take credit for just about everything that's good."

"Don't be so stuffy—you'll be that way soon enough," smiled Elsie. "There are *some* delightful foods that don't happen to be made from my milk."

The Turkey ruffled its feathers smugly: "You're finally going to admit that I really am the holidays' big shot?"

"Oh, you're all right—you're fine, in your place," assured Elsie. "But you've got to admit that topping you even at your star appearance is something that's the result of Borden care and skill. It's the extra luscious, spicy pie that's made with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—whose juicy fragrance says 'holidays' like nothing else!"


MY, SUCH PIES FROM BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"You Bordens certainly think a lot of yourselves!" the Turkey gobbled furiously.

"Keep your wattles on, my friend," Elsie soothed. "It's all the people who rely on Borden's that think a lot of us. They're the ones who are first to tell you . . . '*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good.*' "

* * *

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. D, Post Office Box 54, New York, N. Y., enclosing 10 cents.
In Canada, address Borden, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ont.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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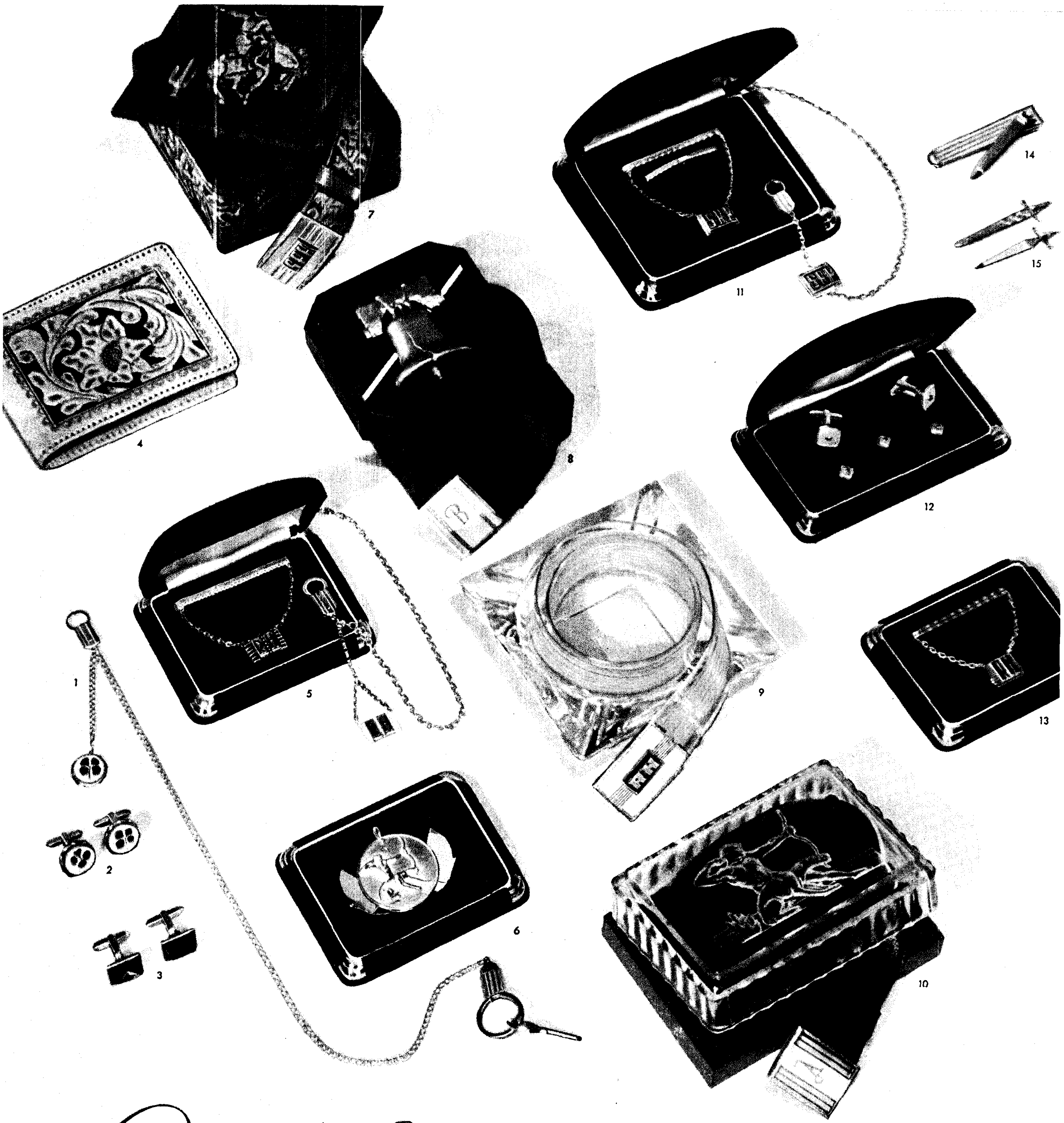

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1 Hickok Met-L-GLAS Key Chain...metal links under Live-GLAS*...with genuine Four-Leaf Clovers, $2.50.

2 Hickok Cuff Links with genuine Four-Leaf Clovers under simulated crystal, $1.50.

3 Novel Cuff links—simulated stones, $3.50.

4 Bar-H Wallet...two-toned calfskin, authentic Western design, $2.50. Others at $5.

5 New Hickok initials on Kristol panels. The set, $3.50. Key Chain, $2. Tie Chain with Alligator Grip, $1.50.

6 Famous lucky pocket piece—Hickok KoiNife... knife and file blades...$3.50 and up.

7 Hickok Bar-H belt, authentic tooled saddle leather...Stratoline initial buckle...in Western leather-finish box, $3.

8 Hickok initialed buckle on steerhide belt in Liberty Bell box, $2.

9 Live-GLAS Belt, etched and gold stripes...Kristol initial buckle . . . clear glass ash tray, $2.50.

10 Cowhide belt, sterling silver initial buckle, in ornamental glass-covered cigarette box, $3.50.

11 Handsome New Stratoline Initial Set, $5. Key Chain, $2.50 . . .Tie Chain, $1.50 . . . Collar Bar, $1. With Hickok patented Alligator Grip.

12 Hickok Dress Set . . . gold dot centers on white or smoked mother-of-pearl. Links and studs, $5 ...with vest buttons, $8. Others, $2.50 to $50.

13 Hickok Tie Chain with his two initials in new Stratoline design, $1.

14 Hickok Nail Klipper, $1.50. Others, $1, $2.50.

15 Hickok patented Dagger Tie Bar...with nail-file in sheath, $1 and $1.50.

*Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. TM—C. & C. C. C.

Call Western Union for name of your local dealer said. "In your place, thinking of my daughter, I should say the same."

The Frenchman turned to the girl. "I regret very much that I cannot help you in the way you want," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "So much the worse," she said. "Think no more of it."

He looked uncomfortable. "These children," he said. "Where are they now?"

They told him that they were waiting in the road, and he walked with them to the gate. It was getting toward evening. The children were playing at the edge of a pond, muddy and rather fractious. There were tear streaks around Sheila's face.

Arvers said awkwardly, "Would it help you to stay here for the night? I do not think we have beds for so many, but something could perhaps be managed."

Nicole said warmly, "You are very kind, monsieur."

THEY called the children and introduced them one by one to the horse dealer; then they went toward the house. The man called his wife as they approached the door; she came from the kitchen, a stolid peasant woman. He spoke to her, told her that the party were to stay with them for the night, introduced her formally to them. Nicole shepherded the children after her into the kitchen. Arvers turned to Howard.

"You will take a little glass of Pernod, perhaps?" he said.

A little glass of Pernod seemed to the old man to be a very good idea. They went into the salon because the kitchen was full of children. The salon was a stiff and formal room, with gilt-legged furniture upholstered in red plush.

Arvers brought the Pernod, with glasses and water, and the two men settled down together. They talked about horses and about country matters. Arvers had been to England once, to Newmarket as a jockey when he was a very young man. They chatted pleasantly enough for a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly Arvers said, "Your daughter, Monsieur Howard. She will surely find so many foreign children an encumbrance? Are you so certain that they will be welcome in her home?"

The old man said, "They will be welcome, all right."

"But how can you possibly know that? Your daughter may find it very inconvenient to have them."

He shook his head. "I don't think so. But if that should be so, then she would make arrangements for them for me. She would engage some kind woman to make a home for them, because that is my wish, that they should have a good home in America—away from all this." He motioned with his hand. "And there is no difficulty over money, you understand."

The Frenchman sat silent for a little time, staring into his glass.

"This is a bad time for children, this filthy war," he said at last. "And now that France is defeated, it is going to be worse. You English now will starve us, as we starved Germany in 1918."

Howard was silent.

"I shall not blame your country if you do that. But it will be bad for children here."

"I am afraid it may be," said the old man. "That is why I want to get these children out of it. One must do what one can."

Arvers shrugged his shoulders. "There are no children in this house, thank God. Or—only one." He paused. "That was a hard case, if you like."

Howard looked at him inquiringly. The Frenchman poured him out another Pernod. "A friend in Paris asked me if I had work for a Pole," he said. "In December, that was—just at Christmas time. A Polish Jew who knew horses, who had escaped into Rumania and so by sea to Marseilles. Well, you will understand, the mobilization had taken five of my eight men, and it was very difficult."

Howard nodded. "You took him on?"

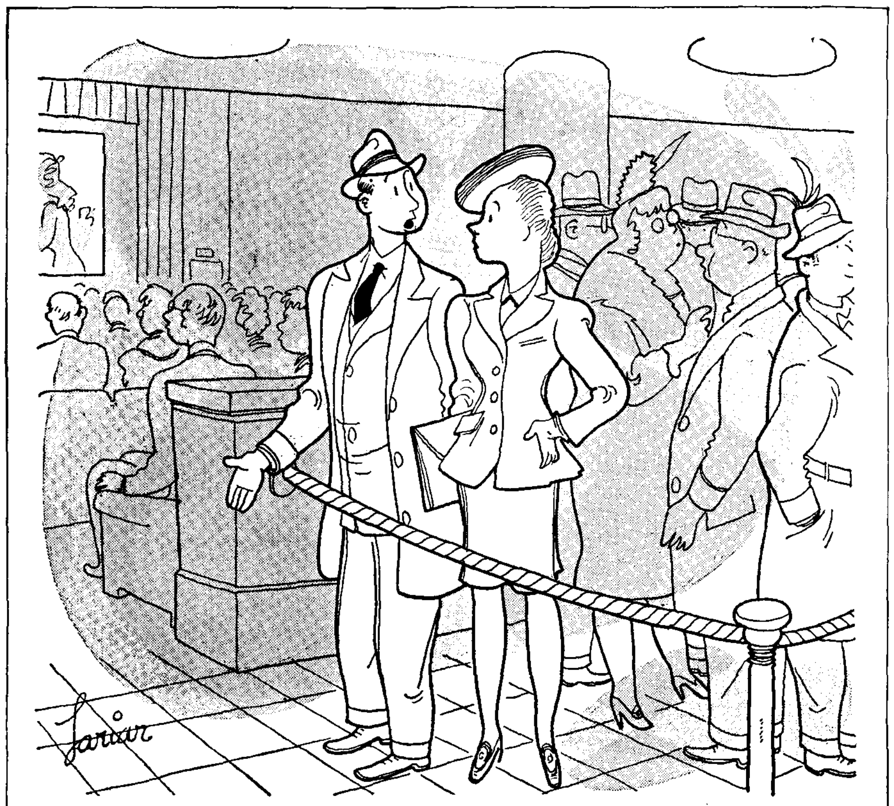
"Assuredly. Simon Estreicher was his name, and he arrived one day with his son, a boy of ten. There had been a wife, but I will not distress you with that story. She had not escaped the Boche, you understand."

The old man nodded.

"Well, this man Estreicher worked here till last week, and he worked well. He was quiet and gave no trouble, and the son worked in the stables too. Then last week the Germans came here, and took him away."

"Took him away?"

"Took him away to Germany, to their forced labor. He was a Pole, you see,



"The usher must have found a seat. He didn't come back!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Mary Louise was pretty but . . .

WAKING and needing a laxative, Mary Louise thought: "I can't risk taking anything. With that sale at the store today, I can't leave the floor."

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IRRITABLE . . . her mind on herself instead of the customers . . . Mary Louise was anything but a prize salesgirl.

She had an excuse—but the kind no girl likes to offer.

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This sparkling saline brings gentle, effective relief. It acts in a natural way by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without griping or discomfort.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

And, bear in mind, Sal Hepatica is *more* than a laxative: it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, take *speedy*, sparkling Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

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AMERICA'S SMART SET

m'sieur, and a Jew as well. One could do nothing for him. Some filthy swine in town had told them about him, because they came straight here and asked for him. They took him in a truck with several others."

"Did they take the son as well?"

"They never asked for him, and he was in the paddock at the time, so I said nothing. One does not help the Germans in their work. But it was very hard on that young boy."

Howard agreed with him. "He is with you still, then?"

"Where else could he go? He is useful in the stables, too. But before long I suppose they will find out about him, and come back for him to take him away also."

Nicole came to them presently, to call them to the kitchen for supper. She had already given the children a meal, and had put them to sleep on beds improvised upstairs by Madame Arvers. They ate together in the kitchen at a long table, together with two men from the farm and a black-haired, Jewish-looking boy whom Madame called Marjan, and who said little or nothing during the meal.

THE meal over, Arvers escorted Nicole and Howard back to the salon; presently he produced a set of dominoes and proposed a game. Howard settled down to it with him. The horse dealer played carelessly, his mind on other things.

Presently he returned to the subject that was on his mind: "Are many children going to America, monsieur? I cannot comprehend how you can be so positive that they will be welcomed. America is very far away. They do not bother about our difficulties here."

Howard shrugged his shoulders. "They are a generous people. These children will be quite all right if I can get them there, because my daughter will look after them. But even without her, there would be many people in America willing to provide for them. Americans are like that."

The other stared at him incredulously. "It would cost a great deal of money to provide for a child, perhaps for years. One does not do that lightly, for a foreign child of which one knows nothing."

"It's just the sort of thing they *do* do," said the old man. "They would pour out their money in a cause like that."

The horse dealer stared at him keenly and thoughtfully. "Would they provide for Marjan Estreicher?" he inquired at last. "No doubt they would not do that for a Jew."

"I don't think it would make the slightest difference, in the case of a child. It certainly would make no difference to my daughter."

Nicole moved impulsively beside him. "Monsieur . . ." she said, but he stopped her with a gesture. She subsided into silence again, watchful.

Howard said steadily, "I would take him with me, if that is what you want. I would send him to the United States with the other children. But before that, I should want help to get them all away."

"Jean Henri?"

"Assuredly, monsieur."

The other got up, displacing the unheeded game of dominoes with his sleeve. He went and fetched the Pernod, the glasses and the water, and poured out a drink for Howard. He offered one to the girl, but she refused.

"The risk is enormous," he said stubbornly. "Think what it would mean to my daughter if you should be caught."

"Think what it would mean to that boy, if he should be caught," the old man said. "They would take him for a slave, put him in the mines and work him till he died. That's what the Germans do with Polish children."

Arvers said, "I know that. That is what troubles me."

Nicole said suddenly, "Does Marjan want to go? You cannot make him if he does not want to. He is old, that one."

"He is only ten," said Arvers.

"Nevertheless," she said, "he is quite grown up. We cannot take him if he does not want to go."

Arvers went out of the room; in a few minutes he returned, followed by the boy. He said to him, "This is the matter, Marjan. This Monsieur here is going to England if he can escape the Germans, and from England the children with him are going to America. In America they will be safe. There are no Germans there. Would you like to go with them?"

The boy stood silent. They explained it to him again. At last he said in almost unintelligible French, "In America, what should I work at?"

Howard said, "For a time you would have to go to school, to learn English and the American way of living. At school they would teach you to earn your living in some trade. What do you want to do when you grow up?"

Without any hesitation the boy said, "I want to kill Germans."

There was a momentary silence. Arvers said, "That is enough about the Germans. Tell Monsieur here what trade you wish to learn in America, if he should be so kind as to take you there."

There was a silence.

Nicole came forward. "Tell us," she said gently. "Would you like to grow up with horses? Or would you rather buy things and sell them for a profit?" After all, she thought, it would be difficult for him to go against the characteristics of his race. "Would you rather do that?"

The boy looked up at her. "I want to learn to shoot with a rifle from a very long way away," he said, "because you can do that from the hills when they are on the road. And I want to learn to throw a knife hard and straight. That is best in the darkness, in the narrow streets, because it does not make a noise."

Arvers smiled, a little ruefully. "I am sorry, monsieur," he said. "I am afraid he is not making a very good impression."

The old man said nothing.

Marjan said, "When do we start?"

Howard hesitated, irresolute.

"Do you want to come with us?" he asked.

The boy nodded his black head.

"If you come with us, you will have to forget all this about the Germans," said the old man. "You will have to go to school and learn your lessons, and play baseball, and go fishing, like other boys."

The lad said gravely, "I could not kill a German for another two or three years because I am not strong enough. Not unless I could catch one asleep and drive a pitchfork into his belly as he slept, and even then he might reach out before he died and overcome me. But in America I could learn everything, and come back when I am fifteen years old, and big and strong."

"That is enough," said Arvers sharply. "Go back to the kitchen and stay there till I call you."

The boy left the room. "I do not know what will become of him," the horse dealer said morosely.

Howard sat down in the silence which followed, and took a sip of Pernod. "One of two things will happen to him," he said. "One is, that the Germans will catch him very soon. He may try to kill one of them, in which case they might shoot him out of hand. They will take him to their mines. He will be rebellious, and before long he will be beaten to death. That is the one thing."

THE horse dealer dropped into the chair on the opposite side of the table, the bottle of Pernod between them. There was something in the old man's tone that was very familiar to him. "What is the other thing?" he asked.

"He will escape with us to England," said Howard. "He will end up in America, kindly treated and well cared for, and in a year or two these horrors will have faded from his mind."

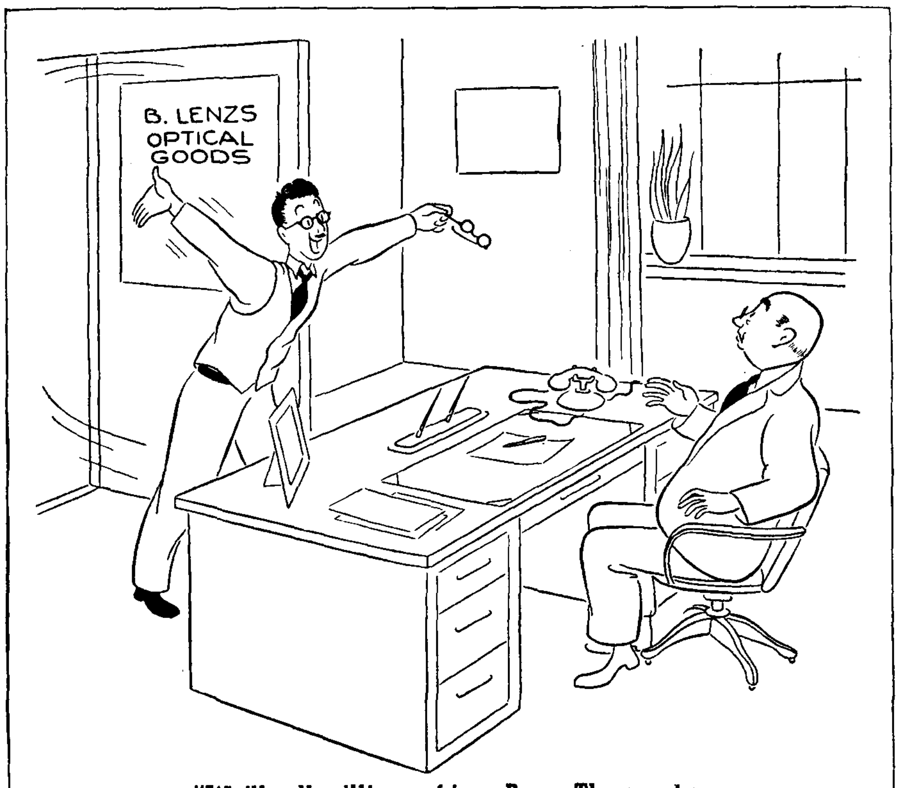
Arvers eyed him keenly. "Which of those is going to happen?"

"That is in your hands, Monsieur. He will never escape the Germans unless you help him."

There was a long, long silence in the falling dusk.

Arvers said at last, "I will see what I can do. Tomorrow I will drive Mademoiselle to Le Conquêt and we will talk it over with Jean Henri. You must stay here, with the children, and keep out of sight."

(*To be continued next week*)



"We'll sell millions of 'em, Boss. They make all colored movies look black and white"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

"Johnny, where'd you GET your gun?"

FROM the supply sergeant, of course. He got it from the Ordnance Department—and they got it from a factory. It's the finest Army rifle in the world.

But before one factory wheel could turn—for the first model or the finished job—there had to be *power*—and most of it is *electric*. Electric power helped put your Garand in your hands, Johnny.

It takes a tremendous *lot* of power to make all the guns, tanks, planes and ships we need—but America *has* a lot. Power reserves, built up in advance by the business men who manage America's electric companies, have been able to meet almost every defense demand overnight.

Requirements keep increasing, of course—and the electric companies are working day and night to keep ahead of the nation's needs. In 1941, they built and installed almost 3,000,000 more horsepower in Democracy's busy arsenal!

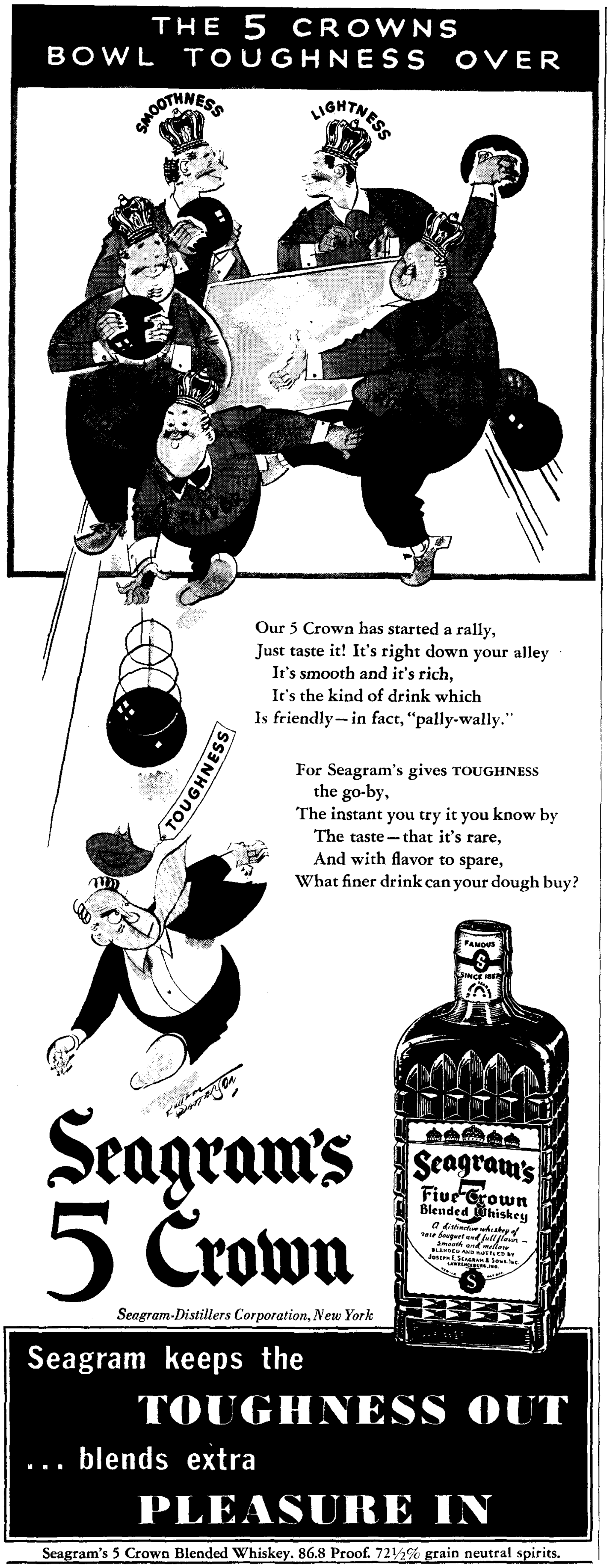
You have the hardest part of the job, Johnny, but we're glad we can help by doing our share. We're glad to pledge our wholehearted co-operation with you, the government, and other industries—*to make America so strong it can remain forever free and unafraid.*

This page is sponsored by 52 local electric companies—all producing power for America under American business management.*

*NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

Invest in America! Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.

THE 5 CROWNS
BOWL TOUGHNESS OVER


SMOOTHNESS
LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
TOUGHNESS
FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Our 5 Crown has started a rally,
Just taste it! It's right down your alley
It's smooth and it's rich,
It's the kind of drink which
Is friendly—in fact, "pally-wally."

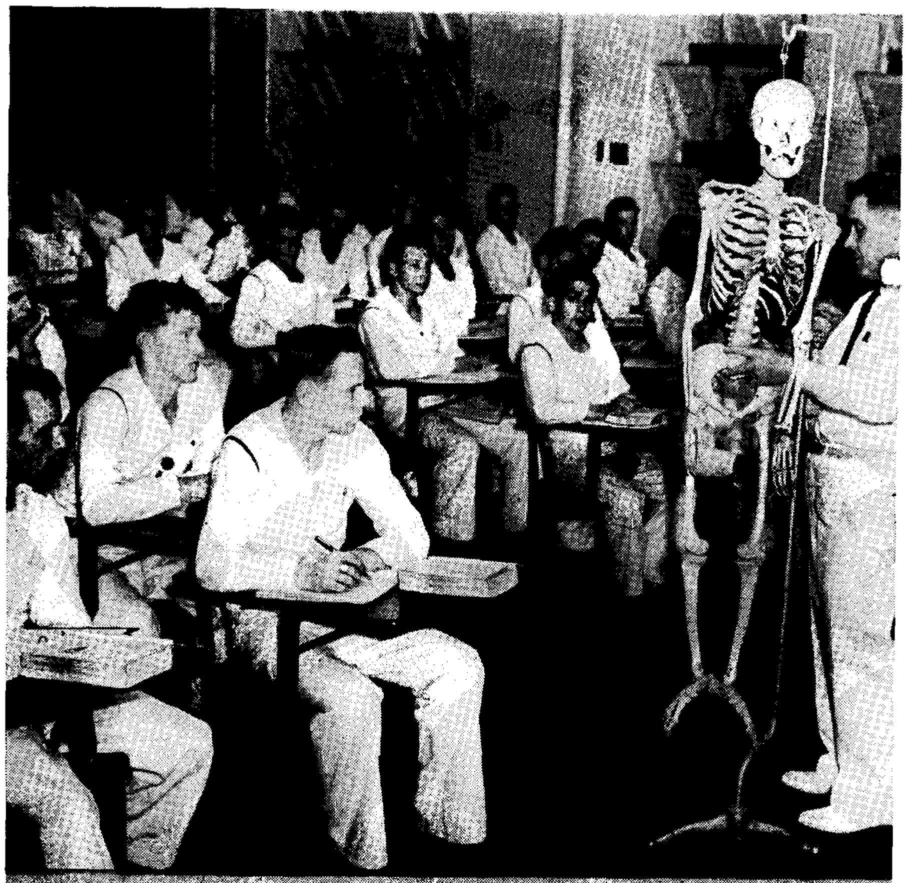
For Seagram's gives TOUGHNESS
the go-by,
The instant you try it you know by
The taste—that it's rare,
And with flavor to spare,
What finer drink can your dough buy?

Seagram's
5 Crown

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.



Hospital-corps men spend nine weeks in medical school, eight months in a hospital, studying everything except surgery. *Above: Anatomy class*

FLOATING HOSPITAL. *First to be added to the U. S. Navy since World War I, the hospital ship U.S.S. Solace (formerly the Clyde-Mallory liner Iroquois) has been fitted out with 400 beds, two operating rooms and supplementary departments and laboratories. Thirteen medical and three dental officers are assisted by thirteen nurses, three pharmacists and 139 hospital-corps men. Senior medical officer is Capt. Harold L. Jensen; commanding officer of the ship is Captain Benjamin Perlman. Unlike other Navy ships the Solace is painted a shining white with a green band and a red cross on each side, as prescribed by The Hague Convention*

OUR NEW ARMY

FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

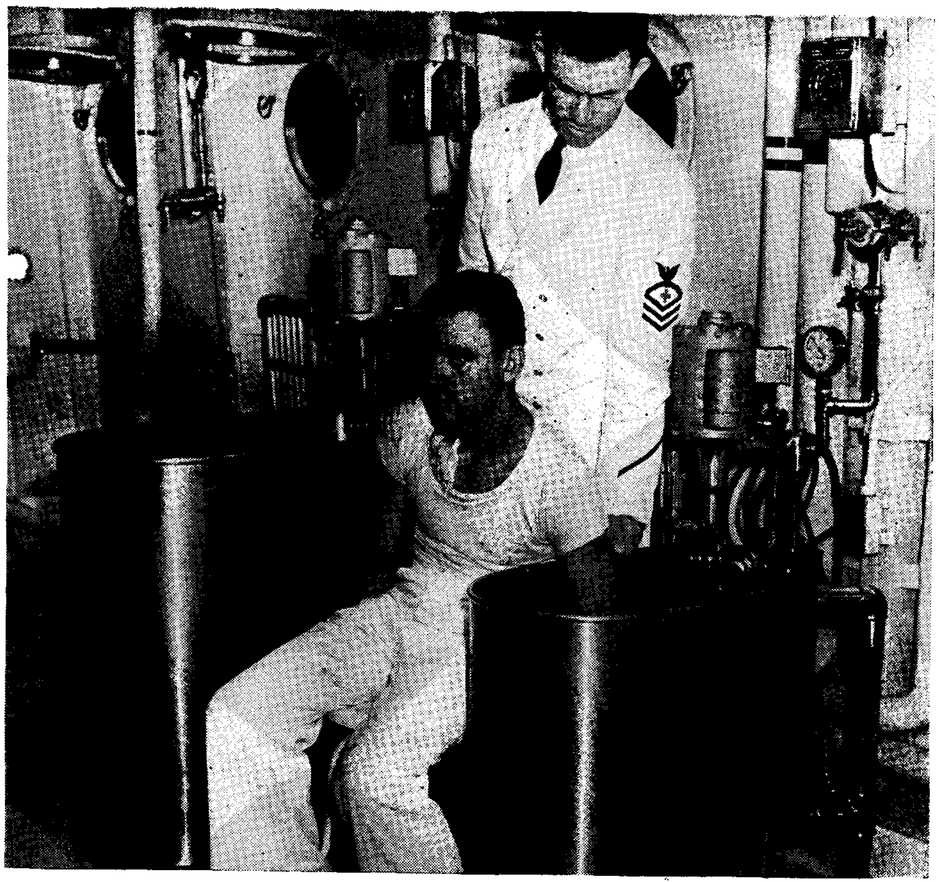
CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Let's see what goes on when an Army truck develops pneumonia or breaks a leg. Typical of operations throughout the country are those of the Fourth Corps (Southeast) Area—containing a third of all the men and trucks in the Army—where ten motor-maintenance districts have been set up. Typical depot is the one at Blanding, which handles heavy repairs for eighteen Army and Air Force establishments. If a motor vehicle gets beyond the road-repair stage it's up to the unit commander to see that it gets to the nearest maintenance depot, where a technical expert gives it the old eye and fills out a report that makes an income-tax form look simpler than a blank check. His repair-cost estimate and recommendation are passed along to the district motor-maintenance officer, who has the final word on what's to be done. If the job will cost too much, in view of the age and general condition of the vehicle, the wreck is condemned and all parts worth reclaiming are fixed up and put into replacement stock.

Of the 214 enlisted men and three officers of Co. H, 57th Quartermaster Regiment, manning the Blanding shop, only twenty-six were skilled mechanics when inducted. The men, largely from New York, were trained in maintenance schools at Fort McPherson (Georgia) and Camp Lee (Virginia), then formed into a company around a cadre of eighteen Regulars. Even Commanding Officer Capt. Jesse M. Dunn was inexperienced in motor work, having been an Indiana school superintendent before being called into service. Typical of the personnel is Sgt. Leonard Feinblatt, who, as a Carnegie Tech. student, organized that school's dramatic club and presented its first play in 1938. Last spring the sergeant couldn't distinguish a spark plug from a carburetor; now at Blanding—after a session at McPherson—he's in charge of the carburetor and ignition department. Is that good?

43D DIV.

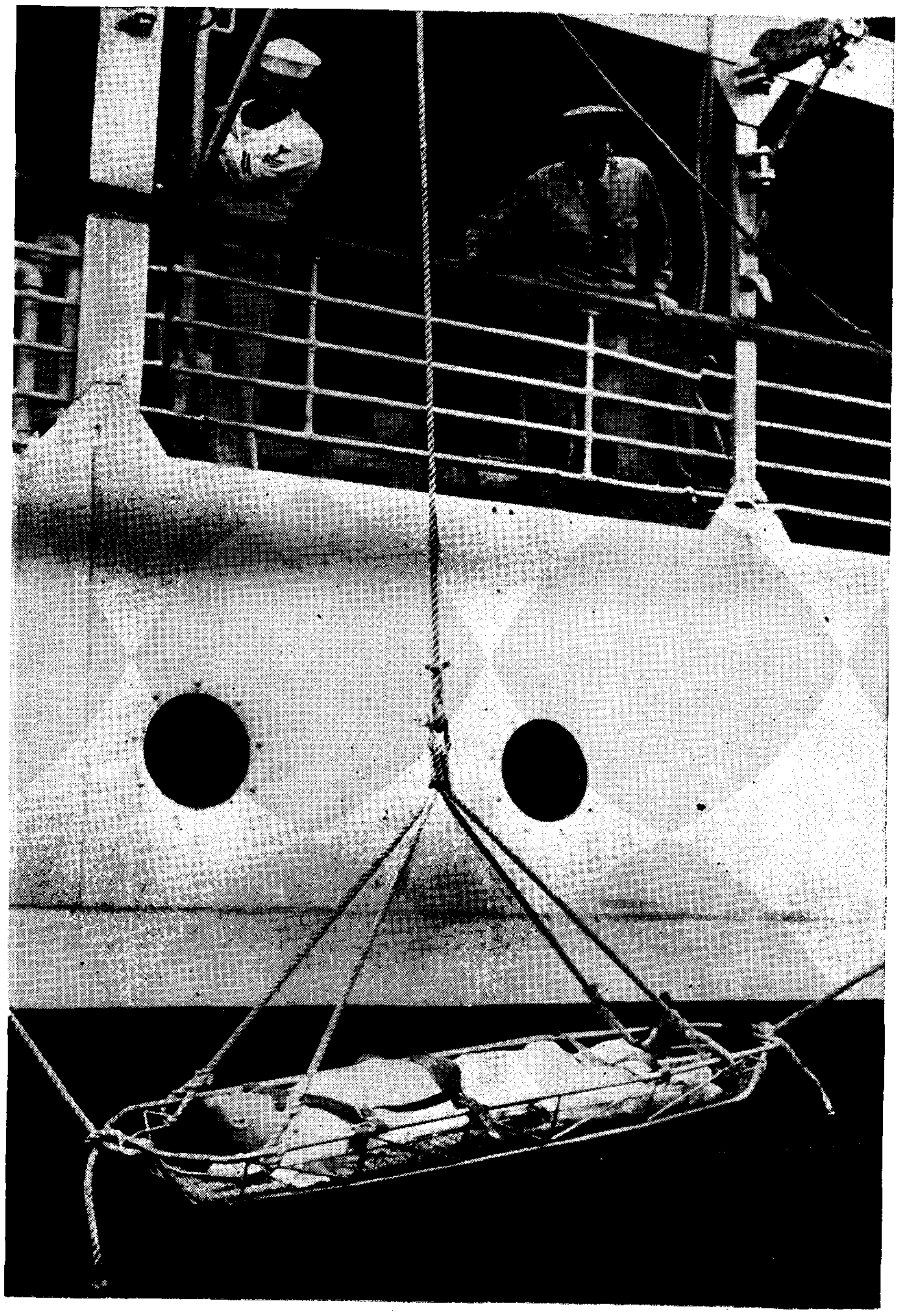
SOMEBODY in Washington must have been studying the bark of trees and the southward flight of birds and come to the conclusion that a hard winter lies ahead, because 55,000 comforters, quilts or puffs (take your choice) have been shipped to Blanding for distribution to the 31st and 43d divisions when they stagger back this week from the Carolinas. The 15 carloads of coverings, mind you, are in addition to the usual issue of blankets. *(Continued on page 40)*

A Stokes basket is used in hoisting aboard stretcher cases. The Solace is named for a predecessor, sold in 1930. Other U.S.N. mercy ship is the Relief



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LIONEL GREEN

The Solace is the most completely equipped hospital of its size in the U. S. Picture above shows the whirlpool baths in the physiotherapeutic dept.



SAVE
figuring chart

GOSH! HONEY, LOOK AT THE MONEY WE'RE SAVING

As these two young people agree, the business of saving money is a pretty important topic with most families these days.

And if you, too, want to save money when you buy your new car on time—it will pay you to figure the financing cost for yourself *before* you buy!

Here's a good way to go about it. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. Get your copy of the GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the whole financing and insurance story in dollars and cents.

In a few minutes you can figure out the cost of your entire transaction—right down to the last penny! You will know, in advance, exactly what you get for what you pay!

See for yourself just where and how you can save! Learn about the many advantages of the helpful General Motors Instalment Plan—low financing cost that means lower monthly payments for you . . . broad insurance protection for your car . . . friendly, considerate, reliable service!

But judge for yourself! Write for *your* Figuring Chart today! Fill out and mail the coupon now!

This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

B-15

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

Please send me copy of GMAC *Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ CADILLAC

Name

Address

City State

County U. S. A.

Send for this Figuring Chart

GMAC Figuring Chart

Mark it urgent,
Miss Priddy!
YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

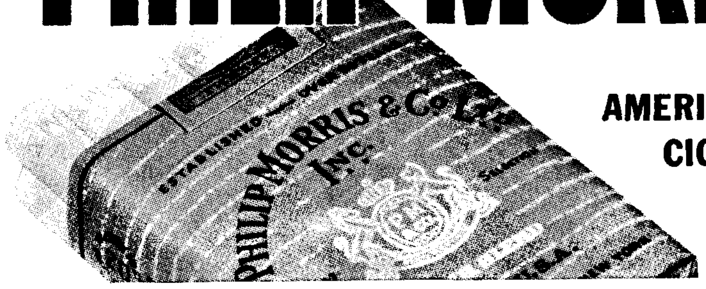
THAT'S *right . . . all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS *AVERAGED* MORE THAN THREE TIMES *AS IRRITANT* AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS — AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS



AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Everything came to a standstill here when Seaman Michael Thomas Flynn requested leave to observe Yom Kippur, begorra. Suspecting shenanigans, the brass hats turned the problem over to the chaplains, who decided that the proper member of their number to look into the matter was Lieut. Commander Maurice Sheehy. The padre summoned Flynn and asked him if he hadn't attended Mass the day before. Flynn said yes, but here is how it was: His father works for a New York jeweler of the Jewish faith, the store was going to be closed for the holiday and Michael wanted to get up home and spend a day with Pop. "I'm afraid," Lieut. Commander Sheehy told Seaman Flynn, "*we'll have to postpone that leave until* March 17th."

CADET JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, JR., son of the former ambassador to Britain, has the largest collection of femininely pulchritudinous photos in this or probably any other station. All as a result of a newspaper story. When Kennedy arrived for his pilot-training course, the short-handed public relations officer drafted him temporarily for press work, and Kennedy dug up a story about the R.A.F. cadets in training here as aviation radiomen and gunners. In it one of the Britishers was quoted as expressing the hope that the President would put American gals under the terms of Lend-Lease so the boys could take a flock of them to England—"and you'd have a jolly time getting them back." The yarn was so readable that a press association smeared it over the country with Kennedy's by-line. Since then, pictures of gals have poured in upon young Joe from everywhere, with the request that they be turned over to the cadets.

MACDILL FIELD, Tampa. The late Billy Mitchell, storm center of the Army some years ago because he vehemently advocated development of the Air Corps, hasn't been forgotten by the birdmen. MacDill's flotilla of five rescue (or crash) boats is headed by the Brigadier General William Mitchell, a speedy seventy-two-foot craft supplied with hospital equipment and manned by two medical attendants and a surgeon, in addition to the crew. They could do an emergency operation aboard, if necessary. The four other smaller boats are for the shallower waters of Tampa Bay surrounding the field, which, by the way, explains the "Navy."

GEORGIA

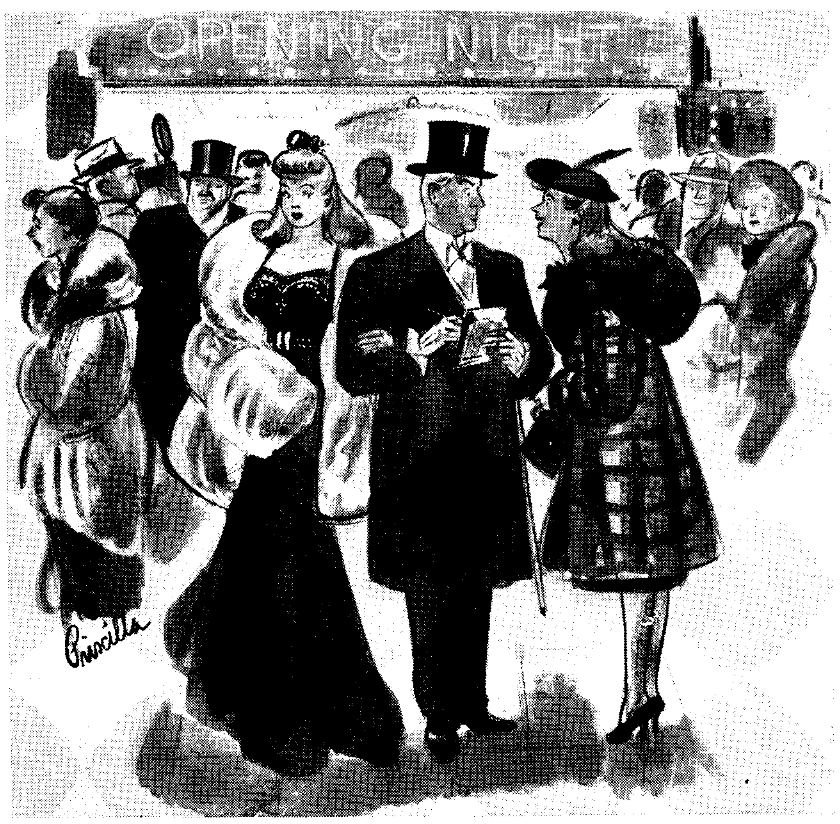
FORT BENNING. Newest regiment here is composed of airborne troops commanded by Lt. Col. E. Gerry Chapman. Because of the flying to be done, all members are volunteers; and the morale is high despite a shortage of transport planes, each of which will carry a jeep in addition to men and equipment. The outfit came out of the paratroop commanders' experience that parachute troops aren't worth much of a hoot unless they're backed by airborne units. The Nazis showed the way at Crete. Brother officers have been referring to Lt. Col. Chapman as the only midwife in the Army since the day he received a letter from the mother of one of his men addressed to the "Commander New Born Trupes."

SOME of the boys in the 4th Motorized Division are sort of upset, or, as they say in Georgia camps, "they're a-hurtin'." It began back in March, when a number of New Yorkers found themselves at Benning, 1,000 dismal miles from home. A fortunate few contrived to transfer back to the 12th Infantry Regiment in New Jersey's Fort Dix, but the inevitable happened: Last month the 12th Infantry was ordered to join the 4th Motorized, and back to Georgia went the escapists.

Incidentally, when the Rolling 4th rumbled toward the just-finished Carolina maneuvers, an enterprising sergeant did some figuring on the gas usage and found that his division started out with 161,000 gallons in tanks and reserve drums. That's enough to take your car 3,220,000 miles, which is this week's example of where tax money goes.

2D ARMORED DIV.

ON a midnight inspection tour Capt. Francis H. Barnes, of the 2d Armored Division's 67th Armored Regiment, failed to find one of the sentries and so called for the sergeant of the guard, who



"By the way, how much is your autograph worth?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

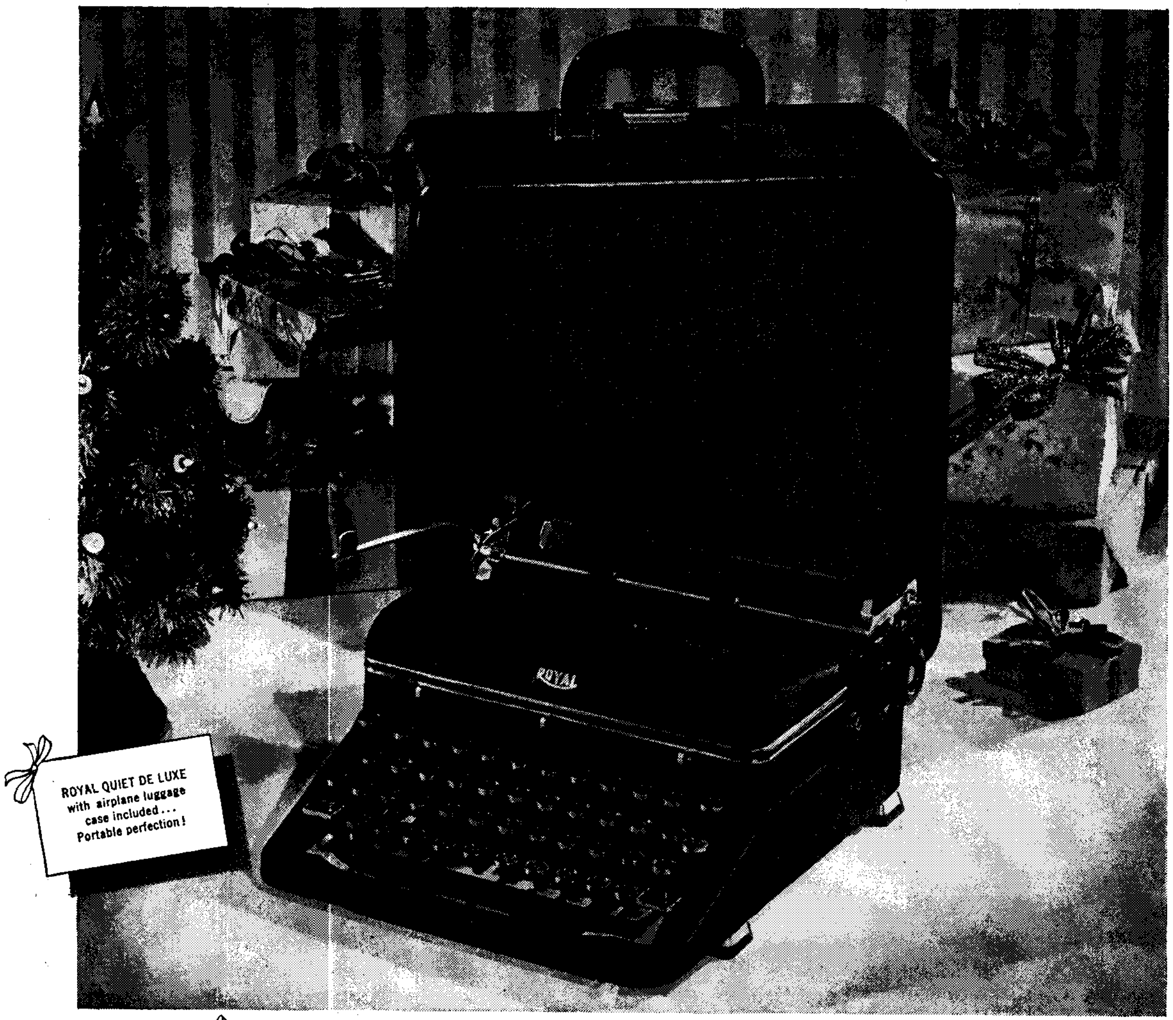
If you are thinking of today's most sensible gift...

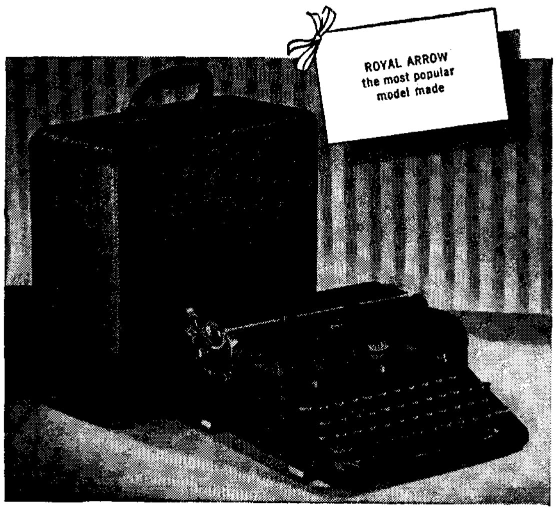
...Then you're thinking of giving your youngster a portable typewriter, the one gift whose benefits grow with the years.

For a Portable is not only a stepping-stone to higher grades . . . a key to clearer and faster thinking in school. The knowledge of typing so gained can be a valuable form of job-insurance in later years—and a door opener to the *kind* of job that leads to the *top!*

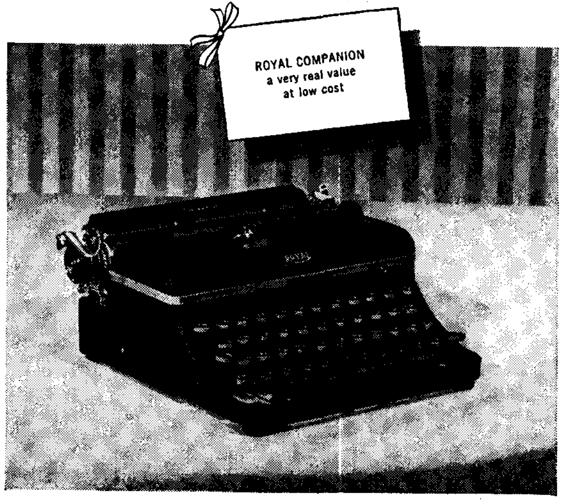
This is particularly true of *Royal* Portables. These great machines have the same keyboard as a regular office machine . . . are really standard typewriters in everything but *size!*

World's Champion! This is the model on which the Portable Speed Championship was won so convincingly in Chicago last June. Last word in Portable perfection, the Royal Quiet De Luxe Model is *super*-silent in operation. Engaging feature is the smart, brass-fitted, leather-bound, airplane-luggage case. Machine comes in black or tan (to match case).





Standard Typewriter in Portable Size! The Arrow, too, has these famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 Typewriter: famed MAGIC* Margin . . . Segment Shift (the carriage rides smoothly along, doesn't pop up and down when you shift!) . . . Touch Control* (simply move the handy lever to adjust key tension to your particular touch) . . . and many others.



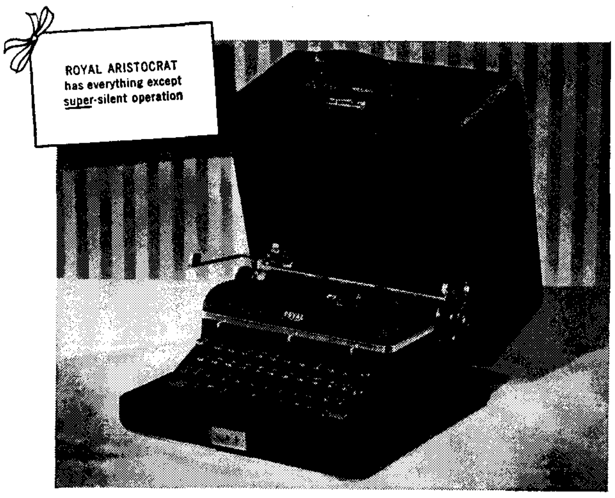
For about $1 a week, you can *own* this Royal Portable. Your local dealer is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy payment plan which includes the small carrying charge. The Companion, too, has Royal's famous accelerating type bar, which permits the operator to type at hitherto unheard-of speeds. Note the over-all, velvety, "*no glare*" finish of the machine itself.

You can learn to type by the touch system with Royal's ingenious "Self Teacher," which you see in position on the machine at the left. Even grade-school youngsters learn in a matter of hours with this "Self Teacher," which is included with every Royal at no extra cost!

MAGIC MARGIN

Greatest typing time-saver in years!

Only Royal has MAGIC Margin! No more groping behind machine to change and set margins on a Royal. Just flick this handy lever to fix the desired margin instantly, automatically! Exclusive with Royal.



Its sturdy, "big-machine" touch comes from the shock-absorber construction throughout, the rubber suction-cup feet which anchor a Royal Portable to the table . . . and eliminate table-top scratches. The Aristocrat has a tabular key, useful in figure work and paragraphing. Finger Comfort keys keep keyboard clean, absorb light glare.

ROYAL PORTABLE

THE Standard Typewriter in Portable Size

And remember, the whole family will benefit from the Royal Portable you give this Christmas! Mother, in her correspondence and club work. Dad, in his personal business. Write to Royal, 2 Park Ave., N. Y. C., or see your local dealer for a *free home trial* . . . and for information about our easy-payment plan!

*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

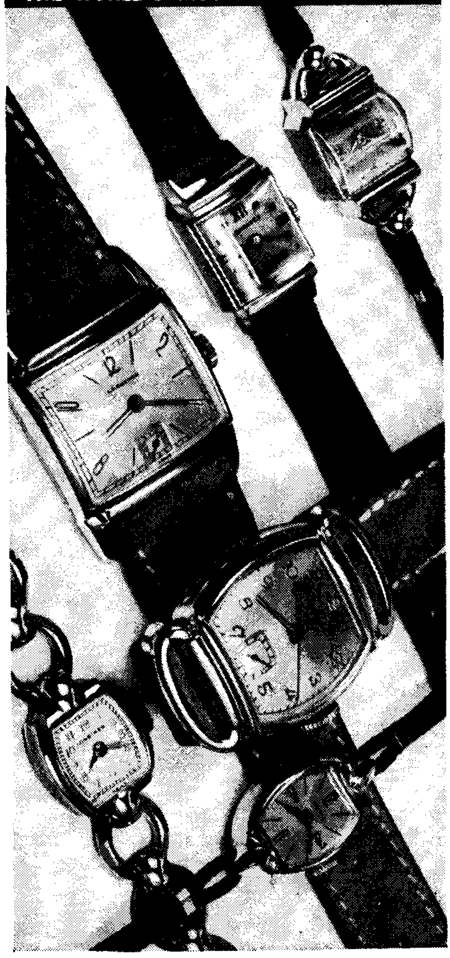
Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

LONGINES
the most honored watch for Christmas

FOR CHRISTMAS, give the most *honored* gift watch—Longines, winner of ten world's fair grand prizes, twenty-eight gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. During 75 years Longines Watches have achieved an international reputation for greater accuracy and long life.

The Longines Christmas watches are exclusively styled and smartly boxed. They are priced $44* upward at authorized Longines jewelers. Outstanding in value in the moderate price field is a companion line, the Wittnauer Watch, priced from $27.50*—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.
*Federal Tax Included

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



managed to locate the missing man skulking between a couple of tanks. "What is this?" the captain demanded. "Beg pardon, sir," said Pvt. Jesse H. Chappa, a full-blooded Indian from Texas, "but my orders were to watch for any suspicious persons. You looked suspicious to me, and all the time you were looking for me I was right behind you watching to see what you were trying to find."

NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville. The Quartermaster Detachment's Pvt. J. H. Horne was sitting in one of the fort's nine movie houses getting a big bang out of Betty Grable when an elderly gentleman in uniform dropped into the seat beside him. Pvt. Horne minded his own business until, wanting to smoke and finding himself bereft of matches, he tapped the stranger on the shoulder and asked if he had a light, bud. Bud did. Fifteen minutes later the lights went on and Pvt. Horne looked into the eyes of—well, yes, a superior officer. In fact, the match donor was George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff and the only four-starred general in the whole U. S. Army. Pvt. Horne's velocity was such that he doesn't recall his exit; and he never did see the large sign nailed to the wall over General Marshall's head and reading: *No smoking allowed.*

TEXAS

DUNCAN FIELD, San Antonio. Nearly every Air Force pilot considers it pretty dangerous stuff to hit any sort of fowl with his ship's propeller, but at least one lieutenant at this field makes rare sport of biffing buzzards with the wing tips of his airplane. He didn't forbid us to tell his name but maybe we'd better not. Anyway, he's a test pilot with more than 12,000 hours to his credit and his present job is half-hour test flights in each ship that comes out of the repair shop. With nothing much on his mind during this interval in the air the lieutenant flies over a cruising buzzard, flips a wing tip down and literally bats the bird out of the sky. Buzzards are considered pests by ranchers because they attack cattle in foal; at the Moss Ranch near Fredericksburg, more than 100,000 have been trapped. The lieutenant says they fly only five or six miles an hour and at altitudes up to 3,000 feet on clear days. By the way, he also says that if you fly up behind a formation of speedy ducks they'll separate to let you through and then close back in.

WASHINGTON

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. A good chunk of the 47,000 soldiers in this prairie camp live within hollering distance of their homes, especially the boys of the 41st Division, most of whose families and friends are near by. Communicating with the boys, though, is a problem. Time was when a gal could pick up a phone in Tacoma, fifteen miles north of the fort, and dial her khaki friend. No more. The operator says, sorry—not allowed to put the call through.

The problem is one for the soldiers, too, who find it difficult to phone outside. Best device is to try to convince the operator the call pertains to maneuvers or an alert, but operators are hep to these items of business and a fake call is pretty easy for them to spot.

3D DIV.

THE 3d Division has been going through a siege of alerts, averaging about one a week. In case you hadn't heard, alerts are anti-sleep projects in which a whole outfit—and that means a whole outfit; men, guns, rations, trucks and all—must assemble at a moment's notice at a given point, ready to take to the field for a whole week. Likely as not the C.O., after arousing the boys at two A. M. and giving them time to get set, will just tell them to get unset and go home; you did fine. At other times he'll have them do a couple of miles down the road, to see that everything's in line.

Notifying all outfits in a division of an alert is a job in itself and the Army has found that the chain-letter principle is the best way to combine surprise with due notification. A guy calls up an officer, gives him the dope and instructs him to inform three other officers similarly, etc. Most of the officers live off the post but others—either in protest against high rents or because their civil-life residences aren't too far away—have some traveling to do. There's one who commutes from Des Moines, on Puget Sound, near Seattle. If everything clicks he makes the fort in ninety minutes, which is cutting things pretty close, the alert par for an entire division being two hours. Officially, the Army doesn't seem to care how far away an officer lives, just so he keeps his military appointments, but a few of the brass hats who have been burning up the highways in answer to an early-morning alert think maybe there's a subtle move afoot to make them live closer to the fort. They wouldn't put it past the Army.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. This post's population seems to consist mostly of Pennsylvanians and Texans who refight the Battle of Gettysburg—with sound—every night in the P-X. The boys from the Keystone State are willing to concede, though, that the Texans can outtalk them, drawl and all. The Lone Star soldiers sometimes affect sombreros and high-heeled boots. None has dared face inspection wearing a ten-gallon hat but some of the Texans line up with their boots on. They maintain that regulations insist only on brown shoes and that nothing has been said about the height of the heels.

Being in the heart of the city the lads consider this fort one of the choice spots in the Army. Those who do the clerking work don't have to pay any attention to taps or reveille; that is, they can go into town at quitting time (four P. M.) and forget all about military affairs until eight o'clock the next morning. Moreover, they can travel in civvies, which a lot of the boys prefer.

This sort of freedom doesn't apply to the many casuals who pass through the post en route to overseas (Shhhhh! Alaska) duty. A full forty-eight hours before they're scheduled to embark, all the casuals are confined to the post (1) to insure secrecy of the exact sailing time and (2) to make sure all the boys get on board. On the grounds that the soldiers have known for some time that they're slated for overseas duty, the Army pooh-poohs the idea that some of them might go AWOL at the last minute. Nevertheless, the officers are giving the lads no chance to miss the boat by going on a last binge in the States.

GENERAL

AS a civilian, you're probably wondering what to give that soldier for Christmas, especially the poor guy who isn't going to be able to get away from camp. Based on surveys made among service men who stated what they need and what regulations permit them to have, this department herewith supplements its previous (Sept. 6th) gift list with some additional Christmas gift suggestions:

Black tie. Plaid tie. Sweat shirt. Shorts. Sweater. Muffler. Handkerchiefs. Gloves. Light travel bag. Moccasins. Monk-front shoes. Wallet.

Cigarette case. Lighter. (And, of course, his favorite smoke, as though you need be reminded.)

Portable typewriter. Flashlight. Sewing kit, with buttons.

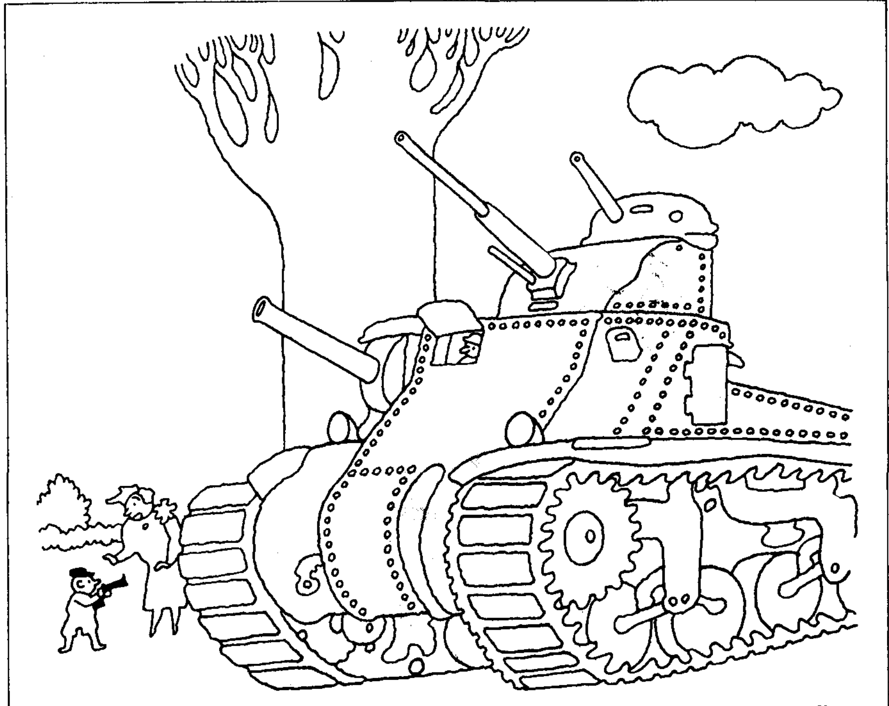
Small movie camera—with film—and an exposure meter.

Does that give you any ideas?

THIS business of pushing National Guard officers around frequently results in peculiar situations, as in one division where two colonels, relieved of command of their regiments, have been named range officers. The range at their camp already has an officer (captain), who now has two full-time supervisors. In addition to his other worries.

IF YOU'RE one of the many soldiers and civilians who are collecting regimental insignia, perhaps you'd like to swap some with Capt. Jean S. Feldheym, Office of the Port Surgeon, San Francisco Port of Embarkation, Fort Mason, California.

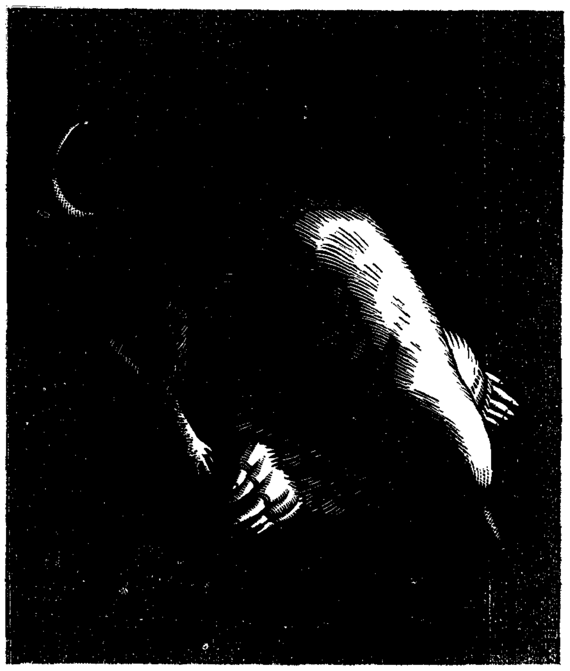
SOUNDS like fun—if you can get that address on one envelope. G. W.



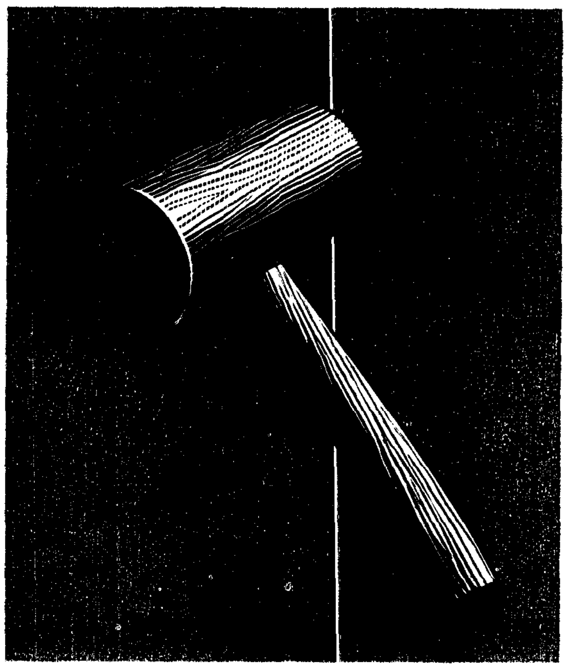
"Not the disintegrator pistol, darling! After all, one never knows!"

GARDNER REA

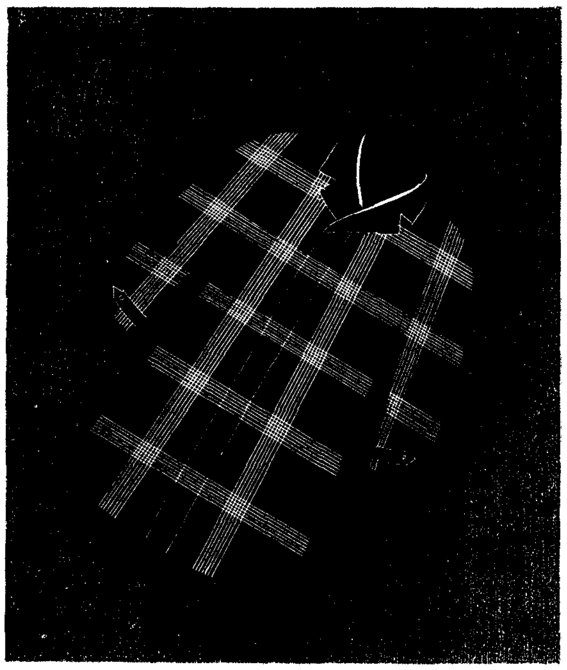
Know your M's



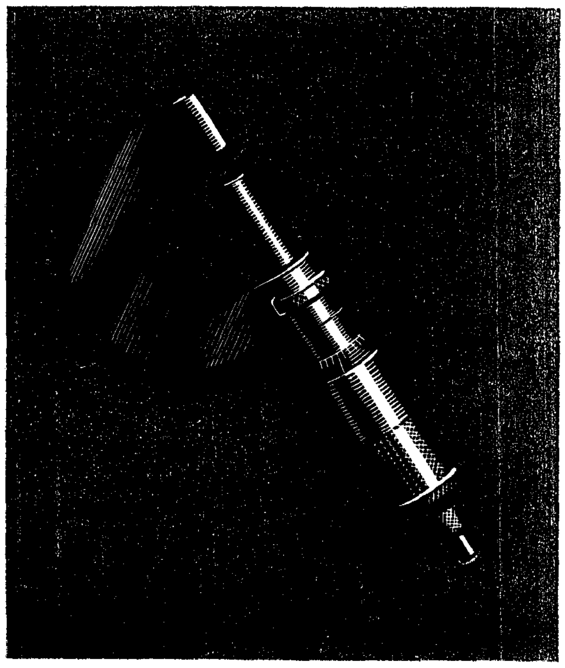
1. This is a M___



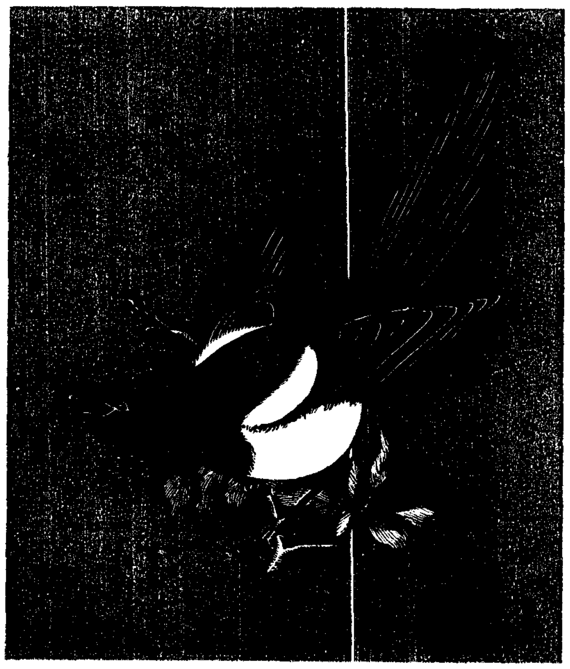
2. This is a M_____



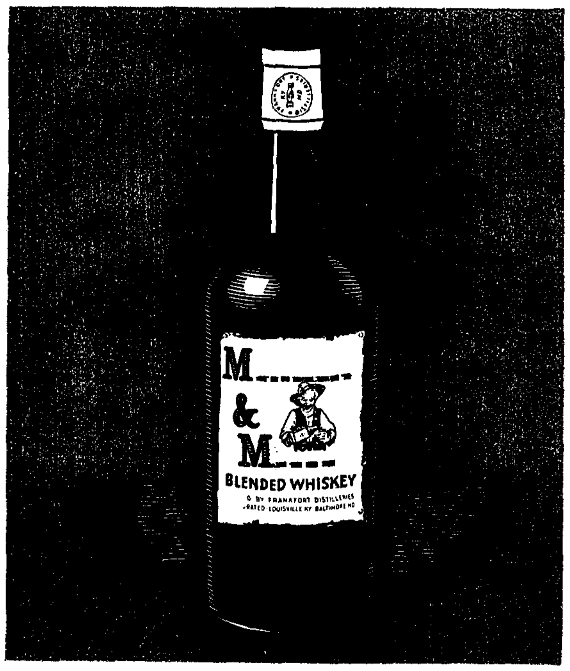
3. This is a M_________



4. This is a M_________



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M________ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mole;* 2, *Mallet;* 3, *Mackintosh;* 4, *Micrometer;* 5, *Magpie;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

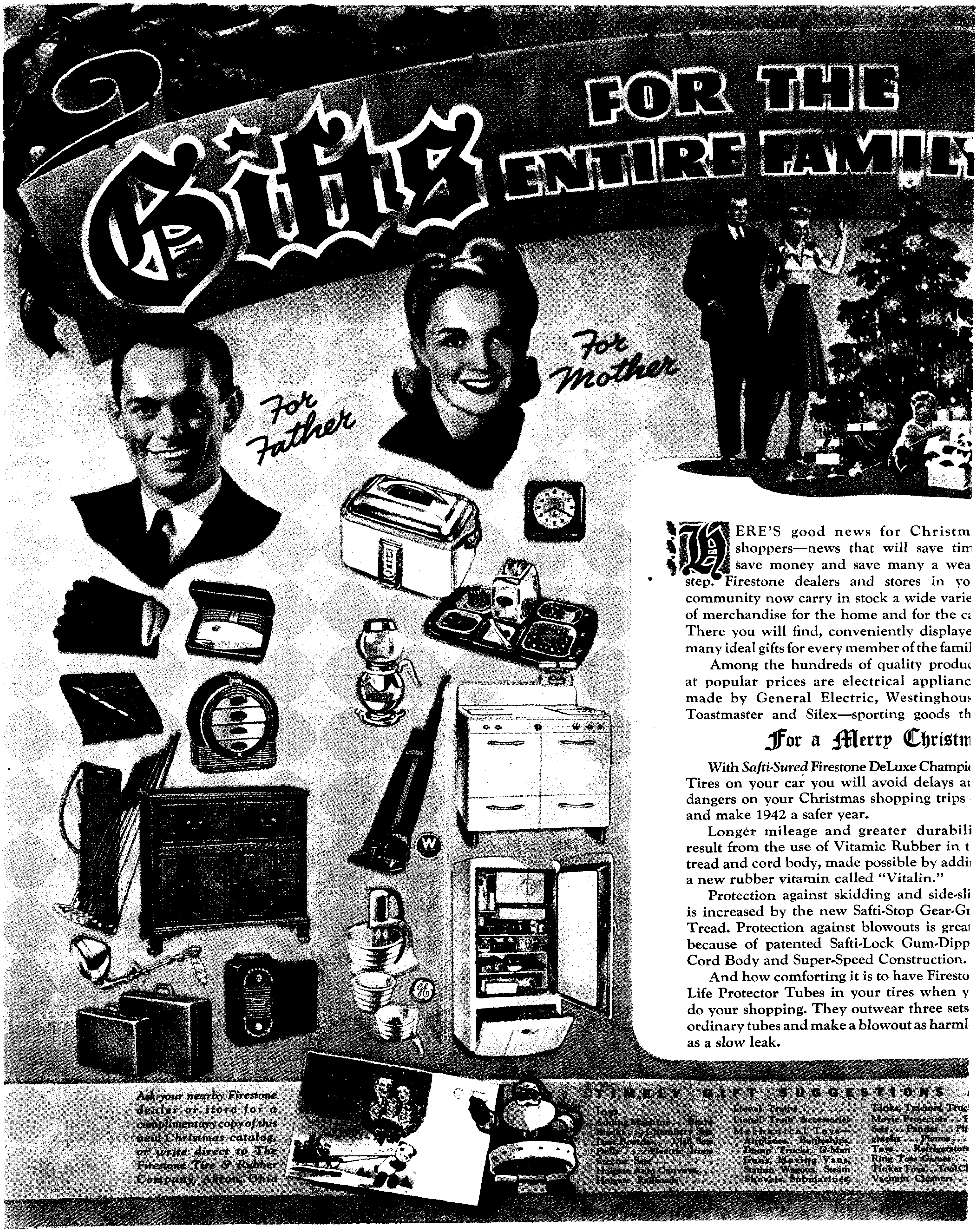
It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The Best of 'em is

M&M



HERE'S good news for Christm shoppers—news that will save tim save money and save many a wea step. Firestone dealers and stores in yo community now carry in stock a wide varie of merchandise for the home and for the ca There you will find, conveniently displaye many ideal gifts for every member of the famil

Among the hundreds of quality produc at popular prices are electrical applianc made by General Electric, Westinghous Toastmaster and Silex—sporting goods th

For a Merry Christm

With *Safti-Sured* Firestone DeLuxe Champi Tires on your car you will avoid delays ar dangers on your Christmas shopping trips and make 1942 a safer year.

Longer mileage and greater durabili result from the use of Vitamic Rubber in t tread and cord body, made possible by addi a new rubber vitamin called "Vitalin."

Protection against skidding and side-sli is increased by the new Safti-Stop Gear-Gr Tread. Protection against blowouts is grea because of patented Safti-Lock Gum-Dipp Cord Body and Super-Speed Construction.

And how comforting it is to have Firesto Life Protector Tubes in your tires when y do your shopping. They outwear three sets ordinary tubes and make a blowout as harml as a slow leak.

Ask your nearby Firestone dealer or store for a complimentary copy of this new Christmas catalog, or write direct to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

TIMELY GIFT SUGGESTIONS

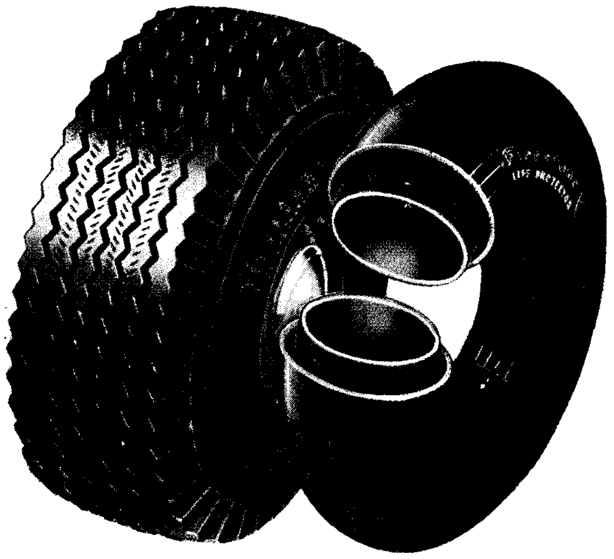
Toys
Adding Machine . . . Bears
Blocks . . . Chemistry Sets
Dart Boards . . . Dish Sets
Dolls . . . Electric Irons
Erector Sets . . . .
Holgate Auto Convoys . . .
Holgate Railroads . . . . .
Lionel Trains . . . . . .
Lionel Train Accessories
Mechanical Toys—
Airplanes, Battleships,
Dump Trucks, G-Men
Guns, Moving Vans,
Station Wagons, Steam
Shovels, Submarines,
Tanks, Tractors, Truc
Movie Projectors . . F
Sets . . . Pandas . . . Ph
graphs . . . Pianos . . .
Toys . . . Refrigerators
Ring Toss Games . .
Tinker Toys . . . Tool Cl
Vacuum Cleaners . .

AT Firestone
For Sister
For Brother

ear such famous names as Spalding, Wilson nd Walter Hagen—more than 100 different oys for children of all ages, including such opular items as Lionel trains, Flexible Flyer leds and Erector sets.

Illustrated on these pages and listed below re suggestions that will be helpful in making our Christmas selections. See these attractive isplays today and do your Christmas shopping uickly, comfortably and inexpensively. onvenient budget terms can be arranged if ou desire.

nd a Safe New Year



isten to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening, N. B. C. Red Network

Copyright, 1941, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

FIRESTONE—THE DEPARTMENT STORE FOR HOME AND MOTORING NEEDS

hristmas Tree Lights
adios
onsoles . . . Phonoradios
ortables . . Table Models
utomobile . Battery Type
lectrical Appliances
locks of Various Types

General Electric Irons . . .
General Electric Mixers . .
Schick Electric Shavers . .
Silex Coffee Makers . . . .
Toasters (Toastmaster) . . .
Waffle Bakers . . . .
Westinghouse Cleaners,
Irons and Roasters . . .

Electric Refrigerators
Electric & Gas Stoves
Electric Washing Machines
Sporting Goods
Baseball & Boxing Gloves
Champion Outboard

Motors . . . Croquet Sets
Fishing Rods and Tackle
Golf Bags, Balls and Clubs
Hillerich & Bradsby Bats
Ice and Roller Skates . . .
Skis and Ski Poles . . . . .
Spalding Basketballs . . .
Spalding Footballs . . . . .

Table Tennis . Toboggans
Walter Hagen Golf Clubs
and Golf Balls . . . . .
Wilson Golf Balls, Official
Baseballs and Softballs
Bicycles & Accessories
for Men, Women, Boys
and Girls . . . .

Juvenile Vehicles
Baby Walkers . . . Scooters
Tricycles . . . Velocipedes
Wagons of various kinds
Automotive
Batteries . . . Brake Lining
Defrosters . Driving Gloves

Driving Lights . . [illegible]
Permanent Anti-Freeze . .
Grille and Trunk Guards
Heaters . . Horns . . Robes
Life Protector Tubes . . .
Seat Covers . . Spark Plugs
Super Anti-Freeze . . . . .
Tires and Tubes . . . . .

"IMAGINE ME LOSING AN ARGUMENT!"

I finally had to admit all auto insurance is NOT alike!"

"Years ago I made up my mind that a man's a fool to risk driving a car without insurance protection. But until now, I'd take a policy from any friendly chap who happened to be handy when my old insurance expired.

"Then one day a State Farm man came in to see me. He sure opened my eyes when he explained how the State Farm Membership Plan works—how you pay the acquisition cost of a policy only once. They renew the old policy instead of writing a new one as long as the risk remains the same.

"Now when we go out for a spin in the car, it gives me a swell feeling to know that the whole family is getting more protection—at reasonable cost. I'm sure pleased with the State Farm Membership Plan!"

THE STATE FARM
Common Sense
WAY OF BUYING
AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE
AT ACTUAL COST

How State Farm's MEMBERSHIP PLAN Gives You

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY

by G. J. MECHERLE

Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Insurance Company

"The idea started 19 years ago—and to get it started we founded a new insurance company—State Farm Mutual.

"We believed that car owners should be able to buy insurance at the lowest possible price. And to keep that price low, we did away with the expensive practice of writing a new auto insurance policy each year.

"We designed our State Farm policies so they can be *renewed* at regular intervals—just like life insurance policies.

"Thus, under State Farm's Membership Plan you pay the acquisition cost of an auto insurance policy only once. Savings are passed on to policyholders in more auto insurance for your money.

"But this is only one of the many economies we pioneered. We did away with a lot of other red-tape practices. And as a result we have been able to save in excess of $40,000,000 for more than a million policyholders in the cost of their insurance!

"And at the same time we have been able to give them broader protection and better service.

"For full particulars I invite you to mail the coupon at the right. It will bring you an interesting booklet."

CAR DRIVERS... these Facts are important!

State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world. More than a million car owners have been insured the State Farm way.

Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims—a claim was paid every 2.6 minutes!

State Farm does business today in 40 states, in the district of Columbia, and the province of Ontario, Canada.

More than 7,000 State Farm representatives are ready to serve you in case of an accident. These men are located all over the country so they can come to your assistance whether you are thousands of miles from home or in your own driveway.

State Farm is a mutual company operated solely for the benefit of policyholders. *State Farm Mutual policies are absolutely nonassessable.*

This is the home office building of State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Illinois. This enormous 12-story building is owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.

MAIL TODAY—for FREE booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle C-121
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

Name...
Address...
City.................................... *State*.........................

STATE FARM

Insurance *Companies*

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

To Fire the Wife

Continued from page 15

In six months, Bennet went through four changes. One characteristic of bright and beautiful office girls which the brothers had not sufficiently discounted was their aptitude for getting married. Two of Bennet's secretaries did that, just when he had them broken in. The third disliked to work after 5:30. The fourth simply couldn't learn to read his mind, or even his hieroglyphics. He had to fire her.

Bennet tried a dictograph, but the machine couldn't read his mind either. His files were haywire and his projects undeveloped and he was seriously thinking of quitting the business and going back to write his doctor's thesis. Brother Pete called Miss Lurie, who had the best bureau in town. She called back in two hours: "I've got just the girl! She's bright and ambitious; I don't think she dates—she's taking evening courses in copy writing. She's in a law office now, and wants to get into advertising."

SO MISS LURIE sent over Rosamond Guest, a redheaded whizz. In a couple of weeks she knew Bennet's mind so well, all he had to do was say et cetera. "Miss Guest," he'd begin, "I've got an idea for that—that—"

"Cannery account?"

"Yah. That's it. Take a letter to—to what's his name?"

"Gerald Sullivan."

"Yah. Dear Gerald—no. He probably has always disliked being called Gerald. Dear Sullivan—no. Too formal."

"Dear Gerald Sullivan?"

"Yah. Dear Gerald Sullivan: We've been discussing your problem and I'd like to suggest an idea—" Then he'd stare at the ceiling, as though the idea had wafted itself away up there and must be brought down again, through the plaster.

"Is that the idea you and Mr. Pete were discussing, about a radio contest for home canning?"

"Yah. I want to tell him— Dear Gerald Sullivan—"

"I think I can fill it out from what you said to Mr. Pete."

"Okay. Dear Gerald Sullivan, et cetera."

And she'd do it. His ideas. His style. She was a wonder. Bennet was so pleased he wished he could sign her up the way the movies sign up actresses, on contracts forbidding marriage during five years, or ten. But he was afraid the mere mention of the subject might put the idea into her mind.

The only trouble with her was overambition. Rosamond wanted not only to fill out his ideas for him: she was convinced she could give birth to the ideas herself. And her ideas reeked. It required supreme acts of forgetfulness on Bennet's part to discourage her repeated suggestions. However, he found one favorable thing about Rosamond's ambition: it seemed to keep her aloof from romance.

Bennet felt quite safe about this until the day he was lunching at the Marguery with a piano account. At the far end of the room was the redhead. She sat with an excellent-looking young man: the tanned, sportsman type. By a far stretch of the imagination it could be a rival executive striving to lure her into his service. The greater probability was the greater evil: romance. Consternation struck the soul of Bennet Pierce.

What he was searching for on the ceiling, most of that afternoon, was a way to find out about a secretary's luncheon companion. Finally, almost shamefacedly, he fell back upon a blunt expedient.

"Was that your brother I saw you with this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She was amused. "I haven't any brother."

"Oh." He waited. She said nothing. He gave in. "Who was it, then?"

She looked even more amused. "Just a friend." The inflection was unmistakable. He'd lose her in a month. Probably sooner.

He spent a good many hours wrestling with the problem, and finally decided the direct approach was the best, with a person of her type. So, first thing in the morning, he rang for her.

"I suppose I'll be losing you soon?"

"Why, I wasn't thinking of leaving, Mr. Pierce. Isn't my work okay?" And then her eyes lighted with the final possibility—"You're not going to give me a chance at copy writing?"

"I meant, like all the rest of them. You'll be getting married."

Her eager smile faded. "Oh, I don't know," she said.

"Isn't the young man I saw you with at the Marguery after you to get married?"

"Oh, yes," she admitted. "But he wants me to quit work."

"You mean right away?"

"Yes. Get married and quit work."

"Oh." The disaster was even more immediate than he had feared.

"And what did you tell him?"

"Well, maybe I wouldn't mind the marrying part, so much. But can you imagine me sitting around like a harem wife? That's the trouble with Mickey. With anybody else I could do as I liked but with him, I'd have to quit my job."

"You mean," Bennet said, assimilating the idea with relief, "you won't marry him unless he lets you work?"

"Sometimes it's awfully tempting," she said. "He's a nice boy. And, frankly, I don't like living alone."

Bennet had to turn his eyes away. He was afraid he was blushing.

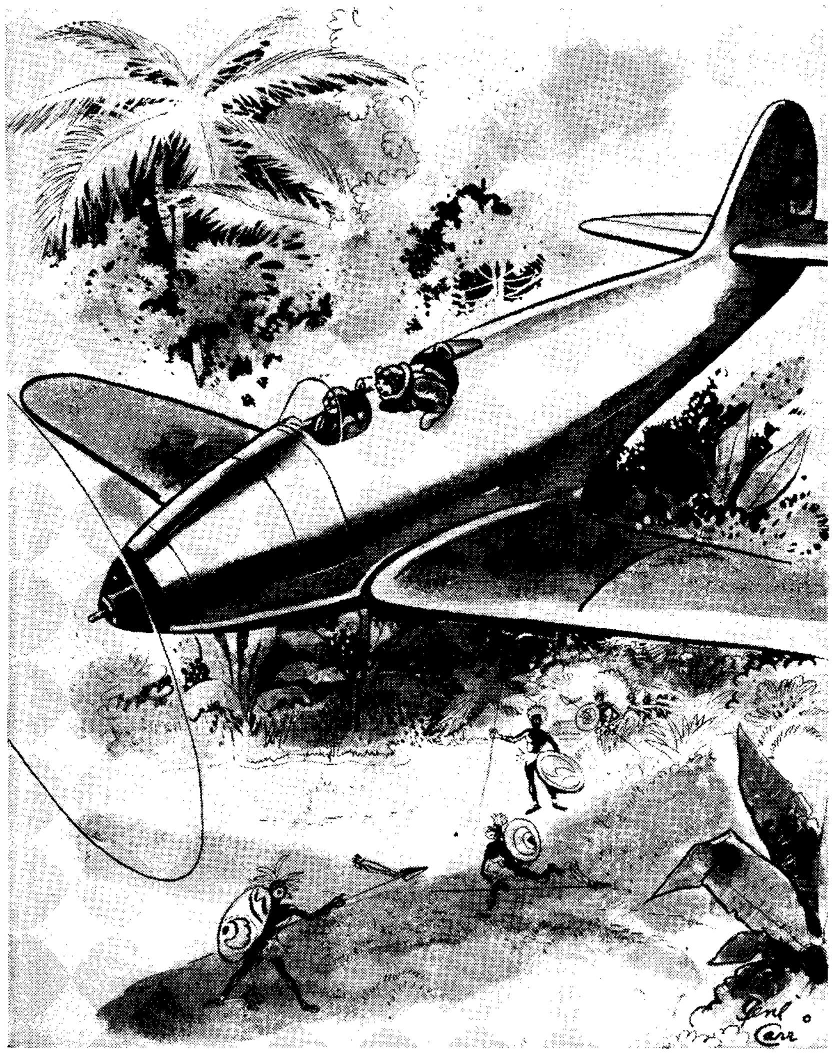
FOR the time being, he felt safe. But there was no telling when she might weaken. So he took up the problem with Brother Pete. "This girl is too good," he said. "I just don't want to lose her. You know how difficult it is for me to find a girl I can get along with."

Pete studied the matter in a practical way. "Why don't you marry her yourself?" he said. "Then you'd be sure of her."

Bennet offered the flustered resistance of a damsel trying to pretend she never thought of wanting an ermine wrap. "But it's against the rules," he said. "No monkeying with the office girls."

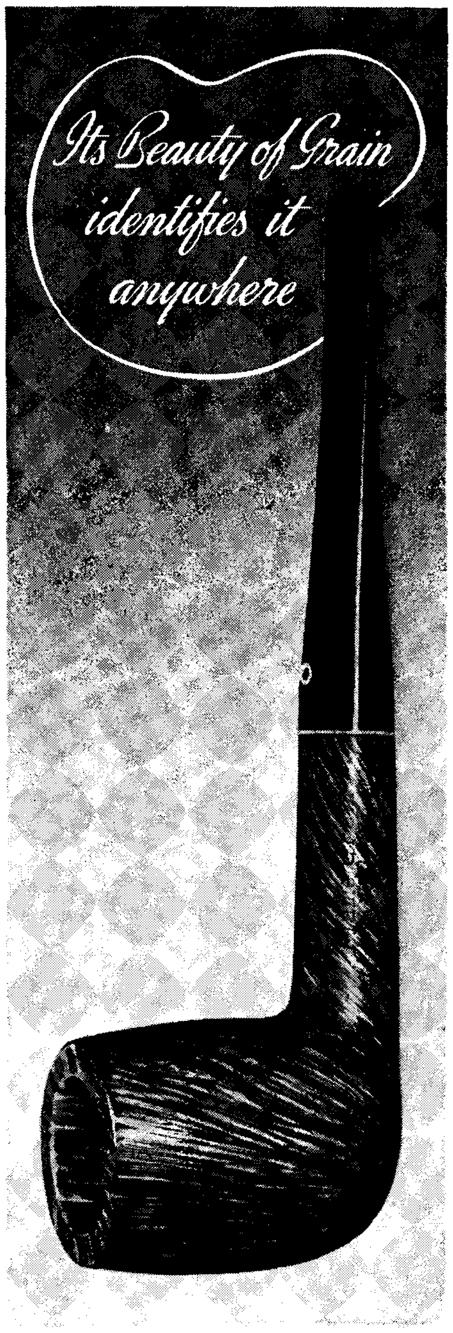
"It's okay if you marry them," Pete pointed out.

Bennet had simply never thought of that. Why, it would solve everything! So next time they worked late, he knew what he was going to do. He kept her till after seven, and managed to go out of the office together with her, though he usually let her go out first, alone. They waited in silence for the night elevator to come up for them. They rode down in silence. She said to the elevator man, "Good night, Charlie." So did Bennet. They were still kind of together and not together as they reached the outside of



"They say to try to make the next town—they've got a regular landing field there"

GENE CARR



FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE $10

When you hold this magnificent Flame Grain Kaywoodie in your hand, you realize that you are holding something that comes as close to actual perfection as it is possible to come. The rare "Flame Grain" markings of the grain reveal the historic briar from which the pipe is made: briar from 200-to-400 year old briar burls from the last great forest preserve of this, the most ancient rare and costly imported briar in the world. Only Kaywoodie offers you this priceless Flame Grain briar.*

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.

Observe the difference between the rare old 200-to-400 year old briar burl (the size of a large pumpkin) and the ten year burl (the size of an apple). The sweet-smoking qualities in the briar are in direct ratio to the relative age of the two burls.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York and London [In New York 630 Fifth Ave.]
© 1941, KAYWOODIE CO.

IT'S A WISE SANTA WHO GIVES A MAN Woman-Wise SHIRTS

THAT man in your life will "go" for Essley "Woman-Wise" Shirts. He'll delight *in the careful hand-cut design and* fine details that distinguish Essleys from other shirts. Essley Shirts are tailored by Troy craftsmen in the Troy tradition—*and styled by America's outstanding men's fashion authority.* They make the perfect Christmas gifts. $1.69 to $2.50.

For the name of the store nearest you, write to the Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Building, New York City.

The new Essleys are in keeping with the Yuletide. In a wide variety of patterns and colors, they suit every taste, flatter every appearance. See them, today!

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

Originators TRUBENIZED* Collar
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS are cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled for smartness.

the building. The critical moment had come. "You might as well have dinner with me," he said.

She said she was in a hurry. She had a class that evening.

Bennet had a brilliant thought. She could learn more about copy writing, he promised her, by spending the evening with him.

MARRIAGE, Bennet realized, required great psychological adjustment. A certain amount of invasion of personal purlieus was to be expected. Therefore, he made no objection when she brought her face creams and eyebrow tweezers down to the office and set the stuff on the one little shelf in his private washroom; he kept the peace, as her objects increased, crowding his razor off the shelf. Usually, he realized, a man's office was his sacred retreat. But as a few extra slips and a dress got in beside the extra suit he kept in his closet, he had to admit, in extenuation, that the case was unusual insomuch as his wife worked in the same office and, therefore, should be entitled to equal privileges. Though he didn't see just why she had to appropriate his trousers hangers for a skirt. And also, one day when he had to get his coat to go out, a client got a glimpse of those female underthings hanging there, and Bennet felt pretty silly. He couldn't always be explaining his secretary was his wife.

He couldn't always be taking his secretary—even if she was his wife—along to business lunches, either. Maybe half of the advertising man's activity is the luncheon consultation. There, men must feel free to talk—free even of the inhibiting influences of an office. The psychological effect of the luncheon, Bennet asserted, was to temper a deal with a certain amount of social trustfulness. Well, now, a man simply did not take his wife along to his business lunches. Or his secretary. No matter how earnestly he tried to explain this to her, Rosamond simply didn't seem to get the basic idea.

"But you haven't any secrets from me. I'll know all you tell each other anyway."

"Of course, dear! But don't you see—it's just the effect of a woman—and a pretty woman—being present. It hampers a man."

"Do I hamper you?"

"No, no, that isn't it at all. What I mean is—the client must feel free to—well, even to tell off-color stories if he likes. And a woman's presence constrains him."

"I see. So I'm just supposed to go off and eat by myself at some lunch counter—"

"But, darling—have lunch with a friend, can't you?"

"I want to have lunch with you."

SO HE'D kiss her, and perhaps be on the point of yielding, when she'd say—"Besides, how do you know I won't have some good ideas to contribute to the discussion?"

And that would stop him. Because Rosamond was having altogether too many ideas. She hadn't got over the copy-writing bug at all; in fact, marriage had only increased her appetite for a career. She was so ambitious, she thought of nothing but the office. Bennet liked to relax when he got away from the place, or to set his mind to work in other channels. He discovered he had a secretary on a 24-hour basis.

At dinner, at a movie, even in bed, Rosamond would prod him with a sudden thought.

"Yes, dear. Remind me at the office," he'd say. But she'd want to discuss her idea, elaborate on it at once. She'd lie awake, thinking up slogans. He could feel the process going on, next to him. And how could a man think her slogans were good, under such conditions?

And as the office spread to the home, the home came into the office. Time and again, when Bennet needed his secretary, he'd find her busy on the telephone. Now, it is not unheard-of for a private secretary to conduct a few personal telephone conversations during office hours. She might be talking to other private secretaries, or—if not married to her boss—to gentlemen friends. There is an established custom about such telephone chats. When the boss rings, the secretary mutters a hurried, "Busy now, call you later," and hangs up.

Not Rosamond. She'd continue until she was quite finished. By that time he'd usually have forgotten why he rang, and it would take some heavy mind reading to bring back the almost lost idea.

"For heaven's sake, who are you talking to that's so important? Why can't you cut it short when I ring?" he asked once.

"I was talking to the Boston Store."

"The what?"

"Boston Store. Drapery department. The apartment has to get furnished, doesn't it?"

Or, in the midst of the afternoon she'd duck out for a beauty-parlor treatment.

"What I want to know is," Bennet would remonstrate mildly, "how would you manage about beauty parlors if you weren't married to me?"

"But I am married to you!" she'd reply, her eyes widening to that peculiarly exasperating feminine stare which seemed to be a comment on the unrealistic nature of the masculine mind. "Besides, we're having the talcum people for dinner. You want me to look my best, don't you? It might mean the contract."

ALL these things, even her feminine notion that people were to be invited to dinner for business reasons only (isn't that why you invite them to lunch?) might have been countenanced, adjusted, compromised. But the dear girl simply would not realize that she was supposed to be the secretary, and he the executive, the thinker, the creator. So long as she confined herself to popping off suggestions, ideas and slogans, things were manageable. But presently Rosamond began making changes in Bennet's copy. Rewording things. Putting new captions on them. And once or twice she even came in with entire substitute commercials she had written for a radio show. Just wanted him to see if her approach wasn't better for the daytime female audience.

"Look, darling," Bennet explained finally, "maybe you are better at this than I am. But right now I have the responsibility for the account and I have to use my own judgment. And in my judgment—"

"You're prejudiced!" she accused him. "You won't give me a chance, because I'm a woman! You think I'm dumb—"

"I married you, didn't I?" he pointed out.

"That's different! . . . Besides, you only did it so you'd have a twenty-four-hour slave instead of just a secretary! All you want me to do is the menial work, the typing, the dishwashing—!"

No use reminding her the maid did the dishwashing. He knew female psychology. She'd consider it an unfair argument. As for the typing, he began to do some of it himself. At least, the retyping. For when Rosamond sneaked changes into his copy, Bennet didn't have the heart to tell her to do the job over. He valued peace. So as soon as she went out to the hairdressers, or on a shopping errand which he would desperately think up, Bennet would slip over to the machine and arduously peck out the corrected copy. Like as not, he'd get the carbons in backward.

Once, when he'd got her to leave the office at quitting time, on some elaborately cooked-up excuse about a conference with the building superintendent, he set himself to an after-hour retyping job, and was discovered by Brother Pete. "What's the idea?" Pete said. "Can't you get Rosamond to type it?"

"I don't want her to see this."

"Why? It's not a love letter, is it?"

Snappishly, Bennet explained. Well, then, Pete suggested, why couldn't he get one of the other girls in the office to retype Rosamond's work? That wouldn't do either. He couldn't let any of the girls get such an advantage over Rosamond.

Pete, meanwhile, was glancing through Rosamond's version of the advertisement. "Oh, why don't you let this go through?" he said. "All she's done is changed a few words."

Bennet blew up. "Do you want your stenographers going around changing your stuff? Would you stand for it?"

Pete tried to laugh it off. "Know what the trouble is between you two?" he said. "Professional jealousy, that's all. Rosamond is an awfully clever girl. And she's just jealous of you."

"Professional jealousy!" Bennet had hit the wrong key, and was savagely using an eraser. "I call it sabotage!"

IT WAS the talcum account that finally brought on their big fight. Bennet was very proud of the daintiness appeal which he had injected into his copy. The gossamer words simply floated in froth. His commercials were indirect, feminine, suggestive. Nothing was mentioned by name.

He was used, by now, to her editing his copy, and even, after Pete's intervention, permitted a few word changes to pass, just to humor and flatter his wife. But when Bennet picked up her version of the talcum announcements, he found nothing of his copy left except the name of the product. He rang, and demanded that she put through his copy, word for word.

"Women are sick of that femininity stuff!" Rosamond announced. "Why don't you just say this powder smells nice and clean, and it's cheaper than the fancy brands with frills on the package?"

He groaned. Why argue with her? What use would it be to cite the entire experience of the cosmetic industry? She responded precisely as he had anticipated: "It doesn't prove a thing. That femininity stuff is passé. Women are ready for a change, and the first outfit that appeals to common sense will cash in."

"Yah. And we'll lose the talcum account."

"Oh, can't you even take a suggestion—!"

"A suggestion? You change the whole thing and call it a suggestion!"

It wound up with a shouting match and a victory on a purely authoritarian basis. "All right, I'll do it!" Rosamond gave in, sullenly, taking the sheets back to her desk. "Just as you say—you're the boss."

And it was a very silent night, when they got home. The next morning, in the office, was strictly and bitterly businesslike.

Bennet went to lunch with Pete. "I can't endure it any longer," he said. "If only I could fire her!"

"Well, why don't you?" Pete seemed to think there was nothing to it.

"Why don't I fire her?"

"Sure. Just like anybody else."

"Listen. Usually when you fire a girl you don't have to go home with her that night."

Pete had another idea. "Send her on a vacation."

"I thought of that. She says it wouldn't be any fun, going without me."

"Uh-huh." Pete was beginning to appreciate the difficulty. "You know, come to think of it, Joe Donnelly was in a fix like yours once. He had a cousin working for him and was stewing all the time. I'll find out what he did."

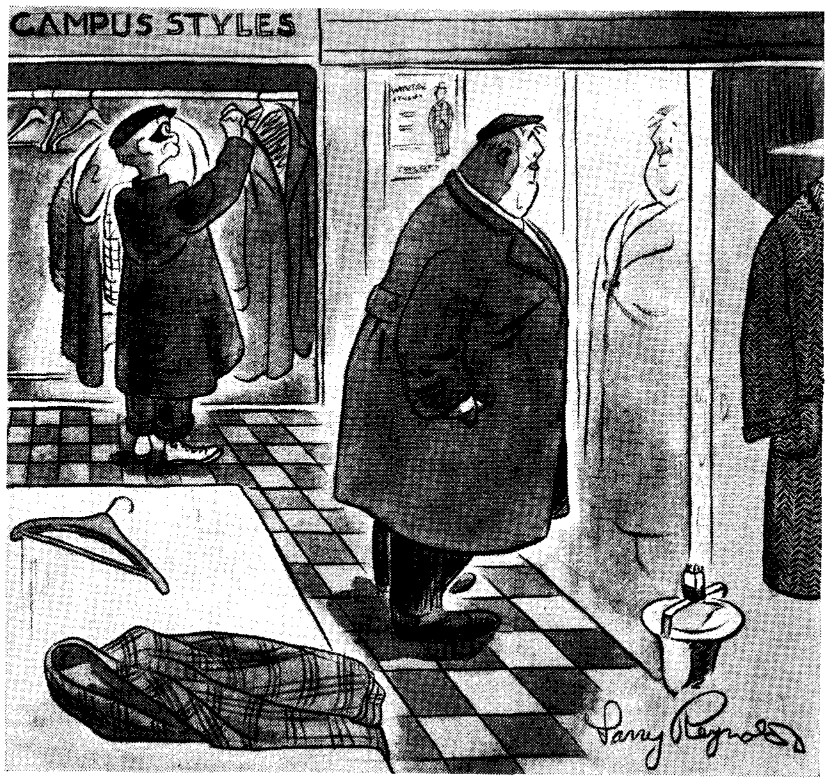
Bennet insisted that he find out at once. Pete came back from telephoning; he wore an uncertain look.

"Well? Did he get rid of her? What did he do?"

"He married her off."

They frowned into their coffee cups. At last Pete asked, with fraternal deli-

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**


CAMPUS STYLES
Larry Reynolds

"I like th' $42.50 best, but I suppose I should be sensible an' take th' $85 one"

LOOK, A NEW CUSTOMER FOR AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE EXTRAS!
THAT'S NO TROUBLE, MOM! THEY'RE AS EASY AS 1-2-3 TO FIX!
ALL SO LIGHT AND FLUFFY! EH, BOBBY?
UM-M !!!
LITTLE BOBBY LIKES THAT OLD-TIME BUCKWHEAT FLAVOR AS MUCH AS WE DO!
GO RIGHT AFTER 'EM, BOBBY! THAT'S THE WAY I GOT MY START!
...AND WE ALL CAN THANK AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE!
HOORAY
Time fo' dat feast of feasts—tangy, OL'-TIME BUCKWHEATS!
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN WHEAT FLOUR

TRY THIS PLANTATION STYLE BUCKWHEAT BREAKFAST!

Fresh or Stewed Fruit
AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEAT CAKES
Butter Syrup or Honey
Pan Broiled Little Pig Sausages
Coffee

You can whisk this breakfast together in a jiffy. Aunt Jemima's secret recipe is ready-mixed for you. Yes—M-a-a-m! . . . Just add milk or water, mix, and pour 'em on the griddle. Tender and digestible as they are dee-licious.

AUNT JEMIMA
READY MIX
FOR PANCAKES • BUCKWHEATS

GET BOTH—the yellow box for buckwheats...the red box for pancakes and waffles

"TELL ME ANOTHER" and win $5.00 - says KLEENEX*

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET!

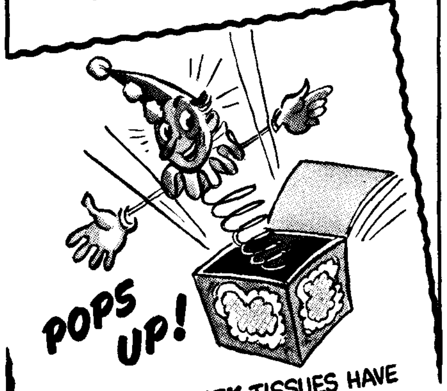
I TOLD MY SCHOOL PUPILS WHEN THEY SNIFFED AND SNEEZED. SO NOW THEY CARRY KLEENEX INSTEAD OF GERMS AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

(from a letter by M La P., Wichita, Kans.)

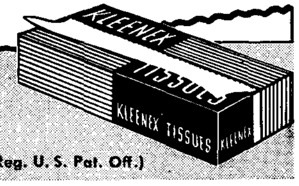
Good for the Last Drop!

WHY TRY TO GET A BIG BATH TOWEL IN YOUR EAR WHEN KLEENEX GETS THAT LAST DROP PERFECTLY.

(from a letter by R. D., Chicago, Ill.)



ONLY KLEENEX TISSUES HAVE THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX TO END WASTE! PULL A DOUBLE-TISSUE STRAIGHT UP... NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE! (from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)



KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(* Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

cacy, "Tell me this—as a wife, outside of being your secretary—how is it?"

"Oh, fine," Bennet said, flushing. "Fine! If she'd only forget the office."

Pete stirred his coffee, set down his spoon, decisively. "Then my advice is, once and for all, tell her to stay home. Fire her."

Bennet winced. Yes, he agreed, it had to be faced. A few days, perhaps a week of bitter unpleasantness, and then Rosamond would adjust herself. Pete's Bonnie would get her into bridge clubs, take her around to art exhibitions, teach her how to waste her time. But how was he to commit the act itself? March in and tell her she was fired? Impossible. Perhaps Pete would do it, for him?

It would be unwise, Pete pointed out, to embitter her toward the whole family. Besides, he had never fired anybody, face to face. The few times when he had had occasion to discharge people, he'd done the job by mail. Sent a special delivery, on Sunday, enclosing two weeks' pay and asking the employee not to report for work. That made it easier on all concerned.

"Except," Bennet said, "I'd be home when she got the letter."

"Wait a minute. We ought to be able to figure out some way to get around that."

Concentrating on this detail made them feel, somehow, that they had solved the whole problem. Bennet could go to Philadelphia on Sunday, to attend to some legal matters about their aunt's estate. It would be too dull a trip for Rosamond.

HE GOT her to go to a movie and struggled all evening with that letter. First, he made it a very personal letter. But that, he decided, would be the sort of epistle that invited argument. It would start in a warm friendly way and end in disaster. He wound up with a formal notice, plus a little personal note that said, "Darling, this is terribly tough to do, but we aren't getting along at the office, and it's the only way to fix it that I know."

He mailed it from the station Sunday.

She wasn't home when he returned. Her things were gone, too.

Bennet sat quite still. He ought to call up Pete. He ought to try to stop her from going to Reno. He ought to get drunk. He had been sitting quite still, with his hands limp, for perhaps an hour when the bell rang. After a while he arose, and answered. There was a special-delivery letter for him.

"I will be glad to act as reference in any future connection you may secure," the neatly typed lines said. "Wishing you the best of luck and success." And there was no personal message beyond the dismissal.

BENNET PIERCE had an awful time getting a secretary. He was spoiled. He fired girls after a one-day trial. By the third week he had exhausted Miss Lurie's files, and her patience, and his own patience. He even demanded, from Pete, the right to break office rule Number One, and requested of Miss Lurie "an eighty-year-old hag. I don't care what she looks like, so long as she is reliable." So Miss Lurie sent over a lady who had been thirty years with her last employer. She lasted three days. Bennet complained the sight of her impeded his mental processes.

But getting rid of her failed to remove the impediment. His mind felt alternately stuffed and feverish. He didn't sleep well. At night his brain churned with ideas. He even made notes, which none of the succession of secretaries could decipher. And in the daytime all he could do was stare at the ceiling. Even if one of them had been able to read his mind, she would have transcribed nothing but a blank.

Some of the clients were beginning to kick. The talcum people, among others, complained that they were getting no results from their program lately. Pete took over a few of Bennet's accounts. Still Bennet couldn't get himself organized.

Pete decided maybe Bennet ought to have an assistant for a while—to do some of the copy writing.

That was how things were the day Bennett called the sorely tried Miss Lurie, to admit, rather shamedly, that he was looking for a secretary again. He hadn't fired the last one. She'd quit. Said he depressed her.

Miss Lurie wasn't mad, or cold, as she'd been lately. "Mr. Pierce," she said tentatively, "I do have an excellent girl, a really first-class girl. She has fine recommendations. But I don't know—"

"Don't know what?"

"Well, that trouble you're always having, about girls getting married—"

"You think she'll get married on me?" Bennet asked.

"Oh, no. Not this girl. You see she's just been divorced and she—"

At that point he caught on. Miss Lurie continued, saying this young lady wanted to be sure of an absolutely impersonal relationship, and he said, fine, fine! He wanted nothing else!

And why not? Until things got personal she had been a wonderful secretary. Perfect. "Send her over," he said.

There was one other condition. Miss Guest was ambitious. She was a trained copy writer. And since Mr. Pete had said they needed an assistant in copy writing, wouldn't this be an excellent opportunity for both the agency and the young woman? They could, perhaps, allow her to break in by servicing a few special accounts. Those that required a woman's point of view.

"Okay," Bennet gasped. "Tell her she wins. Send her over."

SHE was absolutely impersonal. And her secretarial work was, of course, impeccable. He didn't have to make a single adjustment. She knew all his ways.

Pete gave her two accounts to handle—the talcum account, and a diet food. When she managed it, Bennet couldn't tell—but she never allowed her copy writing to interfere with her duties to him. And the copy-writing responsibility worked like a miracle; she left off entirely offering suggestions and corrections for his own accounts.

Things were, in fact, going very smoothly at the office. But Bennet found it depressing to eat dinner alone. So once, having protracted the dictation until everyone had left the office, Bennet managed to leave together with her, and go down the elevator together with her, and say Good night, Charlie, to the elevator man, as she did, and to hesitate with her, just in front of the building.

"What are you doing for dinner?" he asked.

She looked quite as if she had expected his approach. "Nothing," she replied. "Unless I'm having it with you."

And the next day, instead of coming to him with a suggestion, she came to him for help. She was stuck. Could he help her with her copy?

It was only a minor point and on the whole, he assured her, her work was very good. Excellent. And he had to admit to himself that it was.

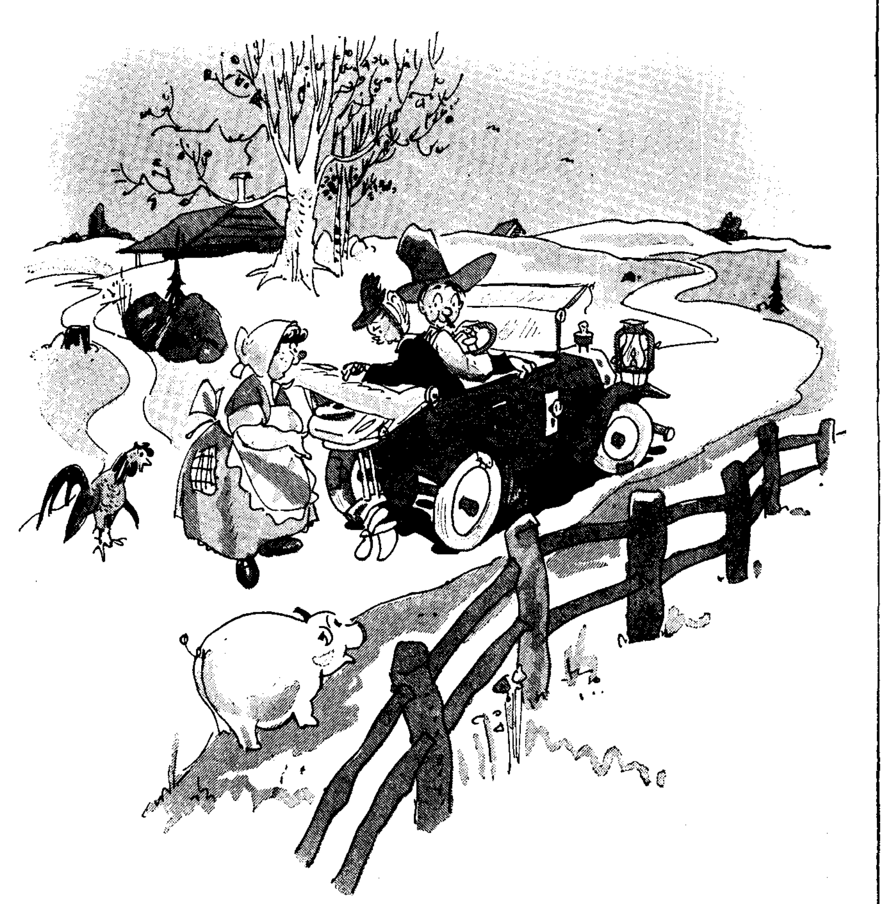
BROTHER PETE couldn't help noticing the new harmony. "When are you going to get remarried?" he asked his brother, the psychologist. "You know that's all a woman wants—is to prove she can do anything a man can do."

Bennet, studying the photograph of laughing year-old twins on Pete's desk, shook his head. "You underestimate the feminine ego. She also has to prove she can do what a man can't do."

Pete followed his brother's gaze, grinned happily, and grasped his brother's hand. "Fine! Fine! Don't let that stop you! It'll be a great opportunity for you to watch the development of a child's psychology."

And frankly, as brother to brother, he confided—that's where he thought a woman really belonged. In the home.

"Yes, maybe so," Bennet agreed. "But—what'll I do for a secretary?"

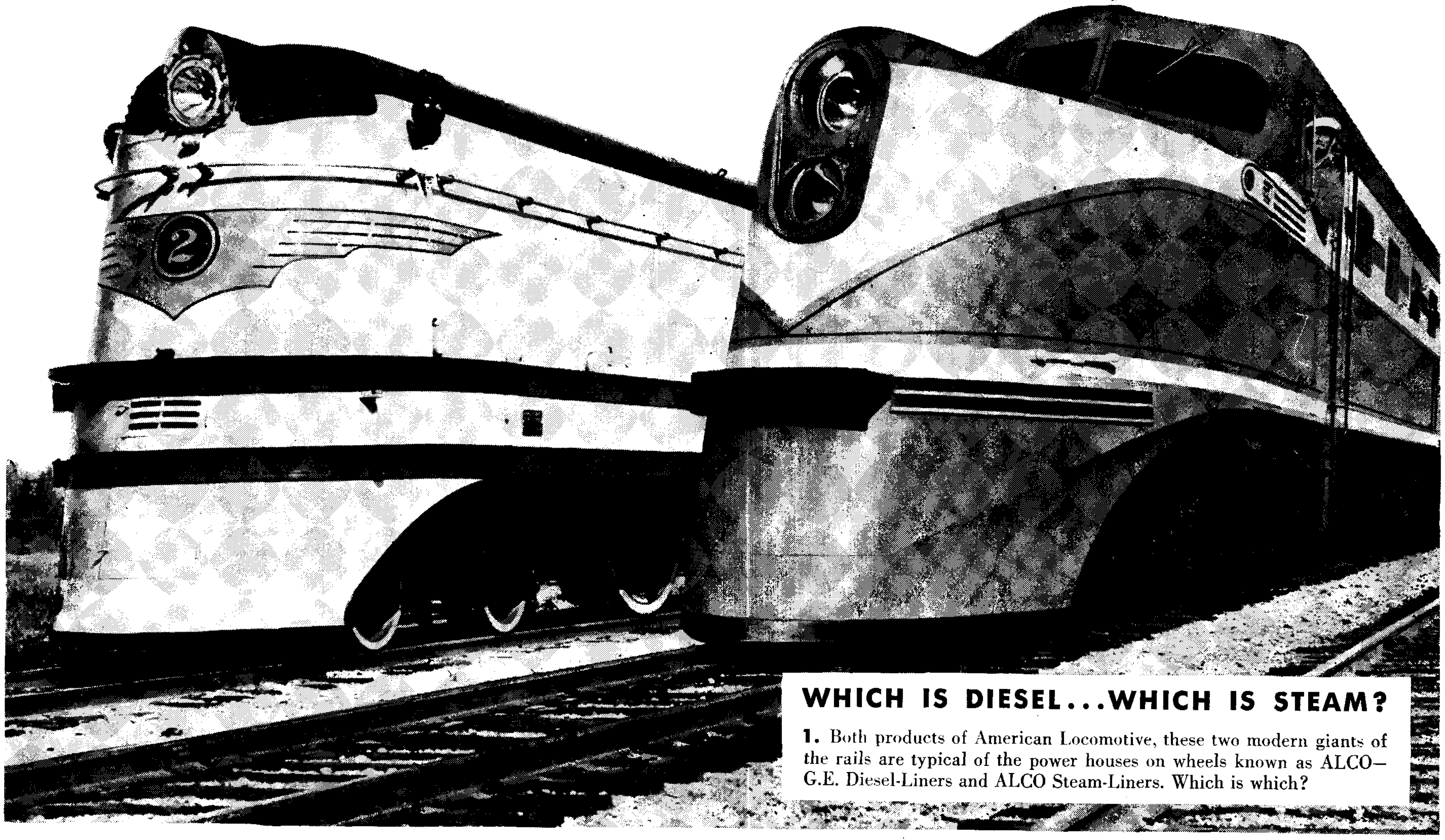


"This helps get us through the puddles" REAMER KELLER

NEWS QUIZ!

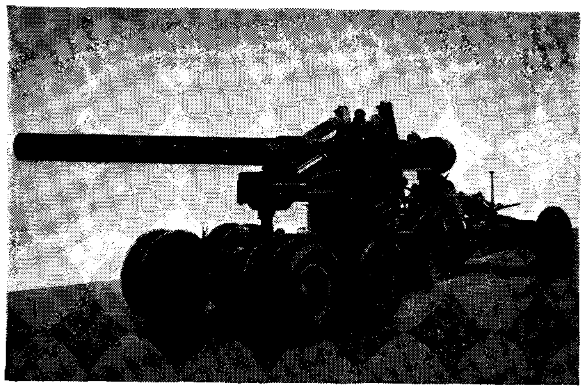
(Answers in box below)

TEST YOURSELF WITH THESE NEWS PICTURES...

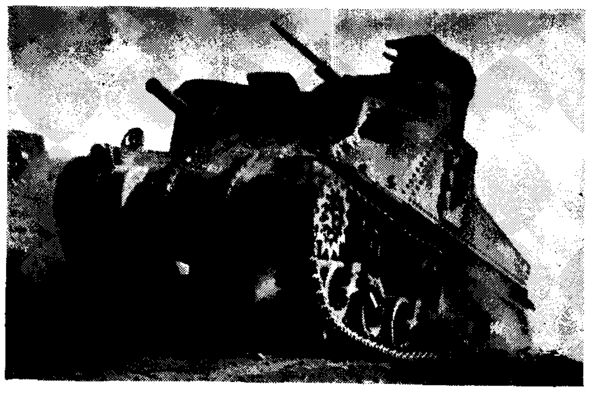


WHICH IS DIESEL...WHICH IS STEAM?

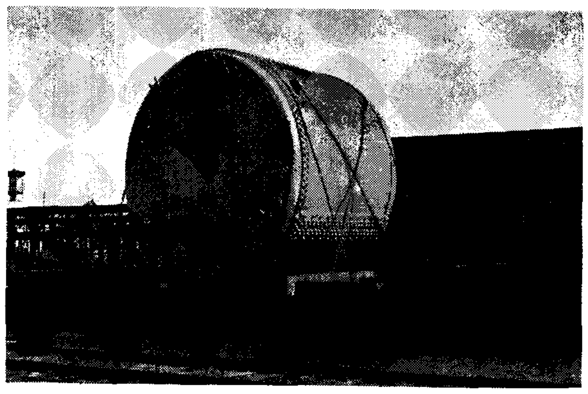
1. Both products of American Locomotive, these two modern giants of the rails are typical of the power houses on wheels known as ALCO—G.E. Diesel-Liners and ALCO Steam-Liners. Which is which?



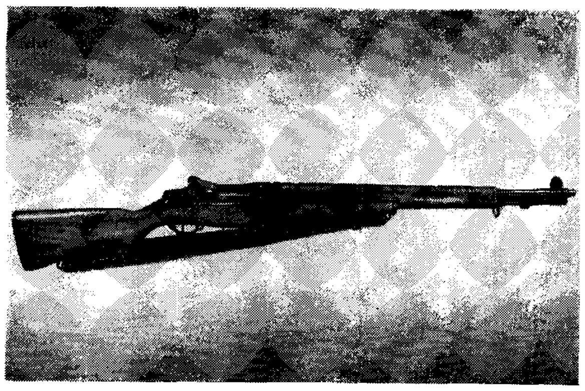
2. One of the gun-mounts built by the American Locomotive Company as part of the Defense Program. In which branch of the U. S. Army will it be used?



3. Another weapon now coming off American Locomotive production lines is the medium M-3 tank. How many men comprise the crew of this type tank?



4. This is what is called a Scotch boiler. It was built for Britain by American Locomotive far ahead of original schedule. In what is this type boiler used?



5. The American Army's new standard rifle, built with springs made by American Locomotive, can fire up to 100 shots a minute. By what name is it popularly known?

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

(NO FAIR PEEKING!)

1. On the left is one of the American Locomotive Company's modern Steam-Liners; the other is one of its ALCO—G.E. Diesel-Liners. Each is among the finest of its type and both types are serving the different needs of modern railroads today.

2. The gun-mount pictured on this page is being built for use in the Field Artillery.

3. The usual crew of the medium M-3 tank built by American Locomotive consists of seven men.

4. Scotch boilers are used in ships. This one was built for use in the British Merchant Marine.

5. This extraordinary rifle is generally known as a Garand, which is the name of its inventor.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

DIESEL STEAM ELECTRIC

TO THE MAN WHOSE PAY CHECKS ARE LARGER THIS YEAR

How a simple plan can help you get the most good out of your income

IT'S great to be making more money—perhaps very much more—than you were a year ago. If you have been getting along on a shoestring, you can now enjoy a few luxuries. If old debts have been worrying you, you can now get them off your mind.

How to get rid of your money is no problem. But how to spend your new income to the greatest advantage—how to get the most good out of every pay check—may not be so easy.

That's where a spending plan can help. Families who keep out of money troubles through ups and downs, families who get the things they really want out of their incomes, nearly always have a spending plan. They may deny that they "budget." Actually they do plan, if only in their minds, to do these three things with each pay check.

1. Get ready to meet large occasional expenses—such as insurance and taxes.
2. Pay debts from the past—instalment payments, for instance.
3. Live on what is left—pay rent, buy food, etc.

A well balanced plan will not allow any of these three, Future, Past or Present spending, to crowd out the others. It will keep you from using so much for everyday living that you can save nothing for the future.

Making a spending plan needn't be difficult. You simply put down all the expenses you expect to have between this pay day and the next. You also decide how much you should set aside for savings and for large future bills. Then you see that your total is in line with your income. If it's bigger than your earnings, you take off your spending list the items you can best do without.

The important thing is to make the plan—and *stick to it.*

Try planning your spending for the next few pay days. Write for a little book which helps you plan your spending. The Budget Calendar makes budgeting easy and simple. No tiresome bookkeeping is required. There are "plan for spending" sheets for every pay day in the year.

Household Finance has published the Budget Calendar as a contribution to better family money management. You are invited to ask for a copy without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

How home money management aids national defense

Defense of the nation begins with defense of the home. Home defense means learning how to stretch every dollar till it covers taxes, contributions to charity, defense stamps and bonds, and all the things a family needs for mental and physical health. That's a big job.

We hope that this message will encourage and help folks to keep their money affairs on a sound basis—and that it will contribute to a more effective defense effort.

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The War's Biggest Job

Continued from page 17

noise and heat. In a city where vague rumors became news in the distance between Shepheard's bar and the roof garden of the Continental-Savoy Hotel just three blocks up the street, the significance of Wavell's transfer to command the armies in India was blurred. Everyone overlooked what had happened a few days before the news jukes rattled off the communiqué that shifted Wavell to his new job. And that event was Germany's invasion of Russia.

The Biggest Battle of All

The British had known for some time that the Germans intended invading the U.S.S.R. Two weeks before that certain early morning of June 22d, British Intelligence advised Moscow of the exact day and almost the hour of the invasion. The event of that June morning was an important one to the British. Their empire lay in Asia and the British General Staff knew that with the invasion of Russia would begin what might turn out to be the decisive phase of the Battle of Asia, the biggest battle of them all. That's why Wavell was sent to India.

The battle of Asia began ten years ago, when the Japanese took Manchuria. And until June 22d only Japan menaced Asia, and the Mikado's cry of Asia for the Asiatics wasn't taken too seriously by those who had imperial takings in the Far East. They didn't pay any more attention to that cry than they had to Germany's shout of *Lebensraum* before Munich or, earlier, to the pleas of the republican government in Spain for help against the Fascists, and before that to Italy's demands for that "place in the sun" the boys from Rome burgled in Africa.

At three o'clock one morning early in July, Moscow slept. Cairo was staggering home replete with food and wine. From the Baltic to the Black Sea German panzer divisions drove steel into Russia's hide and the Battle of Asia had begun for keeps. This new fight to have and to hold Asia would make the efforts of Hammurabi and Darius and Alexander the Great look like the amateurish attempts at organized slaughter that they were. At three o'clock that same July morning Sir Archibald Percival Wavell climbed into a Wellington bomber and roared off across the lands of Araby toward India, after handing the keys to his office over to his successor, General Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. It all happened so quickly Lady Wavell didn't have time to pack and accompany her husband.

A few days later Sir Archie was on the Northwest frontier, inspecting Britain's defenses in India. He became defender of Britain's largest investment and most lucrative possession. As commander in chief in India the grandson of the Texan soldier of fortune assumed the job of holding the keystone of an arc of British defenses that begins at Salum, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean on the border between Libya and Egypt, and swings across Sinai, Palestine, Syria, Irak, Iran, Afghanistan, Turkestan and Tibet, Burma and Malaysia, and ends in Singapore.

Just outside that arc lie unconquered China and Russia below the Urals. Widen the arc by a few thousand miles and it encompasses Japan and the Philippines, and Dutch East Indies and Australia. Directly and indirectly Wavell stands between 1,500,000,000 people—more than half the population of the world before Germany started reducing the population—and the imperialist marches of the Mikado and the Fuehrer. Wavell's new pitch is roughly seventeen million square miles.

Within it lie the riches Hammurabi and Darius and Alexander the Great and a score of kings after them sought. There is all the rice the world eats and all the tea it brews. Most of the world's rubber and practically all the quinine come from there. Asia's jungles yield teak for the decks of the merchantmen and the battleships of the industrial nations of the West. Oil and cotton, iron and coal, chrome and manganese and rare gems and gold come from the East. And the billion and a half people who live there represent a vast real and potential market for the surplus manufactured goods of the industrial West.

Specifically, Wavell's command includes only Burma and India, which is itself larger than all Europe minus Russia. It includes Afghanistan, once a troublesome land of warriors who kept the British busy on the northwest frontier and the Khyber Pass. It encompasses Iran and Irak, two of the most important oil producers in the world, and oil-rich Saudi Arabia, which lies between the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. These waterways are the mains that feed the Middle East and the Anglo-Russian forces with the tanks and airplanes and guns that roll off American production lines. It's part of Wavell's chore to see that they're kept open.

I talked with Wavell in Cairo just before he flew to India and I interviewed his successor in the Middle East. Neither Wavell nor Auchinleck, both soldiers, both cold practitioners of war as an exact science, exuded any of that optimism wishful hopers and swivel-chair generals and radio quarterbacks bring to this war. Both admitted Asia's safety, India's security and Great Britain's survival depended on how long Russia could hold the Germans and how long it would be before Japan started creeping up on India's eastern flank from Indo-China. Wavell wondered how long he could keep open the mains that pour machinery and men into the Middle East and overland into Russia across Iran from the top of the Persian Gulf.

How Long Could Russia Stand?

Wavell particularly was worried about Russia. Sir Archie knows Russia. He minimized neither the Soviet's power nor their courage.

"I tell you," he said, "I was amazed at the achievements of the Russian army. Its advancement was not only material but spiritual." He meant that Red army morale was good.

But strictly from the professional fighter's point of view, Wavell was aware that the U.S.S.R., although it had the second-best army in the world after Germany's, couldn't defeat the Germans. He wasn't absolutely certain as to how long the Russians could withstand the terrific pounding of tanks and Germany's superior air power, but he mentioned the end of October and the first two weeks in November as the most critical period that would decide at least the first phase of the Russo-German war before winter froze the fight on the northernmost fronts. That was way back in July. You can't charge Wavell with second-guessing.

As a soldier, too, Wavell had to prepare against the possibility of a German drive across the Caucasus between the Black Sea and the Caspian toward Irak and Iran. Maybe Germany doesn't need the oil of Kirkuk, Mosul and Bahrein, but the British do. Deprived of the production of the wells in Irak, Iran and Saudi Arabia, oil to maintain the British fleet in the Mediterranean and keep it afloat in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean, would have to come from the Dutch East Indies—provided Japan had left these strictly alone.

Oil from the Middle East keeps Britain's American tanks and planes and trucks rolling all the way from "the wire," which is what the Tommies call the barbed barricade between Egypt and Libya, to Syria's confines with Turkey and as far east as India. Without that oil, Britain would have to abandon the Middle East unless supplies could be brought in from the Dutch East Indies or the United States.

When I visited Suez in July just before leaving for India, the congestion in the port was so bad that only one third of the cargoes was being unloaded by the overtaxed port facilities. Stevedores discharged tanks and planes and supplies from one ship, and two more had arrived before its holds were empty. At the time, American material had only just begun reaching Suez. If oil tankers had to be unloaded in addition to the troop transports and freighters already clogging Suez and the new ports which had been opened along the Red Sea coast of Africa, the job would be hopeless. Besides, there is already a shortage of tankers in both Britain and the United States.

Winter Doesn't Help Here

Winter might freeze Germany's panzers in their tracks in the attack on Moscow. Wavell, however, didn't believe winter would hold up the Germans if they decided to swing south and eastward from Kharkov and Rostov on the Sea of Azov. There's a good all-weather road across the Caucasus Mountains, Wavell said. He said the Russians had built it wide and handsome. Besides, if you'll draw a weather map of Asia from Egypt to the China coast, you'll see that the southern limit of the winter cold coincides roughly with the northern frontiers of Irak, Iran and India.

Wavell, last July, foresaw the German High Command's possible strategy. That's why he hurried occupation of Syria, rushed to put down the Rashid Ali revolt in Irak, occupied Iran, where the British established a common front with the Russians, and asked Afghanistan to expel all German agents and nationals. That gave Wavell a series of contiguous buffer states defending India and the Middle East. He accomplished pretty much what a chess player does when he "castles."

Sir Archie, however, knew how much Britain had in those buffers in the way of stoppers against the Germans, and how much it hadn't. He knew sufficiently well to look very worried when I saw him again in Simla, several weeks after his departure from Cairo. He'd just returned from his inspection trip to the Khyber Pass. He looked tired, too. He stirred the pale tea in his cup with a slow and deliberate motion. Lady Wavell still hadn't arrived and one of the Wavells' grown daughters had contracted measles in Cairo, but that didn't account for his Gil Dobian gloom.

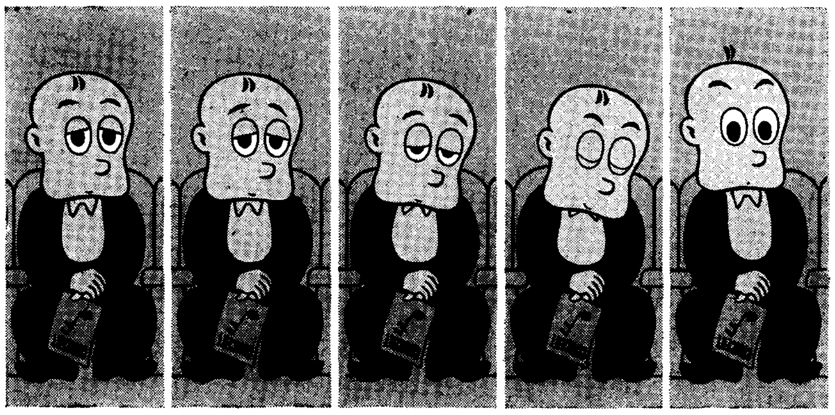
Neither did the state of Britain's defenses at the Khyber. He said he'd found everything in fine shape. Allowing for British understatement, you could infer that the empire's 750,000 Indian troops and the Australians, New Zealanders and others under his command could hold any enemy at the Khyber. Only the Germans can prove or disprove that inference.

"The danger to the west," he said, "has always been the possibility of a German conquest of Russia. Russia is an inexhaustible storehouse of raw materials. Combined with German industrial power—well, Germany could fight a long, long war . . ." He might as well have said that if Germany is allowed time to rehabilitate Russian industries in the conquered areas and to draw unhindered upon Russia's raw stocks of iron, coal, manganese, chromium, tungsten, grain and hydro-electric power, Germany could break Western civilization's hold on Asia, India and the world. In the Ukraine alone the Germans will find iron, coal and coke and factories and smelters. The Ukraine isn't merely a wheat field. It's the Ruhr Valley, the Pittsburgh area of European Russia. And in the Ukraine grows an insignificant seed, the sunflower seed, from which are extracted edible fats the Germans need.

"Now is the time to hit Germany with everything we've got," Wavell said. "Otherwise the war may last beyond the memory of present generations. To prevent Hitler from attaining his ends, the democracies must attack . . ." and he became silent. Up to then, Wavell had been quietly, coldly determined. Now he shook his head. He knew that Britain hadn't the man power needed to launch an offensive against Germany. He said Britain's supply of man power was running thin. He didn't mean, necessarily, men to carry rifles. He meant skilled man power, trained in the operation and care of machinery.

Germany's attack on Russia gave America and Britain a "respite," Sir Archie called it, equal to the length of time the Soviets could hold off the Germans. "It's given us," Sir Archie said, "an advantage in time when time was more important than any other single weapon." Sir Archie knew that the respite wouldn't last forever, that it might not be long enough to permit the factories in the U.S.A. and in England to turn out enough tanks, airplanes, guns and vehicles to organize a major offensive against the Germans.

German morale, Sir Archie said,



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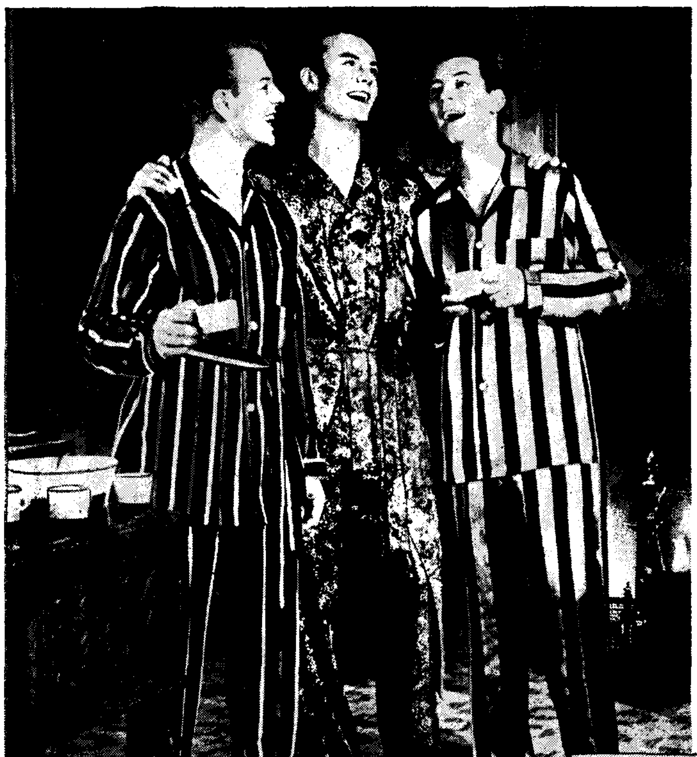

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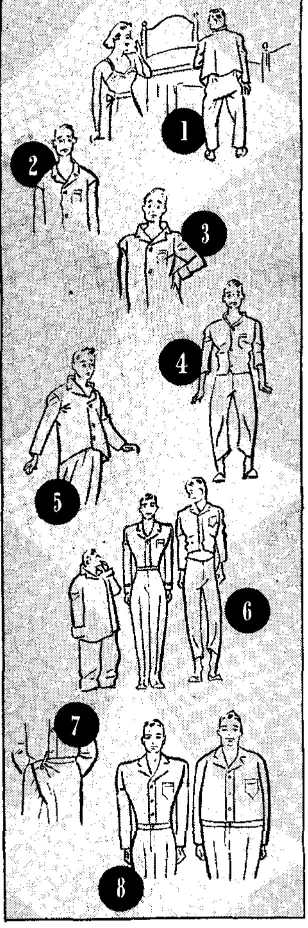

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STYLES ILLUSTRATED (*Left to Right*): Pongee: *Blue, Wine, Brown.* *$5.* Charmeen: *Blue, Red, Brown. Robe and Pajama comb. $10.* Rayon: *Royal, Wine, Green. $6. Others up to $10.*

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

might be broken down by air bombing. He said, however, that the war couldn't be won in this way. Germany, he said, must be made to feel the impact of invasion. This, he said, would take man power and England's men are held in England, held there by the threat of invasion from the continent.

"But whether you've got the men or the weapons or not," he said, with a trace of a smile, "you've got to keep on fighting. We'll keep on fighting. I wonder, though, what Japan will do?"

Germany Won't Get the Nile

Sir Archie sat deeply in one corner of a faded chartreuse divan in the drawing room in the commander in chief's residence in Simla. He loosened his medal-heavy tunic and relaxed with his late tea. At that moment he looked all of his fifty-eight years. I sat in front and slightly to the left of him. I had a three-quarter view of the left side of his face. That's his "dead" side. He lost his left eye in France in the second year of the other war. But when he reached to hand around the sandwiches his good eye sparkled and he made you think of Nelson.

He demonstrated none of the taciturnity for which he's famous. He was shy and mild of voice. His politeness had none of the square edges of the usual British public-school-bred general. He had none of that old-school-tie aloofness Winchester could have given him. He talked jerkily, and bore out his reputation for being, like some of the plays of Bernard Shaw, better "read" than "heard."

He is one of England's most literate generals, writing in hard and moving prose. His life of his best friend and commander in Palestine, General Edmund Lord Allenby, with whom Wavell served after his recovery from the wounds he received in France, is a work of literary merit.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "what Japan's going to do. . . ." Present were his military, naval and marine corps aides. Wavell, however, hadn't addressed his question to anyone in particular. He was thinking out loud. He knew that by the time the Germans could move against India's front door, the Northwest frontier and the Khyber Pass, weapons and vehicles would have arrived from the United States in sufficient quantities to give him a fighting chance of holding the enemy. He was specific, by the way, that India and the Middle East would rely—like Burma and Malaya—almost exclusively on the United States for tanks and planes and some guns. India can produce about ninety per cent of the munitions and supplies the empire forces in Wavell's bailiwick need, but the big stuff would have to come through Lend-Lease. England's production was needed at home and for eventual invasion of the Continent.

Wavell was certain that the side door to Britain's empire, the Middle East, was reasonably safe in Auchinleck's hands with the light and medium tanks and the bombers and fighters America had shipped to Suez. There our ships are even unloading beer to relieve the shortage the hard-drinking Aussies created.

In Cairo, Wavell told me that he felt "very secure indeed in the Middle East" and a moment later bolstered that appraisal of the situation there by adding:

"The Germans will never take the Nile. . . ."

At the moment Wavell was concerned about India's back door—southeastern Asia. France's "balcony in the Far East," Indo-China, was occupied by the Japs. From new land and air bases in Annam, Cochin-China and Cambodia, the Japanese threatened Thailand, menaced the Burma Road that pumps supplies and weapons into China, from Rangoon to Mandalay and Chungking, for the armies of Chiang Kai-shek and endangered Singapore. At the moment the Japanese were training parachute troops, forty or fifty thousand of them, in Formosa, just north of the Philippines.

And that wasn't the least of Wavell's worries. He had come from an active battlefront to find himself suddenly in India. India was thousands of miles away from the bombs and in Simla, high in the Himalayan hills where Sir Archie went to escape the heat of the Punjab plains, there were no black-outs and there was no rationing and the people simpered at the war as people and cities do everywhere when there are no bombs. And India itself quivered with that old, old struggle between Moslem and Hindu. The jails filled with opponents of the war, the strikes and riots caused you to wonder how solid the keystone of the British empire's defense in Asia really is.

From his Simla mountaintop Wavell looks down over the rugged Punjab, the Greater Himalayas, brown and purple and whitecapped in the distance. Here, in an area nearly as large as Colorado but constituting only a fragment of sprawling, enormous India, is India's great man-power reservoir. The Punjab's plains and hills raise nearly two thirds of India's army, but the Punjab is the venom sac of India. Its 24,000,000 people include 13,000,000 Moslems and 6,000,000 Hindus and 4,000,000 Sikhs. The Sikhs, India's smallest religious group, provide seventeen per cent of the men for the army. And Sikh and Hindu and Moslem hate one another with a hatred as deep as the Punjab's five rivers in flood and as everlasting as the mountains that feed them. Before he meets the enemy, Wavell must build an army of such men, each group so positively charged with religion that it recoils from the other.

The Wrong Kind of Man Power

In the old days, when individual courage and individual aptitudes mattered, Moslem fanaticism and Hindu stoicism and Sikh fearlessness could be capitalized by creating uniform regiments and divisions which fought as separate units. But in modern war, when armies of hundreds of thousands and millions of men must fight as well-trained teams without thought of individual differences or interests, Wavell was confronted with a problem as big as the tactical one of engaging and defeating his enemies when they strike at Asia. Upon how well he succeeds in fusing into one strong alloy the elements that compose the Indian army—whose differences among themselves are matched by their fierce resentment of the British, from whom they demand independence—depends in part whether the name of Wavell will ever be inscribed beside that of Wellington.

And this, too, Wavell knew. He expressed it in Cairo when he frankly admitted that Great Britain doesn't have the *kind* of man power needed to defeat the mechanics of Germany. Wavell's men came from farms, not from factories. If tanks and airplanes and guns arrived in time from America, Wavell was still faced with the problem of training peasants to operate complex mechanical weapons. He knew that in Russia it had taken twenty years to train such an army. And mechanization of India's army began in 1939. The steward of all Asia was worried. But he is Britain's greatest living soldier. If any man can save Asia, Wavell will. Winston Churchill seems to think so. That's why Wavell's in India.

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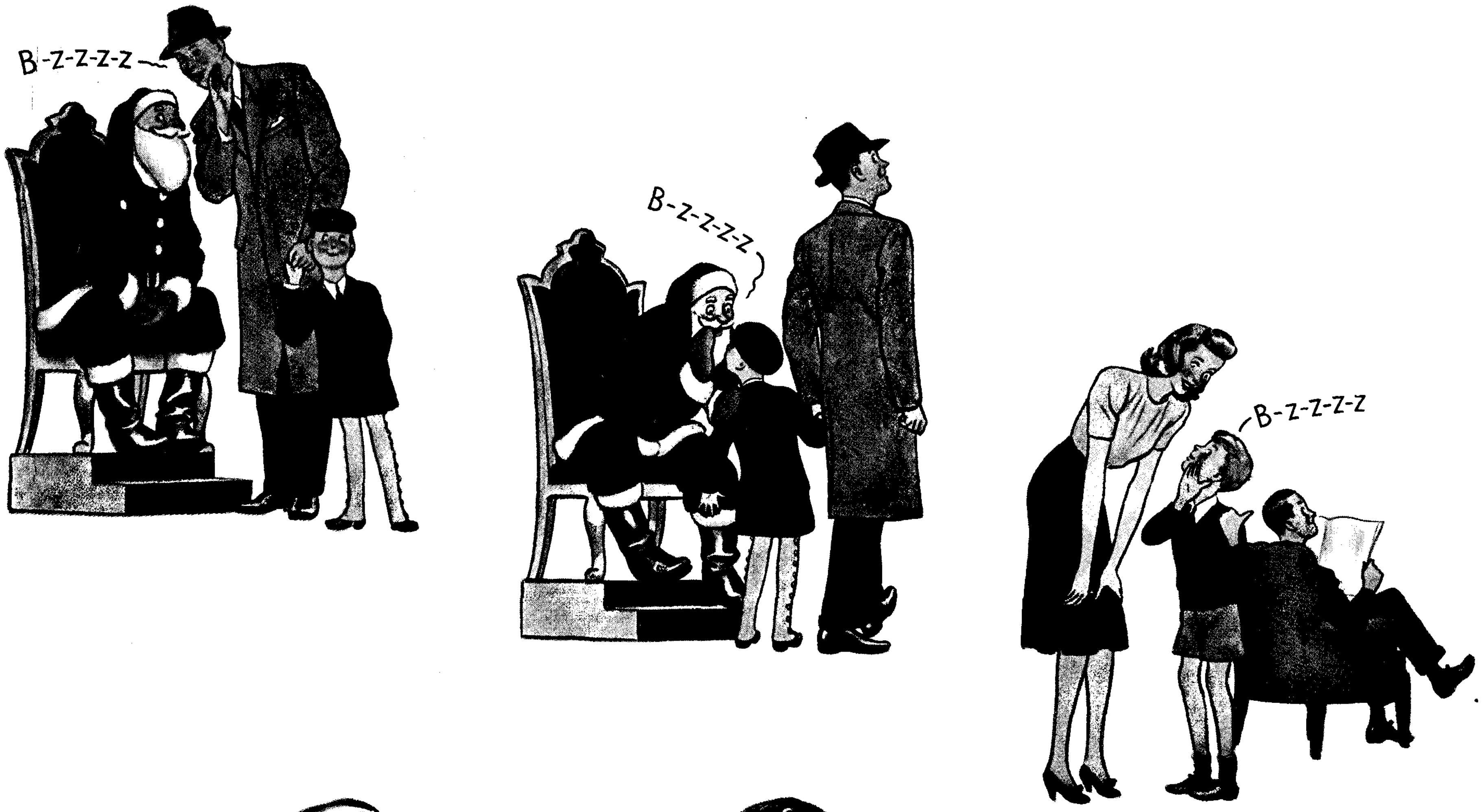

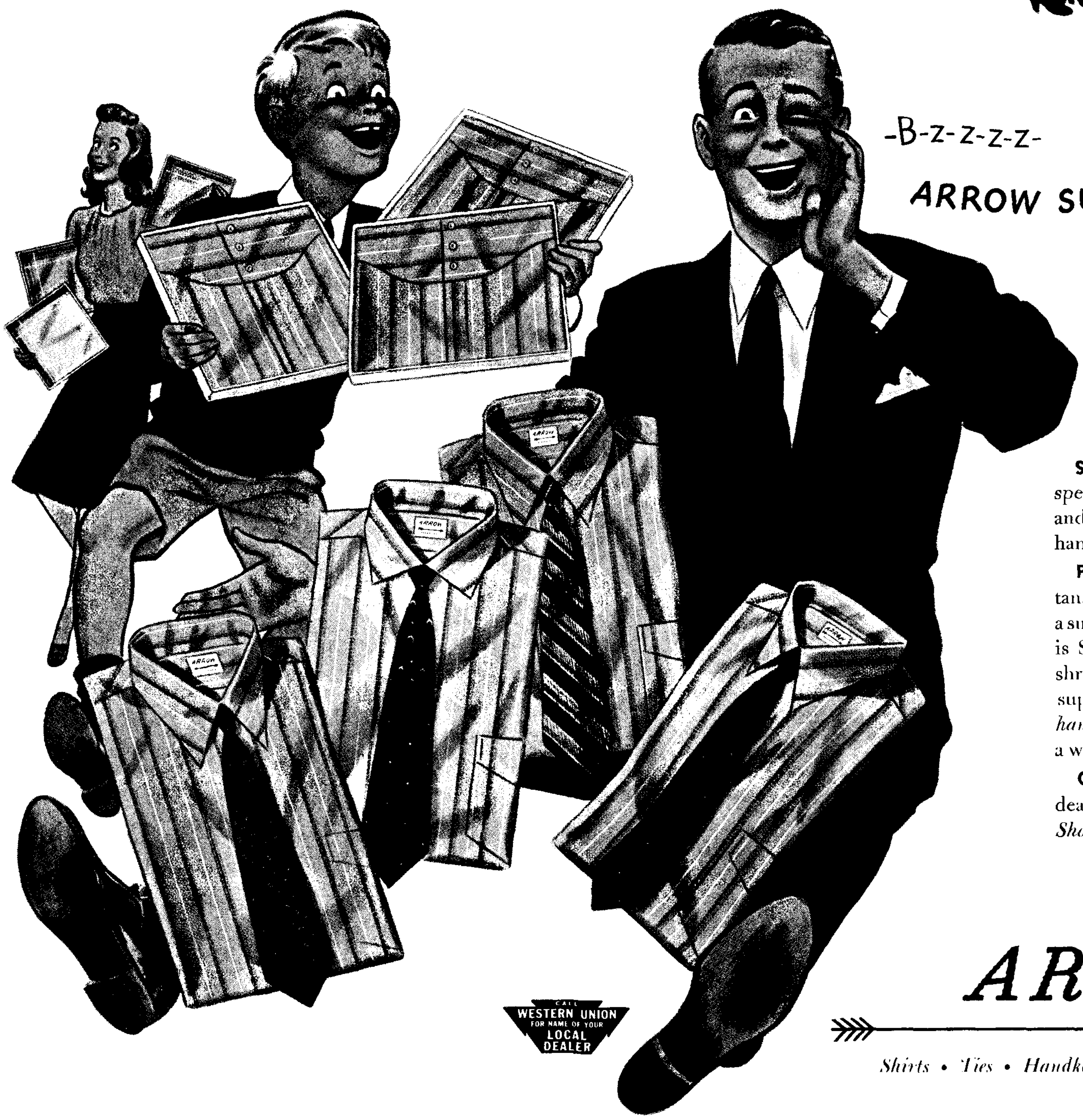

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Alder Gulch

Continued from page 24

the same boat with him. He had a quarrel with Ketchum and Ives at the Umatilla House."

"That pair came in yesterday. All the toughs are comin' in. This will be a mean camp, Lil. Your tall man's got nerve."

"Bump into him tomorrow and help him locate a claim," suggested Lil. "If he waits another week there won't be a yard of unstaked ground left."

"What you helping greenhorns for?"

"When I like a man," said Lil, "I like him a lot."

"That's right. You're a big nugget in the creek, Lil."

"He knocked Rube down. That makes him all right."

THE music quit and the announcer yelled, "Promenade!" Barney escorted Lil to the bar, paid for the drinks, and made his answer: "I'll do it for you."

"And you pack up and go back east. Everybody knows you've got a heavy stake. It is getting tough for a man to ride from here to Bannack without being held up."

"Don't let any man make a soft touch out of you, Lil," said Barney.

"When I like somebody," said Lil, "I'm all for him." Pierce, she discovered, had gone, whereupon she turned to the dance floor and smiled at a small, young prospector who marched toward her with his ticket. A second miner moved in at the same time and brushed the small one aside with a straight-armed jab. "I'll dance with Lil," he said. The small man caught his balance and swung with a white, wicked smile. The big man had even then turned his shoulder to the little one. The little man brought up an arm and smashed it across the back of the big man's neck and dropped him to the floor. He gave his ticket to Lil and said, "Mine, I think."

"You're pretty fast," said Lil.

The young man said, "A runt like me learns that first off. Fast or dead."

Having spent a year in the California diggings, Pierce took time to study this new camp, and on the second day he left Virginia City and walked up the Gulch in the direction of Summit Camp. The trail followed the creek's edge, around piles of gravel and shaft holes and tents and brush shacks. All along this way men crouched with their pans, slowly dipping and slowly rocking. Back from the creek other men had staked the dry bars, here shoveling the soil into buckets and carrying it to the water; farther up the hill men scraped away top soil to reach gold-bearing gravel deposited by some earlier river bed. On every hand were to be seen the various contrivances for extracting gold from rock and dirt—the pan, the rocker, the sluice box with its riffles, the long tom. At one tent a string of washing hung on a line; before a brush hut somebody had tacked up his particular whimsy: "Mountain Home." A lone man walked down the Gulch, selling single sheets of a month-old paper at a dollar a sheet.

Half a mile from Virginia City, Pierce came before a signboard containing the rules of the district, and stopped to read:

"FAIRWEATHER DISTRICT

"The officers of this district shall be President, Recorder, Judge and Sheriff.

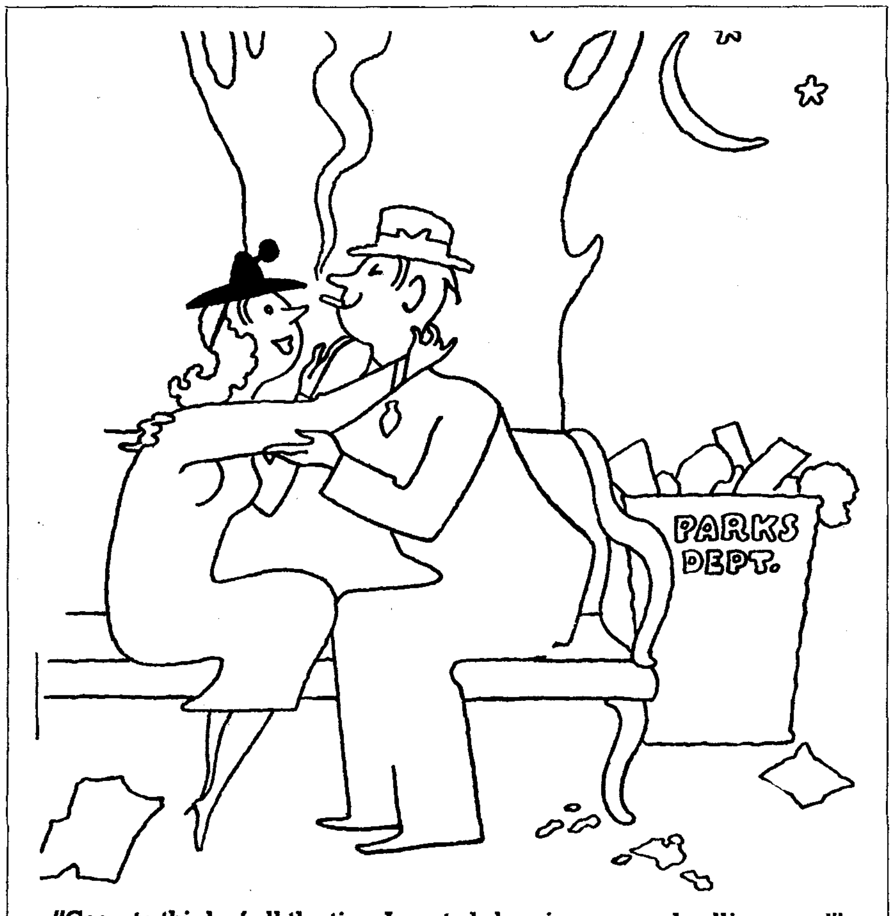
"The center of the stream shall be the line.

"Every person may hold, by pre-emption or purchase two creek, bar-hill and lode claims, and no more, but no person can pre-empt more than one kind.

"Creek claims shall be fifty feet on the creek, extending across the creek from base to base, including all old beds of stream.

"Gulch claims shall be 100 feet in length, on the gulch, and extend one foot over on each side.

"Lode claims shall be 100 feet on the lode and twenty-five feet each side."



"Gee—to think of all the time I wasted slapping you and calling cops!"

GARDNER REA

Pierce was reading when a voice turned him about, and a muscular, middle-aged man with a ruby face stood by: "You're the one that knocked Rube Ketchum down?"

"Yes."

"All this creek's staked, clear up to Bald Knob. There's a little canyon next to my claim, though, that ain't been claimed. Everybody rushes by, lookin' for gold to pop out like sunshine."

Pierce said, "You make a living locating claims for greenhorns?"

"Why, to hell with you. I'm Barney Morris and I'm doin' you a turn. You knocked Rube Ketchum down."

Pierce smiled at that. "Thanks," he said, and walked away from the creek with Barney Morris. A hundred yards onward the Gulch wall opened into a small, dry draw. Morris said, "That's it."

"No water."

"You lug your pay dirt down to the creek. If it shows good color you can bring a flume down from the head of the creek."

The draw lay narrow between yellow-gray walls with a few dead alders standing fire-blackened on the low side. Pierce said, "Looks like a canyon I ran across down near Hangtown. I found a skeleton in that one."

"None here yet," said Barney Morris. "This is a young camp." He pointed to his own stakes at the edge of the canyon's mouth: "Start from here. You get a hundred feet. You go up both slopes to one foot over each ridge." He was aware of Pierce's thoughtful study, and so said, "You're a disbelieving young man. You don't know about this."

"Something for nothing is a bad bargain," said Pierce.

"You braced Rube Ketchum. That counts."

"Thanks again. I'll stake it."

"One more thing," added Barney. "Keep your mouth shut about what you got in your dust pouch. Always play poor."

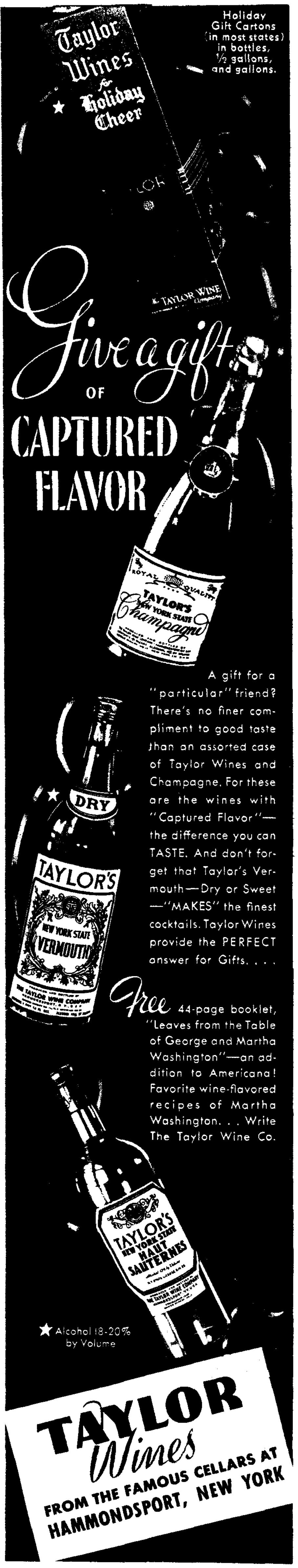
Pierce paced a hundred feet up the draw. He built a pile of rocks at this point, climbed the side of the draw and made another rock pile under which he put a slip of paper with his name. After that he established the other corners of the claim, and returned to Virginia City.

He had a meal in a tent restaurant and moved to a store for his supplies. A shovel and an ax, a pick, a pan, a lantern and a gallon of kerosene, and enough staple food for a week cost him sixty-five dollars. He paid fifty cents for three small apples, slung his supplies over a shoulder and lugged them down to a stable where he kept his horses.

THERE was no letup in the steady stream of men pouring over the small hill into Virginia. Ox teams and freight strings choked the half-formed streets and goods lay piled everywhere and carpenters flung together boards and two-by-fours and lifted building fronts in the space of an hour. A string of cattle, herded in from across the mountains, milled in half stampede through the congested, cursing traffic, and the owner of the tent restaurant ran out to the street with a rifle, to shout at a passing herder, "A hundred dollars for the first cow that runs in front of me."

The herder wheeled around. "Sold," he said. The restaurant man pulled up his rifle and took sight on a leggy beast careening around the corner of the Pantheon; he dropped it at his feet with one shot.

Pierce moved on, eating the last of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his three apples, and met Ollie Rounds in front of Tanner's saloon. The redhead had a cheerful smile for him. "Wondered what happened to you. What are you doing?"

"Up the creek on a claim."

Ollie Rounds was amused. "You work too fast. Stop once in a while, my friend, and just loaf."

"Luck," said Jeff Pierce, and moved back to Wallace Street in time to see Diana Castle cross to the tent restaurant. When he came near, she discovered him and stopped. "Have you had luck?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "I staked a claim."

She nodded and entered the restaurant. Pierce got his supplies from the stable and returned up the Gulch.

THE tent restaurant was nothing but a series of planks set on wooden horses, with dry-goods boxes for chairs. One man served and one other man, sweating and cranky, worked over a stove at the rear. The meal was beans and bacon and bread and coffee and the price was a dollar. Dessert was stewed prunes dipped out of a stone crock. Being hungry, Diana ate without complaint.

Rising from the table, she remembered what her father had once said: "Back East, where everything is settled and hardened into a pattern, people have forgotten how to be resourceful. Out here that's the main thing—to keep a sharp eye for a chance, and to seize that chance at once."

On impulse she turned to the rear of the tent and stood by the cook. "Why don't you make pies? Men like pie."

"Because," said the cook, never ceasing his rapid moving between stove and serving table, "I ain't got eight arms. I never was much good on pie anyhow."

"You've got flour and dried fruits." He said, "Can you make pies?"

Her father's remark seemed right in her ear, freshly spoken. She said, "I'll come here in the morning after the breakfast rush. I'll make your pies for a dollar apiece."

"Stove's not big enough. I cook all day."

"I'll get another stove and put it outside the tent."

He said, "That's a bargain. You do it."

She left the restaurant happier than she had been for days.

Turning the corner of Wallace Street, she came against Will Temperton. "Where's Lily Beth?"

"In bed. We made a long drive to get here today and she's tired. We're camped outside of town." He gave her a thoughtful appraisal. "You seem contented."

"I have found something to do. Tomorrow I begin making pies for the restaurant."

"You are pleased with that?"

"I'm pleased with anything I can do."

He nodded and seemed to understand. "I had thought to find better quarters. A tent is not much good for a young girl. The town is crowded."

She said, "I have a log house near the foot of the hill. I simply talked a miner out of it. If you propose to stay here let me have Lily Beth for a while."

"You have changed your mind?"

"Yes," she said. "But it will not be quite the same as you suggested. I want nothing for this. We'll see how Lily Beth and I make out together. Perhaps I can teach her to make pies." She was smiling at the thought, and a deep sense of pleasure showed in her eyes. Temperton watched her with his grave, restrained glance. "She would like it a good deal," he said. "I'll bring her to you in the morning." He lifted his hat and added: "I must find some way of making this right with you."

Ollie Rounds stepped into the Pantheon, paused to locate the prettiest woman and bought his ticket. When the new set began he moved to the floor and claimed Lil Shannon. Most of these miners danced with a kind of grim fury but this man, smiling with his detached amusement, took her fashionably through the waltz. Somewhere he had seen better company than this. But, although she recognized background and breeding, she made no remark concerning it, for in this camp were a thousand men whose pasts were made up of sin and error and broken ties from which they fled and of which they wanted no reminding. It was the first thing a woman in a dance hall learned.

He said, "I might tell you how greatly you are wasting your talents here but I think I won't."

"Why not?" asked Lil Shannon.

"There's too much sober advice in the world. I was brought up on duty and steady inculcations of usefulness and virtue. So now I find the world well lost for frivolity. I have no desire to leave monuments behind me. A fine day to live in, a meal to enjoy, a little drink and the pleasure of a pretty woman. What else is to be asked for?"

He was an engaging man, she conceded to herself, but these ready talkers and these smiling men hid much; mostly they hid from themselves. When the dance ended he escorted her to the bar and paid for drinks. "That's a handsome dress," he said. "If I were owner of a well-filled poke I'd scatter dust on it. It would make a pretty glow."

"Don't let it trouble you," Lil Shannon said. "I have made fifty cents from the dance. We're even."

He gave her a sudden intent look. "You don't like me, do you?"

She was a diplomat. She smiled at him and turned away. "I thought you didn't believe in being serious."

He left the dance hall and turned into Jack Tanner's saloon. He ordered up a drink, remembering that he was close to the end of his money; and he watched the game tables.

Rube Ketchum came into the saloon and paused against a wall and at once Ollie Rounds pressed himself inconspicuously into the crowd and laid his glance on the man. Rube was clearly on the hunt and presently Rube's roving eyes settled on a small miner half drunk at the end of the bar. The miner was at the moment shaking dust out of his pouch to the bar scales; and when he had done that he rolled through the crowd and left Tanner's.

Ollie Rounds slipped out of the saloon, knowing that Ketchum would soon be following the miner, to waylay and slug him. He saw the miner turn from Wallace Street and fade into a part of town scattered with tents. Rounds quickened his stride, crossed Wallace's dust and skirted the tent restaurant's back side. Now running on his toes, he made a quick circle of the nearest tents and paused. Rube Ketchum would soon be coming up and time got short. He touched the small gun in his pocket, but he did not draw it; and he placed himself close to the edge of a tent, hearing the miner thresh uncertainly forward. The man was talking to himself in a reasoning way, he was saying, "Now Tom, turn here and you're all right."

As he passed the corner of the tent, Ollie Rounds stepped behind him, threw a forearm around his throat and flung a knee against his back. The miner made a short cry and began to twist, but by then Ollie had pulled the poke from the miner's pocket. He gave the man a long shove and whipped about, racing between the tents and at last coming behind a stable on Van Buren Street.

Here he stopped until his breathing had settled. He pulled his coat together and stepped into Van Buren Street, entering the nearest saloon. He took his drink quickly, and as he raised his head he saw himself in the back-bar mirror; and at once turned his head away.

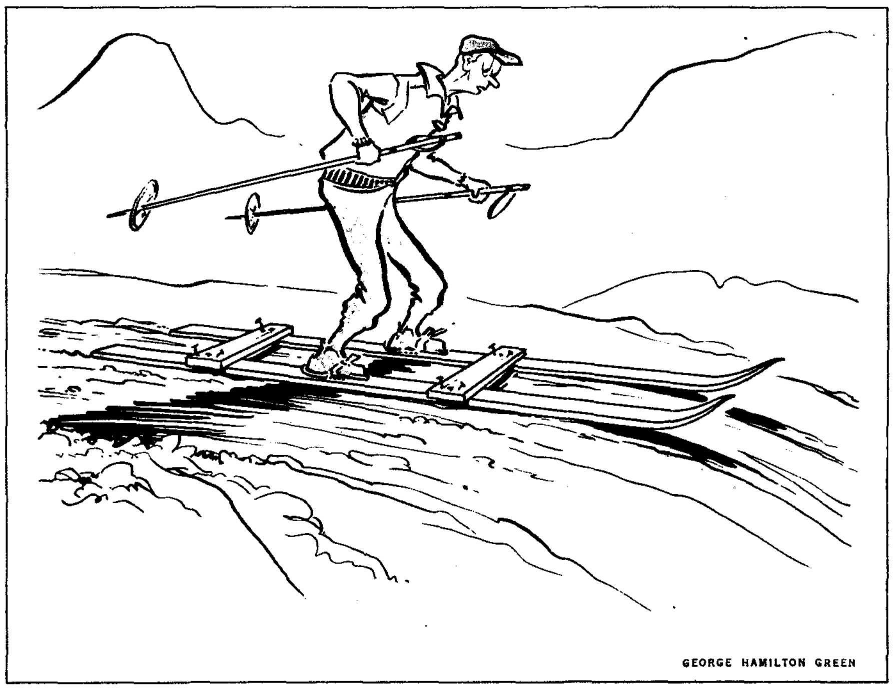
PIERCE cut alders from the top of the draw and rolled them downhill to make his hut walls. He laid brush over the walls, layer on layer interlaced, and stretched a tarp across the brush for roof. He made a bunk frame with a pole bottom, used grass and sage stems for a mattress, and tacked an empty box on the wall for his groceries, adding a door to it to keep the pack rats away.

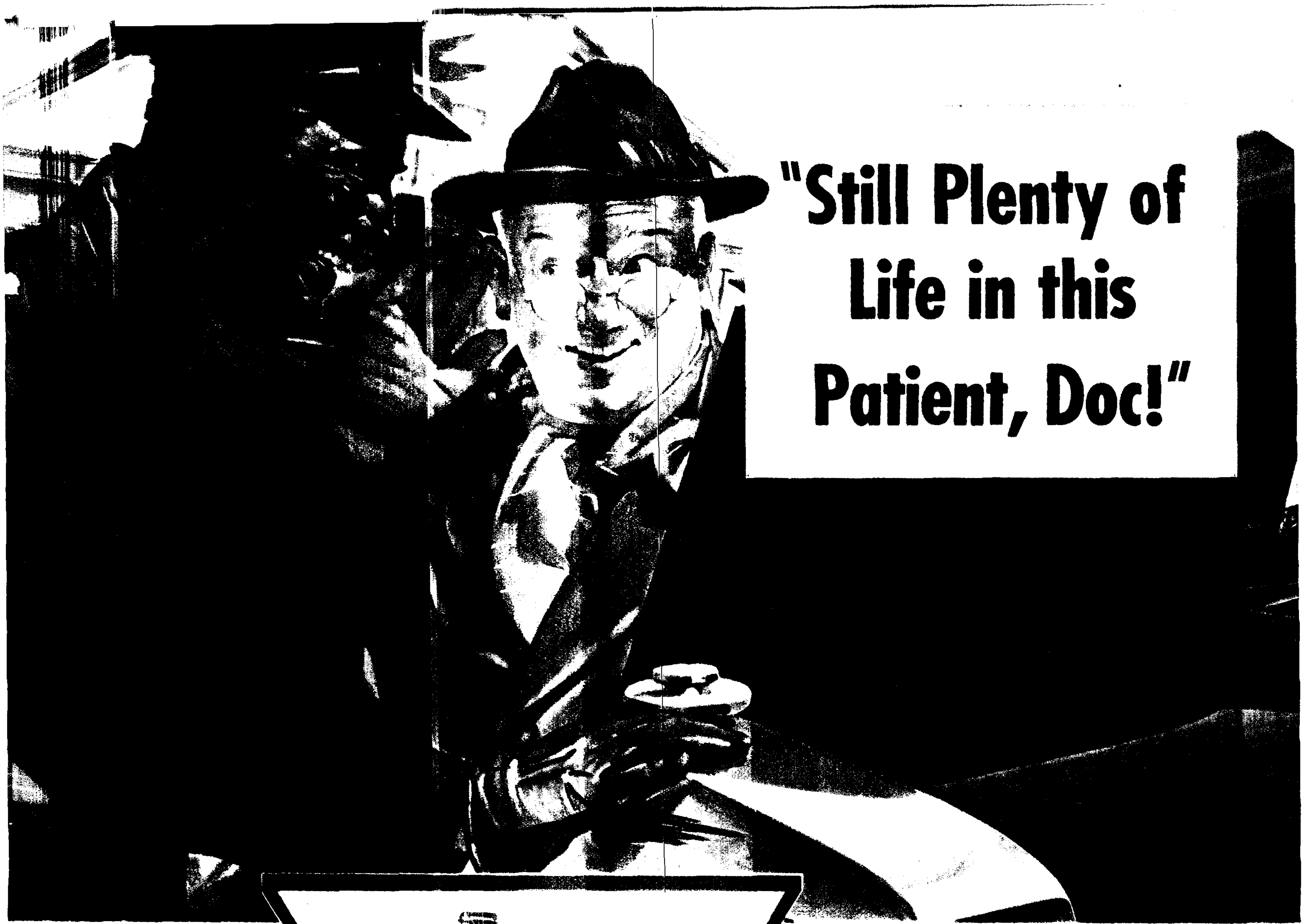
This was the work of one long day, first dawn to late dark.

Next day he moved to the bottom of his claim and dug aside a small section of top earth. He filled a bucket with coarser subsoil and moved to the creek. Squatting in the water, he swung and spilled the gravel from the edges of his pan, working the residue down to black sand. In that first pan he had one pea-sized nugget and a scatter of colors. Barney Morris came over and helped pan the rest of the bucket. "About a dollar," Barney said. "When you get a little deeper you'll find it runs better."

"I'm going up the side of the ridge and cut in," Pierce said. "Looks like the river might have banged up against the rocks and laid down a deposit."

"Might have been," agreed Barney Morris. "You'll find pockets in this country sometimes. Maybe a patch a





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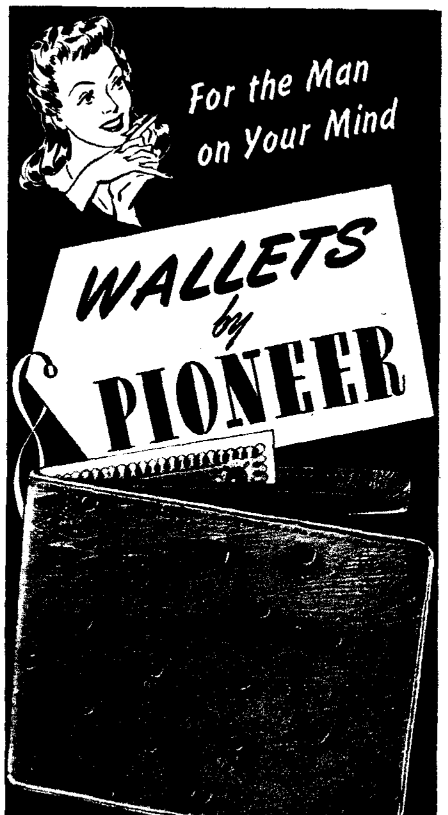
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Pierce dug his holes in a line across the Gulch and up the side of the hill. He made little dumps beside each hole and worked the dumps one at a time and that day made four dollars. After dark he went into town, bought a gold pouch, a wheel for a barrow and a twenty-foot plank. He worked until midnight to rig up a wheelbarrow. One wheelbarrow of dirt was the same as eight buckets and saved him that many trips back and forth to the creek.

The next day he wheeled his load to the creek and panned throughout the morning. Men came by in continual file, a freighter passed with a load of lumber for Summit Camp. He struck a good streak and made eight dollars in three pans, and remembered that this came from a hole halfway up the gulch wall. The rest of the barrow didn't hold much. It went like that, fat streaks and lean streaks. In the middle of the afternoon a horseman pounded through the Gulch on the dead gallop, shouting out his news:

"Dillingham's dead! They caught Hayes Lyons and Buck Stinson and Charley Forbes! They're going to be tried right away! Go on down there!" He batted his hat across the horse's ears and rushed on.

It produced a general rush in the Gulch. Miners left their rockers and long toms and sluice boxes and headed at once for town. Barney Morris came by Pierce, who kept at his panning. Pierce said, "Who's Dillingham?"

"One of Sheriff Plummer's deputies," said Barney Morris. "And a square lad, too."

"Who're these other three fellows?"

"Charley Forbes is a loafer. Hayes Lyons is a damned scoundrel. Buck Stinson is one of Plummer's four deputy sheriffs, and a crook. You going down?"

"No," said Pierce. "Didn't Plummer know Stinson was a crook when he made him deputy?"

"Why," said Morris, "I suppose he did. But it is kind of hard to get a man to carry a star around here. Except for young Dillingham, none of the honest ones cared to risk it. So I guess Plummer appointed these hard eggs—for the other deputies, Gallegher and Ned Ray, are crooked too—on the idea it was the best he could get."

He moved away with the crowd. Pierce resumed his work and was for the rest of the afternoon almost alone in the Gulch. He had finished his supper when the miners returned from Virginia City. He sat in front of his shack, watching cook fires spring up and shine on the creek. There was, he thought, less talk than usual among the men.

BARNEY MORRIS came out of the darkness to squat and make his report:

"Young Dillingham was in the recorder's tent, helping Doc Steele write out some mining records. Doc Steele's president of the district. Forbes and Stinson and Hayes Lyons rode over from Bannack. They came up to the tent and Lyons hollered out they wanted to see Dillingham. Soon as he left the tent they opened up." Barney Morris scowled as he recollected it. "Then Jack Gallegher popped up from somewhere—he's one of Plummer's deputies, like I told you, and no damned good either—and took these three fellows into custody. I don't doubt he was on their side but he had to make a show to the Gulch like he was doin' his duty."

"What was it all about, Barney?"

"Dillingham was a square deputy, like I said. The other three—Gallegher and Stinson and Ray—ain't. They got him for some reason." He had a short pipe. He clenched it between his teeth and sucked vigorously on it; he slapped a heavy hand on his knee. "We'll go hang 'em for it. Trial started today. Doc Steele and Doc Bissell and Sam Rutar are judges. You be there tomorrow to vote on the right side. Those scoundrels have got a lot of friends."

"I'll be there," said Pierce. He was still thinking of Plummer, though, and made mention of it. "Strange that a sheriff would pin stars on fellows like that."

Barney Morris rose. "Far as I know, Plummer is an honest man, but if I was you, son, I don't believe I'd air my opinions much. This is a tough Gulch and it may get tougher. You be there in the mornin'."

PIERCE was. At nine o'clock he found himself in Virginia City, surrounded by a thousand men from the other towns strung along the Gulch—Summit and Virginia and Nevada and Central. They filled Main Street, they moved to the hillside above the street and sat like gallery fans on the rocky points. The three judges—Steele, Bissell and Rutar—were on a dais made by a wagon hauled crosswise of the street. Stinson and Hayes Lyons were being tried together, and at present their advocate was harking his impassioned plea into the warm day. Barney Morris nudged Pierce. "Two sheets in the wind now. Used to be a lawyer somewhere in the East."

When the defense attorney rested, Ed Cutler, a blacksmith appointed prosecutor for the occasion, got up and spoke less than a minute. They were, he said, guilty beyond the shadow of any reasonable man's doubt. It was cool murder, nothing less. They should be convicted and they should be hanged. That was all. Steele, spokesman for the judges, rose on the wagon seat; he had a little trouble speaking, for there was a sudden ripple of yelling and hard-called defiance from the friends of Stinson and Lyons and a flourishing of guns here and there. Steele waved his hands. "You've heard the testimony. You're the jury. What shall we do?"

The discontent of the accused men's partisans was swamped by a prolonged roar from the crowd: "Hang 'em!"

"Get the rope ready!"

"Where's Forbes—put him up for trial now!"

"Guilty!"

There was obviously no need of a more formal means of determining the verdict. Steele turned to the men nearest the wagon box: "Biedler, get a party to set up a gallows and to dig two graves. Keep these prisoners under guard. Bring up Charley Forbes for trial."

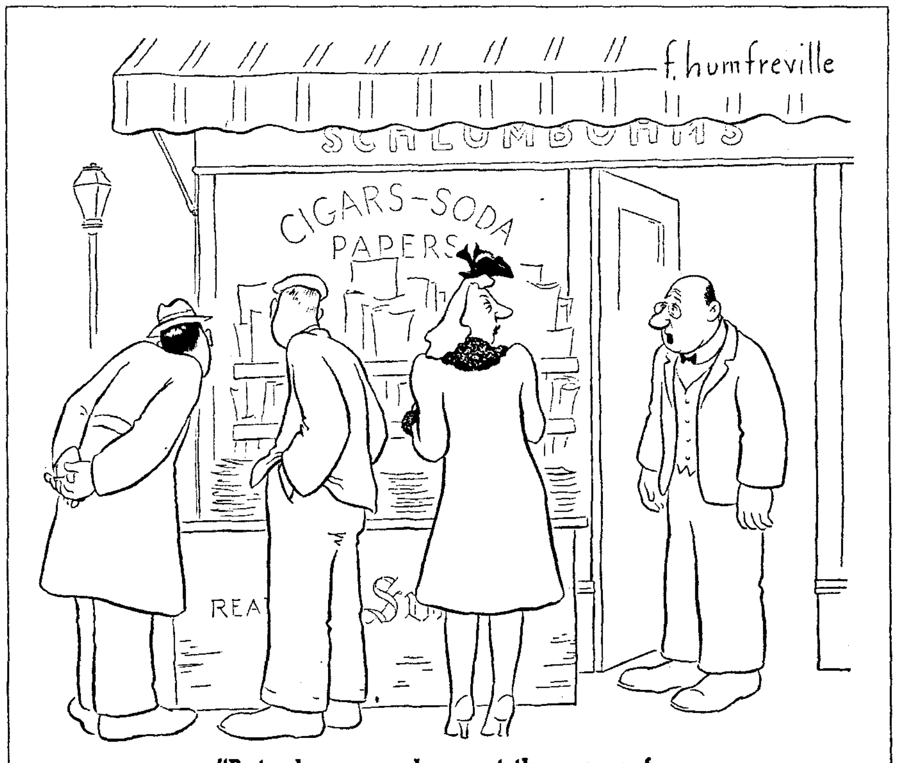
Appointed deputies led Stinson and Hayes Lyons away. Stinson shouted his passionate curses at the crowd. Hayes Lyons was laughing. Barney Morris noted that and spoke of it: "He don't figure we've got the nerve to go through with it. These toughs have gall."

The defense attorney now rose to make a long plea for Charley Forbes, bearing down on the fact that Forbes had cried, "Don't shoot," at the very moment the firing had started. It showed his will in the matter, the defense attorney said. As a point of fact, he went on, Charley Forbes hadn't fired. His gun, reclaimed by the court, had all its loads intact.

"Sure," grumbled Barney Morris. "Some friend of Forbes sneaked in and reloaded it after the shootin'. An old stunt."

But the crowd, having gone through a morning of drama, grew somewhat better-natured. The toughs and sympathizers in the street began to set up a cry for pity and fair play. Ed Cutler made his talk against this undertone of swinging sentiment. Afterward young Forbes stepped to the edge of the wagon box and made his own appeal. He had a good voice and he had a frank air. He spoke of his family, he admitted minor sins and was ready to admit his waywardness, but he denied the murder and spoke for mercy. When Doc Steele got up and said, "What's your verdict, gentlemen?" the crowd was clearly for acquittal and shouted it. Forbes lifted a hand at the street, slid down from the wagon and at once vanished. Within three minutes Jeff Pierce saw Forbes, mounted on a horse, swing into Daylight Gulch and ride over the hill.

Meanwhile, Biedler had returned with his work party, having erected a gallows and dug the two graves. Doc Steele silenced the crowd with his hand and said in a deep, slow voice, "I sentence you, Hayes Lyons and you, Buck Stinson, to be hung," and descended from the wagon. He made his way through the crowd, visibly moved by the responsibility he had been through. The crowd was restive again, shifting and turning and unsettled. Men began to move



"But when you glance at the papers for half an hour, madam, it ain't glancing!"

F. HUMFREVILLE

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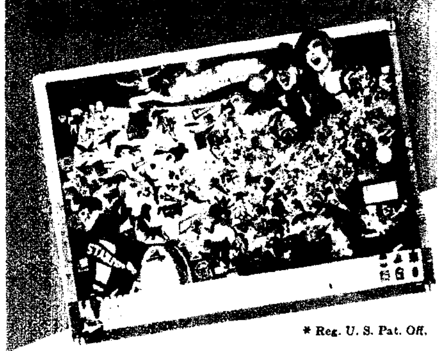

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

through it, loudly calling for "Fair play," and for a new trial. One man broke a trail with his shoulders, swinging his gun in the air. "They won't hang Hayes and Buck while I've got breath!"

Somewhere else a sudden commotion sprang up. Pierce stood upon a pile of lumber in time to see Rube Ketchum make a dive at a miner and swing with his fists. Surrounding men moved in, throwing Ketchum back. Ketchum drew his gun and swept a clean circle with it until he stood alone. "Don't touch me, anybody," he said. "Don't touch me. I'm a friend of those fellows. To hell with you yellow ditch diggers!"

"Rube," called an even voice. "Rube, put up the gun." Lifting his eyes, Pierce found a man lying flat on the scaffolding of an incompleted house with a rifle centered on Ketchum. "Rube," he repeated, "put it down and be civilized or I'll fumigate you."

A party of miners drove a team and wagon forward. Biedler and some others boosted the two sentenced men aboard and made a rank around them. "All right—all right," called Biedler, "clear the way. No use talking all day on this." The miners spread and the wagon pitched slowly down the slope toward the gallows constructed at the foot of the street.

SILENCE moved into the town, through which rose the steady beat of a hammer operated by some industrious man who ignored this high drama. Stinson grasped the side of the wagon, shutting his jaws together so tightly that the hard bone ridges turned white. Women from the dance halls scrambled up the hillside for a fairer view and one man's voice called, "So long, boys. It's a damned shame!"

Hayes Lyons, who had laughed at them all now let out a great, choked cry that went up through the silence like a strangled gasp, and suddenly a woman on the hillside began to scream: "Let them live! Don't hang the poor boys! Don't kill them!"

It set off a tremendous crying and moaning among the women. Men began to grumble. A tall, lithe figure leaped to a wagon wheel and wrenched at it; he threw himself into the wagon and seized the reins, bringing the team to a halt. He waved a piece of paper at the crowd. "Let me read this letter Hayes wrote to his mother!"

"Go ahead!"

"Read it—read it!"

Watching this man closely—for it was George Ives—Pierce saw him show deep emotion as he lifted the letter, and cleared his throat:

"Dearest Mother:

I am writing you on my last day on earth. I have been condemned to be hung for a shooting scrape here—something that God knows I repent with all my heart. I guess I went blind crazy. I know I am causing you the greatest grief of your life and if I have not broken your heart before this with my wild ways I expect this will break it now. Tell my sisters that I love them dearly. Tell my brothers to stay away from cards and liquor. I wish I had it to do over again so that I could follow your dear teachings—"

The dance-hall girls were crying in steady, increasing volume. One of them raced down the slope and fell and got up again and pushed through the crowd. She dropped in the dust by the wagon. "Hayes," she cried, "I'll give my life for you! Hayes—!"

The crowd, slowly flooded by this cataract of tears, found a shamed and half-hearted voice. "Hell," said a man, "let 'em live."

"Give him a horse and let him go to his mother!"

"Let's have another trial!"

"No—no! Don't waste no more time. Let's take another vote."

"Another vote!"

Biedler stood grim and formidable on the wagon tongue. "You voted already!"

"Take another vote!"

Biedler tried to speak, but the gathering sentiment swept him away. All he could do was stand and stare. A man got up on the wagon and asked for silence. "All in favor of hanging, walk up the hill. All in favor of letting them go, walk down the road."

"What the hell's the use of walking up a hill!"

The cries of the women continued on, wild and passionate and hard on the nerves. Men screwed up their faces at the sound of it; and men openly cried. Confusion increased around the wagon. George Ives still faced the crowd, gravely holding up his hands in appeal. A self-appointed committee drew another wagon beside the first and a spokesman stepped before the crowd: "Everybody that wants a hanging, go past the outside wagon to be counted! Those against will go past the inside wagon!"

The crowd found this a simple procedure and moved in mass toward the wagons. Barney Morris pushed his way toward the outside wagon and wigwagged at Pierce to follow. But Pierce stood fast. From his place on the lumber pile he saw the crowd swing heavily past the inside wagon and knew that these two toughs would be free. Men, having voted once, slipped through to be counted a second time. A few minutes later Jack Gallegher, Plummer's deputy in the Gulch, sprang up to a wagon seat and yelled, "They're free! Let 'em go!"

LYONS and Stinson jumped from the wagon and were immediately surrounded by their supporters. The woman who had groveled in the dust now laughingly arose and seized Stinson's arm and the dance-hall girls on the hill ceased their wailing and composedly marched toward town. The play was over. Pierce smiled one dark, short smile and joined Barney Morris. George Ives made his way through the crowd, grinning to himself. He winked at Barney and said cheerfully, "We skinned that cat, old man," and afterward he caught sight of Pierce and instantly the cheerfulness turned cold, and he stopped dead. The memory of a defeat came to this arrogant man and the memory stung him. He put his long stare on Pierce, he said, "You're here," and abruptly he wheeled away to join Stinson and Hayes and Gallegher. These four now marched loosely toward Tanner's saloon, surrounded by their partisans. Meanwhile the crowd, surfeited with drama, slowly moved away.

Biedler came up to Pierce and Barney Morris. Biedler was a stocky Dutchman with a bulldog face and a capacity for black anger. He was full of it now, and savagely exclaimed, "They cried for a pair of scoundrels. I wonder if any of them remembered to cry for Dillingham." He had a shotgun in his hand. He banged the butt of it on the ground and he pointed to the gallows at the foot of the street and ground out his observation, "There stands a monument to defeated justice."

Other men gradually joined this group. A tall fellow with a dense black beard arrived and Barney introduced him to Pierce: "This is A. J. Oliver, Jeff. This is Jeff Pierce."

"The gentleman," commented Oliver, "who knocked down Rube. I heard of that."

Presently W. B. Dance came forward with a man of lesser height. This one wore a short set of chin whiskers on a dark, dreaming, melancholy face; and

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he had a kind of silence that was as effective as speech. He stood by, carefully listening and now and then when other men turned the talk his way he only nodded or shook his head. Pierce observed that the group seemed to value his presence.

In a little while this meeting broke apart and Pierce strolled through Wallace with Barney. Barney was in a thoughtful and depressed mood and from time to time shook his head. "An honest man can't expect much from now on. The toughs are in the saddle. They know it, too."

"It was a touching scene," Pierce dryly observed. "They're smart people, Barney, and it is the smart people who run the world."

"Too bad—too bad," said Barney.

TANNER'S, when they passed it, was in full swing. Pierce murmured, "The victors are celebrating." Neither of them said anything more during the half-mile walk up the Gulch. Pierce went on to his cabin, cooked supper, and sat outside the doorway in the dark, enjoying a cigar. Riders traveled the Gulch and all the sounds of men drifted clear and full through the bland summer night's air. Long later, around ten o'clock, he heard the advancing scrape of a man's feet and he rose and stood back against the cabin wall until he identified Barney Morris. Barney said in a dropped voice, "Let's go inside, Jeff."

Jeff followed him into the cabin and closed the door. He lighted a lantern and turned on Barney, now observing Barney's extreme gravity. "Ketchum passed my cabin a little while ago," said Barney. "I know what that means. They think I've got money, and now they're bold. I've got to leave."

"Bunk here," said Jeff.

"If they're of a notion to get me, they'll do it sooner or later. No, I've got to leave." He took out his pipe and made a business of filling and lighting it. The match was steady in his hand but he was, nevertheless, in the grip of fear. It showed on him. "I'm a marked man, Jeff. I can't ride from here to Bannack without being held up. I can't get on a horse and pull out tonight, either. They're watching. I'll have to sneak off afoot. Maybe I can reach Bannack. Maybe I can get beyond Bannack. Then I'd fall in with some freight outfit on the way to Salt Lake and I'd be tolerably safe."

"Want help, Barney?"

"Yes," said Barney Morris, "I do. Whether I make it through or not, I want my dust to get through. The family can be comfortable on what I've dug out of this country. I'll give you a hundred dollars to carry it to Bannack for me. Nobody's watching you yet. You haven't been here long enough to have any money. So you can ride as you please. Take the dust to Bannack and leave it at Oliver's stage office. I'll start walking tonight. I'll pick the dust up at Bannack, if I have the luck to get there."

"All right, Barney. But I don't want your hundred dollars."

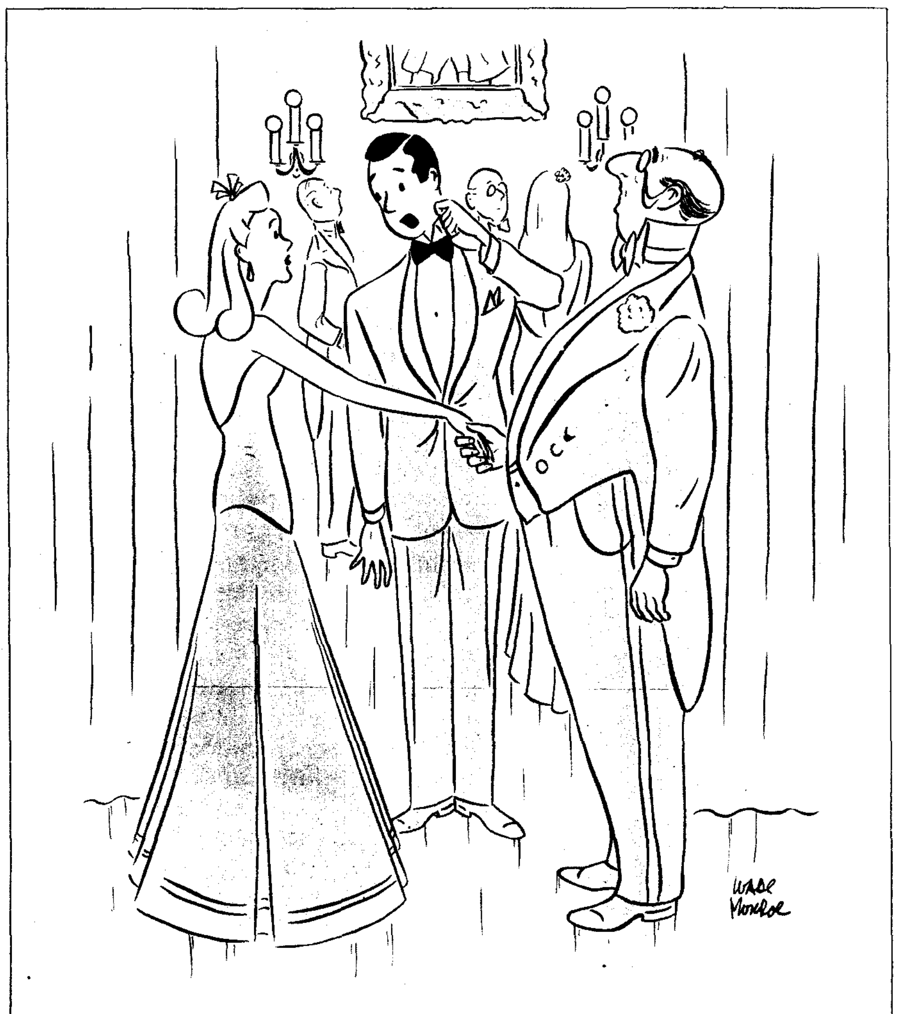
"Why, son, I thought you disbelieved in sentiment."

"I don't believe in anything very much, Barney. But you did me a favor."

"That's more sentiment than you figure," said Barney Morris. He moved to the lantern and turned the wick until the room was half dark. He reached into his coat pockets and hefted out six gold pokes and tossed them on Pierce's bunk. "That's my stake, Jeff. About eight thousand. Forty pounds, more or less, of sweat and trouble—and not as much fun as I thought it would be. I been away from my family too long. Now listen to me. You tell Oliver's agent that if I don't show up in Bannack three days from now to send it on to Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio."

"I'll think of you under your fig tree in Centerville," said Jeff.

"I like people around me," said Barney Morris. "I don't like to be alone. If I had it to do over again I'd never



"Oh, no, dear! This isn't the man I called 'Old Eaglebeak'; this is Mr. Brown, my boss!" WADE MONROE

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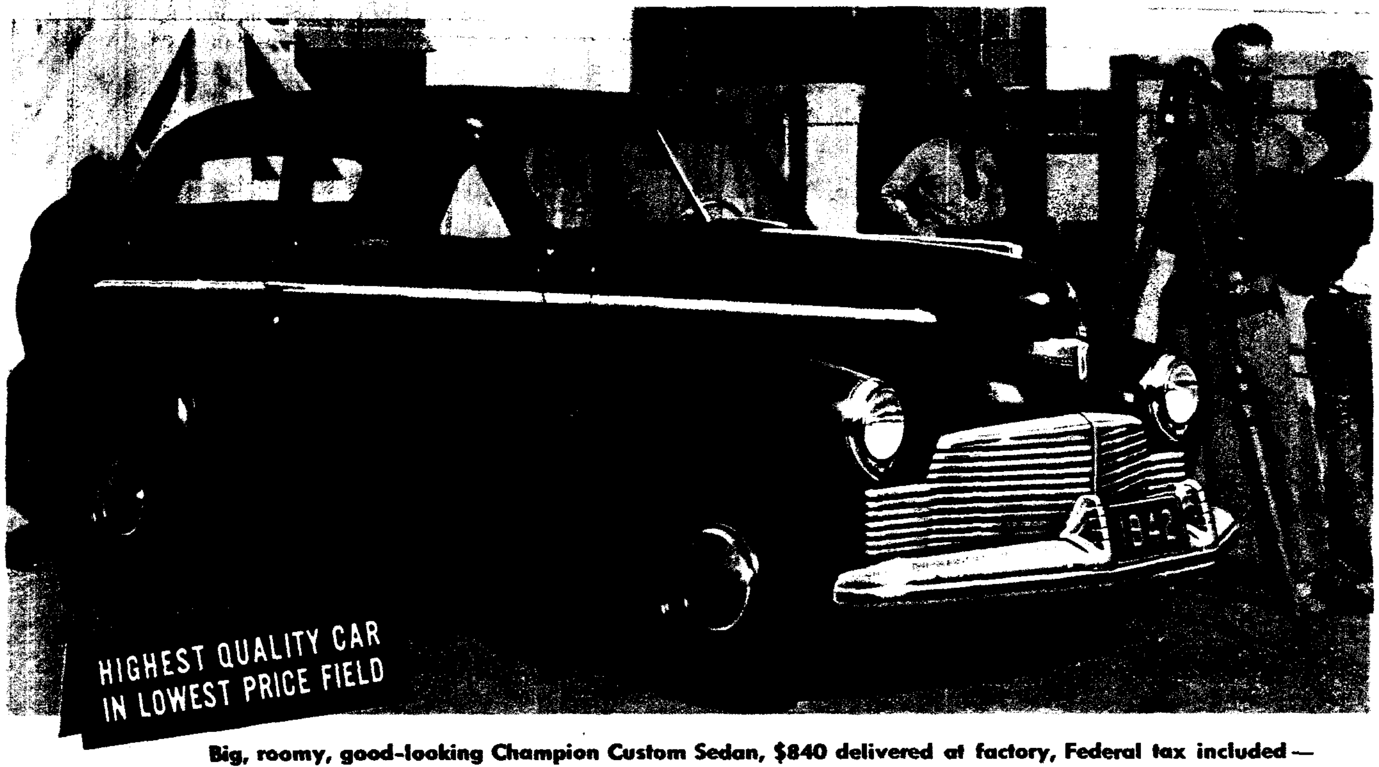

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have left my family. The money ain't worth it. Well—"

"Luck," said Jeff.

The older man nodded. He watched Pierce a moment, hiding his sentiment, then turned back to his own tent. He lighted his lantern in his tent and hunted up a pencil and paper and composed two letters.

One of these was for his wife, which he sealed and put in his pocket. The other was a will, upon which he spent considerable time. Afterward he gathered his belongings, though he took nothing that could not be comfortably carried in his pockets.

He wished, as he trudged down the Gulch, that he knew more about Pierce. Out in a country like this a man depended almost entirely upon himself, and so took little trouble to study others; therefore, when a man really needed help he had to make a quick guess and trust in faith.

He struck the back side of Virginia, circled to the camp to Doc Steele's tent and scratched on it. The light was burning, and Doc called out: "Come in."

"Sorry to trouble you," said Barney. "Here's my will. If I show up missing the next few months this is what I want done with my claim."

The doctor looked grave. "What's up, Barney?"

He had known Doc Steele as long as he had known any other man in the Gulch but he could not break his attitude of secrecy, and now only smiled. "Just a matter of forethought. The toughs feel mighty strong. Those two fellows ought to have been hung."

"Yes," said Steele, "they should have been."

"Good night, Doc," said Barney. He left the tent, turned between the rows of brush wickiups and tents along the margin of town, and so arrived at the road which climbed Daylight Grade. Later at the top of the grade he stopped to take his bearings. Central City, through which this road ran, was a quarter-mile forward, but he struck into the hills to avoid the town and at last left the Gulch entirely. As he climbed the rough slopes he had certain inexpressibly regretful thoughts. He was an old, played-out man longing for his people, whom he might never again see. The sense of adventure had gone sour, the game had turned bitter.

THERE was a man in Virginia City known as Clubfoot George Lane, a shoemaker who set up a bench in whatever niche the town afforded and did his work and took his rather low spot in the community without comment; and this man, nighthawking through the town, saw Barney Morris go into Doc Steele's tent and later come out. Clubfoot followed until the latter faded beyond Daylight Grade, then went limping toward Tanner's saloon as rapidly as he could. He found Ketchum and passed on his information; ten minutes later Ketchum, Steve Marshland and George Ives moved over Daylight to the crest, and rode the Gulch steadily downgrade toward the Stinkingwater. This was the route to Bannack, and no matter what detours Barney Morris made he would eventually have to come out of the hills beyond the Stinkingwater or the Beaverhead.

After early breakfast, Pierce saddled his horse and turned down the Gulch with the six heavy gold pouches tight-rolled in a slicker lashed behind the saddle. Fourteen miles from Virginia, the road passed from the Gulch into the Stinkingwater's small valley, ran past Cold Springs ranch and reached Baker's ranch. At Baker's he found Ben Scoggins resting in the shade of a wagon and four-horse team.

"Why, now," said Scoggins, "I'm pleased to see you again. Where you at?"

"Up the Gulch, near Virginia."

"Virginia's where I'm going," said Scoggins, equably. "After you left I did some trading around. Got this wagon and these horses. Knew I could sell anything in this country. It was just a matter of what kind of goods I could make the best turn on. I got sardines."

"Whole wagonload?"

"Four thousand cans. Sort of a tasty article a hungry miner would buy any time. No waste space—you can crowd a lot of sardines in a wagon. I'll start up the Gulch and I'll just holler as I go. Dollar a can."

"Luck," said Pierce, preparing to go.

"I never bank much on luck," answered Ben Scoggins. He lifted his gray-blue eyes—his shrewd and humorous eyes. "Your wife—she's here?"

"Yes," said Pierce, and went on.

BEYOND Baker's he forded the Stinkingwater and arrived at Dempsey's, which was a stage relay point. The road, nothing more than a pair of ruts in the hard earth, lifted from the Stinkingwater to low bluffs and ran westward over a series of barren, undulating hills. Fourteen miles from Stinkingwater he skirted Copeland's ranch on the Beaverhead and continued to Stone's. Here he stopped and ate noon meal in the roadhouse bar, loafed a comfortable half-hour, and forded the Beaverhead. At three o'clock he came into Bill Bunton's ranch, another relay point for the stages. This was on the Rattlesnake, and Bunton, a long and slack man, came out of a corral to give Pierce a careful sizing up.

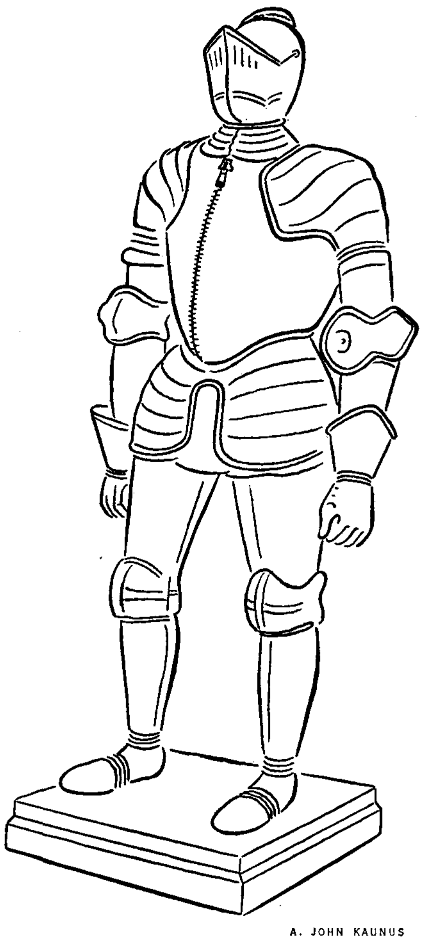
"How's the color at Virginia?" asked Bunton. "I hear it is rich dirt."

"Fair, I guess," answered Pierce. "Just came in, myself. This the road to Bannack?"

"Yeah," said Bunton. "Ten miles down that way." The man's eyes inquisitively rummaged Pierce, his horse, and his gear. "Business in Bannack?"

"Just looking around," offered Pierce and moved on. A quarter mile down the road he swung in the saddle to observe that Bunton was still watching him.

The road, moving southwest, took the easy way through a bare, dry country of shallow gulches and dry stream beds, through sage and short grass and scattered rock. Pierce struck a creek marked with prospect holes and gravel pile, and turned with it, so coming into Bannack around five that evening. This town had been a year or so established and once had held a considerable population; now it appeared to have shrunken within itself. Born overnight of a gold strike on Grasshopper Creek, it had recently surrendered its vitality to the newer camps in Alder Gulch.



A. JOHN KAUNUS

A sign identified Oliver's stage office but Pierce, not wishing to make his mission too obvious, drew up before Durand's saloon and went in for a drink. A hotel stood next door. Going to it—with eight thousand dollars standing at the curb on the back of the horse—he washed, had supper and came to the street to light and idly nourish a cigar while twilight arrived and the citizens of the town sat along the walks, and Durand's saloon began to grow noisy. One gentleman, nicely dressed and with a round face marked by a well-kept mustache, came past him and looked at him, half sharp and half pleasant, and strolled on.

He finished his smoke and rode back to the stage office, which still remained open. He unfastened the thongs holding the slicker, carried it inside and rolled the six heavy gold pouches on the counter before a clerk.

The clerk's reaction was somewhat odd. First glancing at the open doorway, he quickly hauled the gold pouches from the counter and carried them to a safe.

"I'll take a receipt," said Pierce. "That belongs to Barney Morris. He is to claim it as soon as he arrives. If he doesn't arrive within three days you're to ship it to Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio. You got that?"

The clerk wrote out a receipt in a flourishing, upright hand. "Barney's on the way now?"

"Started last night."

The clerk gave Pierce the receipt. "You're leaving town soon?"

"I'll wait for Barney. He should be along."

"If I were you—" said the clerk, and closed his mouth upon the rest of his advice. Somebody strolled down the walk and turned in; and the neat, round-faced man who had earlier passed Pierce now came forward. He had black clothes and a white shirt and a string tie carefully put together, and he drew out a cigar and smiled on both men pleasantly. "Nice evening, Harry."

"That's right," said the clerk.

THE man turned to Pierce. "I don't think I have met you. My name's Henry Plummer. I'm sheriff of Bannack and Fairweather."

"Pierce," said Jeff, and offered his hand. The sheriff's grip was light and quick. He found another cigar and presented it to Pierce. "I have been giving these out rather freely the last few days, having just been married. From Alder Gulch?"

"Yes," said Pierce.

"Hear you had trouble over there. Dillingham was a fine boy. Makes it difficult for me to know what to do about Stinson. One of my deputies, you know. Hard to believe he'd do a thing like that unless his hand was forced. Boys over there released him, so I guess they figured he had something on his side."

"Suppose," said Pierce, adding nothing, offering nothing. The sheriff had hazel eyes; they scanned Pierce with a light and searching attention. He was smiling and he was cordial. "If there's ever anything I can help you at, let me know," he said, and left the stage office.

The clerk, writing, looked up. "Something else?"

"No," said Pierce, and left the office.

(*To be continued next week*)

Beneath Our Christmas Tree

Every year on Christmas Eve since
I was just a lad,
We've put a package 'neath our
tree—and marked it: "Love—to Dad."
Just a pound of Edgeworth—though the
cost is really small
Of all the gifts that father gets
he likes it best of all.

Now later on when I grew up, that
famous tin of blue
Appeared beneath our Christmas tree—
but this time there were two,
For I had learned, from watching
dad, the joy a pipe can bring.
And trial and error taught me, too, that
Edgeworth was the thing.

Again this year, I'm proud to say,
beneath our Christmas tree,
We're putting gifts of Edgeworth, yes,
but this time there'll be three.
For my son has grown to manhood
now, and much to my delight,
He wants a pipe for Christmas
and I'm going to start him right.

Merry Xmas
SEASONS GREETINGS
EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED

Edgeworth is on sale at your dealer's in an attractive log cabin Christmas wrapping.

NOTE: For those pipe smokers who haven't yet discovered the joy of EDGEWORTH, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco, we print this coupon, as a means of getting acquainted.

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212 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, *at your expense,* a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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10^{50}
Stormwind by Alligator . . . exceedingly smart and meticulously tailored. A sure-fire gift. Also in knee length model.

...prove that there is! (You be it!)
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Men act pleased and say "thank you" for the usual Christmas knicknacks. But they still hope that some Christmas, someone will care enough to come through with a *real* gift . . . like an Alligator Raincoat. Why not get an Alligator for the man in your life? Your dealer will help you choose the right model. Be sure to look for the Alligator label, "The best name in rainwear." The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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(Left) The famous "Gold Label" all-weather coat. Impeccably styled, perfectly tailored. Water repellent, $29.50. Weather-style Cloth, $25.00. Surain Cloth, $20.50.

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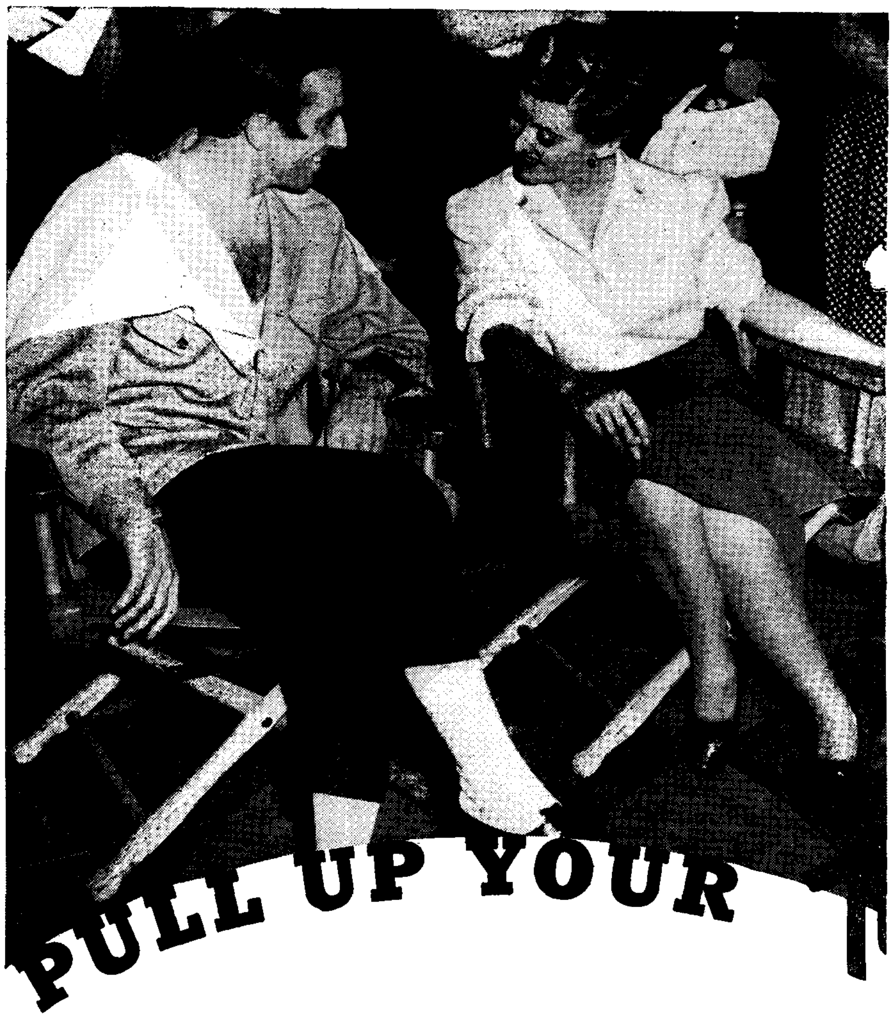

PULL UP YOUR

The Russian Ballet has been to Hollywood and Hollywood will never be the same place again

OUT at Warner Brothers there is an assistant director named Wilbur McGaugh, who has had his heart broken. For twenty-five years Mr. McGaugh has been an assistant director, and in that time he has never come off second best. Hundreds of Indians, thousands of cowboys—they have never bothered him. Stars with temperament, stars without temperament, both have been easy. But early this fall he had the misfortune to tangle with the Russian Ballet.

The powers at Warners', in one of those perennial attempts to do something about double billing, decided to make two technicolor short films with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Capriccio Espagnol and Gaité Parisienne. And since the Massine troupe was dancing at the Hollywood Bowl anyway, it seemed a simple matter to herd them out to Burbank, set them loose on a sound stage, and let fly with a camera. Well, it was a simple matter, in fact it all turned out very well for everybody except Wilbur McGaugh.

The actual director of the pictures—in collaboration with Massine, who attended to the choregraphy—was Jean Negelescu, an easy-mannered gentleman whose thick Rumanian accent blended prettily with the Russian chatter. He moved suavely and undisturbed amid the chaos, for a director is a pampered man; he has only one responsibility, and that is to make a good picture.

But Mr. McGaugh had a thousand responsibilities. Anything that goes wrong on a set is the assistant director's fault. He is accountable for time wasted, money spent, actors absent, in fact there is no mishap you can think of that cannot be blamed on an assistant director

But he is used, on the other hand, t a certain amount of co-operation. A motion-picture actor needs no urgin from an assistant director to get i there and act. Rather, he can't wait

But the ballet, no. On the first day the dancers were brought to the studi in a large bus which stopped just insid the gate. The door was hardly mor than open when poof, like mice dumpe out of a box into sunlight, ballerina scattered in all directions. It took thre hours to round them up.

For the ballet, to the last pointe toe, was movie-mad. No stenographe from Chicago is a more rabid fan tha the boys and girls who make with th pirouettes. They were going to see Bett Davis or know why not.

On succeeding days Mr. McGaugh ha the bus driven right up to Stage 18 an the door opened directly onto the entrance to the set. That helped a little

The Great Morals Crisis

Then immediately a slight question o what Hollywood calls "morality" arose To the corps de ballet there had bee assigned one dressing room for the men one for the girls. But the little ballerinas, used to the innocent backstag habits of the Metropolitan Opera House took to wandering into the boys' roo and helping them zip up their costumes Such a situation had never occurred before in the history of Burbank and i called for one thing—the cops. So Mr McGaugh placed two cops outside th boys' room to keep the girls in thei place. That, of course, left the costumes unzipped, but the boys fixed that They pressed the cops into service

Première Danseuse Tamara Toumanova, who danced blisters o her heels because of the lon takes required by the movi

Bette Davis, like most of the famous stars, was captivated by the Ballet. She brought over a chair to watch, and here chats with Leonide Massine on the set

When it came to a question of actual dancing, Mr. McGaugh had little to complain of. The first ballet, Capriccio Espagnol—which will be released as Spanish Fiesta—was shot entirely on one set, a reasonable facsimile of a market place. The choregraphy of the original was thus left comparatively intact, the dance was merely repeated and repeated and repeated, in whole and in pieces. Some phenomenally long takes were made and Tamara Toumanova danced blisters on her heels.

Massine, working for the first couple of days under the horrid suspicion that the movie industry was crazy—a sentiment the industry returned—grew more and more excited as shooting progressed. He began to see chances for nuances of hand and shoulder and eye that can never be achieved on a stage. He threw himself completely into picture making, worked himself and everybody else to death. Three showers in an afternoon were just barely enough to keep him dry, he drank endless cups of tea, and spoke rapidly in that combination of languages which he fondly believes anyone can understand. "This is a great thing that has happened to the ballet," he said, beating the publicity department to the punch by about ten seconds.

He also managed to transmit his enthusiasm to the other dancers, until in no time at all every ballerina pictured herself a movie star. So much so, in fact, that finally Mr. McGaugh was forced to step in and caution one little girl who in six takes had missed the beat every time but never the smile, "Remember, dear, you're a dancer, not Duse . . ."

Mr. McGaugh's greatest headaches came in keeping the dancers present and presentable. Now it is no great secret that while a movie is shooting there are long stretches of time when the performers are not needed. Lights have to be shifted, props adjusted, and so on,

(*Continued on page 74*)

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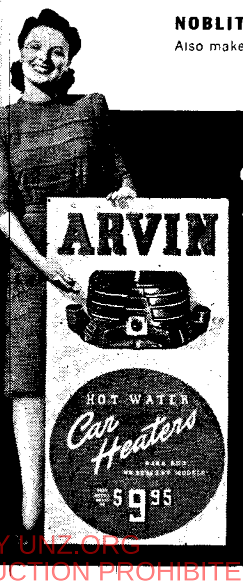

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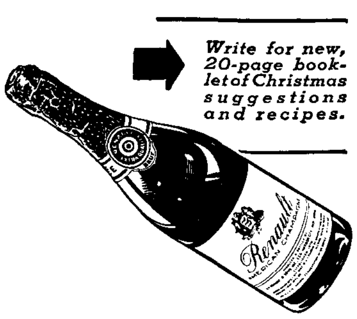

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My Poor Head

Continued from page 19

I was in no mood. It was too early in the morning.

"Sure," I said. "I guess you made the Statue of Liberty, didn't you? Boy! And I guess you saw me on the 7th Avenue Express and I'm just so fascinating you can't wait to make a statue of me. Boy! And it would be the most wonderful statue in the world and win first prize and you'd be famous. Boy, oh, boy!"

He grinned. "It's an idea," he said. "Let me get a couple of sketches, will you?"

"No!" And I'd have said the same even if he hadn't had good teeth, too.

The train was slowing down for Times Square. He grabbed a piece of paper out of one pocket and a stub of a pencil out of another and scribbled. "There," he said, "in case you change your mind, Saturday afternoon would be all right. I'll pay you. Say five dollars for a couple of hours." The grin got wider. "Just the head, you know."

Oh, I thought; and then the train stopped and the door opened and out I went.

But I kept the piece of paper.

AT THE office—Manning & Co., they make patented buttons, I'm on the switchboard—Lou had called, one of the girls said. I called him back. When he came to the phone he said, "Listen, chicken—what I called for a while ago was to see if you were ready to apologize for last night."

"Apologize!"

"Yeah."

"*Me* apologize? How about *yourself?*"

"Look," he said, "I'll be over tonight."

"No."

"Then I'll meet you Saturday. Usual time, usual place."

"I presume," I said, "that what you mean is do I have an engagement for Saturday afternoon."

"I will meet you Saturday afternoon," he said, "at one-fifteen in the P. M. at the elephant cage in Central Park. And don't be late."

"It just so happens, *Mister* Hopper," I said, "that I have an engagement for that particular time of the day Saturday. Maybe next time if you would make your request a few days in advance—Hello? Hello? Hello?"

All right, I thought. All right. Okay.

IF ONE brownstone can possibly be older than another brownstone, then the one I found Saturday afternoon was the great-grandpop of all of them.

Four floors, and dark going, and that old-carpet smell the whole way. But a Kelley never turns back, especially not when turning back would be having lied, or when she's still sore about something, or when she could certainly use five bucks toward a new spring suit.

I knocked on the door at the top, and somebody yelled, "It's not locked," and I turned the knob and sure enough it wasn't, and I opened the door. Nobody in sight. The room was big and it had a skylight and it was full of junk. Old pieces of rock and stuff, and platforms, and busted plaster, and buckets, and sacks, and rags, and tools, and I don't know what. And statues. Some of them were just parts of statues, but there was a whole girl standing up, doing nothing, and a woman sitting on a rock staring at nowhere. They didn't even have names scratched in the stuff around the bottom. I mean, if a statue's named Joan of Arc, or Victory Leading General Sherman, you know where you are with it. And the faces: they all looked half asleep, or like they'd just been hit over the head.

While I was standing there he came in from another room. He still had on that same faded blue shirt, and some even older pants, and a pair of dirty sneakers, and he was eating a sandwich the size of a tombstone. I remember noticing then how big and strong his hands were.

"Hello," he said, just as if girls he picked up on the subway walked in every hour on the hour. "Take off your hat and sit over there." He waved the sandwich at a chair over on a sort of platform.

I did it.

"No. Sit easy. Cross your legs. Put your hands in your lap. Look down at 'em."

So I did, and he walked around me a couple times, eating the sandwich. Then he went and got another straight chair and a folder or something with some paper fixed onto it, and an old box full of odds and ends of pencils. Did it all in one trip, too, by carrying the sandwich in his mouth. Then he sat down and started drawing, of all things.

"What's so special about my face?" I said.

"Sit still."

I did, for as long as I could. Then I asked him again.

"Nothing in particular," he said. "I happened to like it. Fine head. Sit still." He pulled off a drawing and dropped it on the floor, face up.

"Is that supposed to look like me?" I asked.

"Looks more like you than you look like yourself."

"But it's sort of round and thick, and my face is oval. I mean, I hope you don't mind my—"

"Don't you ever sit still without talking?"

I said, "Maybe if *you* talked."

"Oh, all right. What about?"

"Well, for instance, this head—what's it for?"

"For? Nothing. There's a show I might try to get it ready for."

"Think it'll get first prize?"

"Oh, they don't give prizes."

"They *don't?*"

"No. Just show 'em."

"Then what's the point?"

He looked up from his paper. "My dear," he said, "you've got me there."

He made three or four more drawings—"studies" he called them—and dropped them on the floor. When I got too restless he talked to me.

After a while all of a sudden the door opened and a girl came in carrying a couple of big bags of groceries. Now, of course, personally I do not have a maid, and probably never will have if I live to be a trillion, but it doesn't take much experience to tell whether a maid's a good one or a bad one, especially when she doesn't brush her hair—it was black and stringy—and when she weighs a hundred and sixty if she weighs an ounce, and doesn't wear a girdle, and when she's got on a pair of shoes run over at the heels, and you can tell just looking at her that the corners of the rooms never get cleaned, or the bed made right, and—well, I mean nobody but a man, and a man like poor Noel Brown at that, would put up with it for a minute. Pathetic!

But her face was what I didn't like most. It was about the color of old olives, and her eyes were little and black and too close together, and she had a button nose and her lips— the only word I could think of was insolent.

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She waddled across the room toward where I took it the kitchen was, carrying the bags of groceries, and went on into the kitchen.

I didn't think. I just came out with it. "Boy," I said, "speaking of faces!" I could have kicked myself, but she *couldn't* have heard.

Noel Brown looked up. "What? Oh. Maria? Mmm."

From the kitchen there was a crash. I thought: Oh!

For a moment Noel Brown seemed surprised. Then he scratched his ear with a crayon. "Mmm," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Nothing . . . Getting tired?"

"A little," I said. I was about to die. "But I can keep it up a while longer, if you want me to."

"That's a darling," he said. . . .

IT WAS quite a while before I saw Lou again. After I didn't meet him at the elephant cage, naturally he ought to have phoned me that very night and been sore and yelled around and ended up by begging me to see him the next night, and I might have done it, too. But he didn't cool down enough to phone till Tuesday, and by that time I was pretty sore myself, and that gave him a whole new thing to be sore about, and so on, and with one thing and another it was Sunday before I saw him. The *next* Sunday.

Meanwhile, I posed again. Sat, that is. Not drawings this time—clay. There was another clay thing there he'd been working on, too, a new one, about half life-size, and you couldn't tell much about it yet, it was just gobs, but it was a woman down on one knee with the opposite hand on the ground, and when I wanted to know what she was supposed to be looking for, Noel Brown grinned and said oh, she was looking at Eternity, poor guy. But I sat better that day, and it was easier because we knew each other better, and I actually almost left without remembering about the five bucks. On the way downstairs I met that Maria, with the groceries again, and I said very nicely, "Hello, Maria," and she just grunted.

So I guess that was what I was thinking about the next day, Sunday, while I stood watching the elephants and waiting for Lou. I was thinking that the next time I saw Noel Brown we would be well enough acquainted for me to mention a thing or two about servants. I didn't notice Lou come up.

"Hey," he said, "what were you thinking about? You weren't even watching for me."

"Oh, nothing."

I put my hand under his arm, and we went over to Fifth and walked up to the zoo.

"Look, chicken," he said, "I've been thinking. I've been thinking a lot in the last few days. And the way I figure it out, maybe, after all, the least people can do right now is show they got confidence, and go ahead living." He sort of gulped. "That is, no matter what happens there've got to be families and—and kids and so on, to take things in hand afterward. That is, if there aren't any kids, who'll be President fifty years from now? I ask you."

He stopped then. He was breathing hard and looking excited, I remembered later, like a man that's just announced he is willing to go over a waterfall in a barrel. He waited for me to say something. And I said something, all right.

"Oh, I don't know, Lou," I said, "maybe at times like this people ought to put their personal affairs off a while."

He looked at me as if I had gone nuts. And as for me, the word for what I was, is "aghast." I couldn't have been more aghast if all of a sudden I had changed into one of the zoo elephants. The silence went on and on. Then Lou stuck his jaw out.

"All right, now," he said. "Let's have it. What's going on behind my back?"

"Lou!"

"Why didn't you meet me last Saturday afternoon? Why didn't you meet me yesterday?"

"I model," I said.

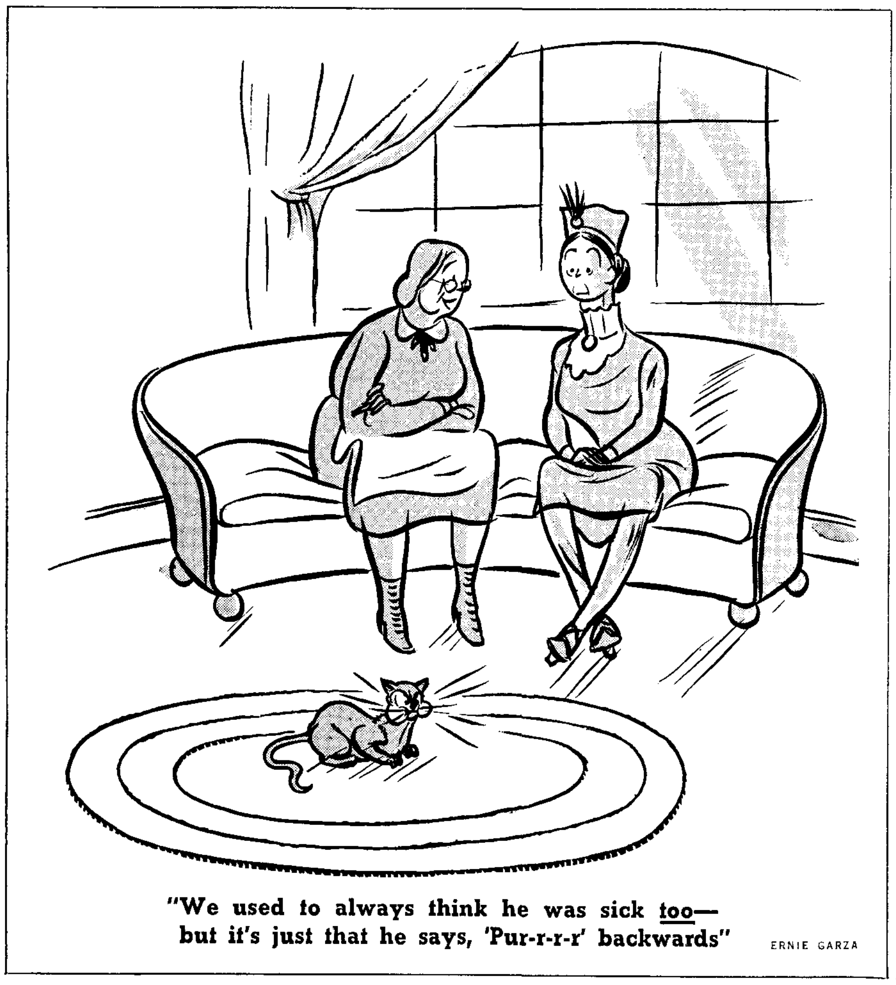
"You *what?*"

"I model."

"What for?"

"If you mean who for, a sculptor named Noel Brown."

He looked at me hard, for a long time. Then he looked at one of the eagles in



"We used to always think he was sick too—
but it's just that he says, 'Pur-r-r-r' backwards"

ERNIE GARZA

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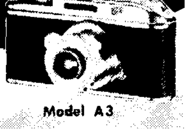

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a cage, out by the seals. Then he said:

"All right. I won't ask any questions. And I won't hold it against you. Just never see this guy again, and we'll forget the whole thing."

"Lou! Why, you talk as if . . . as if he was making passes at me, or something!"

"I'm sorry. I take it back. So all right, he's not making passes at you. So he's crazy. So you can just not see him again and that's the end of it."

"Well, Lou," I said, "I can't exactly not see him again, because he needs me to finish the thing he's working on. You don't understand, Lou. All he cares about me is, he thinks my face is very interesting. Why, he's just like a child, Lou."

"Yeah? Is he a good sculptor? Famous?"

"Not really famous, I guess, no."

"Will you not see him again, or not?"

"Lou—"

"Take it or leave it," he said, and from the way he said it there was no doubt. It was one of those things, ultimatums. And I wasn't in the mood.

"All right, Lou! All right, if you insist, yes, it is too bad Noel Brown doesn't make passes at me!" I would have been aghast all over again, at saying that, if I'd stopped to think. I didn't stop. "It's too bad *somebody* doesn't, anyway! Sitting around practically an old maid, year after year! And then when you finally do begin to wake up a little, what do you do? You creep up on it with *reasons!* You're willing to marry me so there'll be somebody to be President in 1990. Boy! Well, it so happens I'm not interested in reasons! And even without reasons, I'm not so sure any more! Once I was sure, but now we'll have to see. And meanwhile, I warn you, I'm going to have other interests in my life, and if you don't like it, *Mister* Hopper, you—"

But he was gone. The last I saw of him he was walking the fastest I ever saw anybody walk, swinging his arms like windmills, going past the seal pool.

FOR a girl who likes to know where she is with herself, the question was, why had I said those wild, wild things? Was it *possible . . . ?*

But of course the first night I just plain cried. About Lou. And the next night. And the night after that, too, not so long—but just as *hard,* you understand, while I was crying.

From then on, the rest of the week, I waited for Saturday, and Saturday at one-thirty I was going up those dark steps.

The door to his apartment was locked. And there was a note thumbtacked on it: "*Sue,* sorry not in, would you mind leaving a number where I could phone you?"

I did, and went down and over to the bus and took a bus ride. You silly thing, I said to myself on the bus, just because a man calls you "darling" a couple of times, in a very offhand way indeed, and writes you a note in the line of business and starts it "Sue" instead of "Miss Kelley" or "Dear Madam" . . .

If the week before was Cry Week, this one was Wait for the Phone to Ring Week. And it didn't.

Don't ask me how long it went on like that. Forever. Ages. A whole week more, and by that time if you had asked me how much was two and two, I would have broken into little bitty pieces. And at the office I was messing my job all up, and I guess I would have gone gradually crazy, and not even known *that* if the letter hadn't come.

Only it wasn't a letter. It was an envelope, a big square white one made out of thick paper, and inside there was an announcement. The Museum of Today's Art Requests the Honor of Your Presence at the Private Opening of an Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture.

The next Wednesday, eight to eleven. And there were two tickets, too, and in ink at the bottom of the announcement: Compliments of Noel Brown.

I thought: Oh, how sweet, a surprise!

THE extra ticket I sent to Lou. I didn't know whether he'd use it or not, but I wanted him to know once and for all that Noel Brown was a real sculptor, with things in shows. And if he was interested in using the ticket and seeing my face done by a fine artist, he could do that too. I didn't care what he did.

The exhibition was in a big new building, mostly glass, like a factory, just off Fifth Avenue. I walked past a couple of times, trying to look in and size the place up, then I gave my ticket to the man at the door and walked in.

Everybody was in little bunches, talking and smiling and wandering around. Most of them were dressed, lots of the men in tails, and there were corsages all over the place, and they all seemed to know one another and not to want to make any new friends, especially; so I wandered around by myself.

In the middle of the lobby, or whatever you call it, there was a tremendous statue of a man wrestling, only not wrestling *with* anybody. The rest of the room was filled with Who's Who. People you see in the papers all the time, and actresses on the stage, and a lot of men I didn't know, but they must have been somebody to go out in public with such funny faces, and reporters and a couple of photographers. Nobody I knew.

I thought as good a thing as any, till Noel showed up, was to follow that bunch of people around, at a sort of a distance. Maybe I wanted to try to hear what they said when they came to my head. So they straggled into another room, with a lot of paintings on the walls and a couple of statues—one of a dancer and one of a man's head, but not me—and I tagged along, and they stood around looking and talking and then went on to another room. There were lots of rooms, made with movable walls.

After a while they had cleaned up the first floor, and went upstairs. I went too. First there was another hall with a statue in it that wasn't *anything,* unless it was a bunch of brass bananas caught in a trap. But nobody laughed. The photographers took a couple of pictures of everybody not laughing.

THE next room was a biggish one with more paintings on the wall and a statue in the middle. I couldn't see the statue at first because there were so many people, but for a minute I got a glimpse, and I saw it was plaster, and it looked kind of familiar, and then the people moved and I got a good view, and it was me, all right.

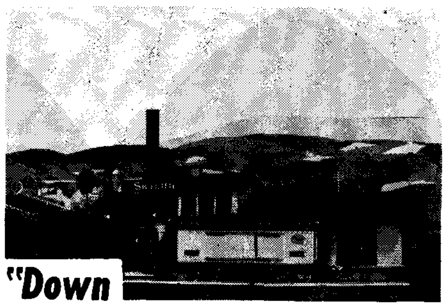
My face, life-size, or anyway what Noel Brown thought was my face. And to tell the truth, the way he had finished it up it sure enough did look an awful lot like me. And in spite of a different hair-do, too, though it wasn't a hair-do exactly—just lumps; and in spite of its being still practically round, instead of oval like my real one.

But I guess when you came right down to it he practically *had* to make my face fat, if it was going to fit in with the rest of the statue. I mean, if it was going to go with the body.

Because it wasn't just a head. There was a body attached.

I must have made some kind of a sound because a couple of the people turned and looked at me, and I turned away quick.

Of course it wasn't *my* body. Of course I mean it couldn't have been, not possibly. What it was, only bigger, was that other thing he'd been working on,



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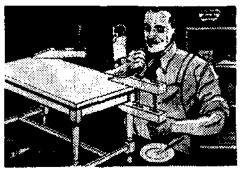

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the woman with her hand down on the ground. And he'd made her so big! Everywhere. All over. Great tremendous arms and legs and—well, I'd just rather not think about it, that's all.

I edged over to the side of the room and pretended to be looking at a painting there. I was all confused. I was everything at once. I didn't know what I was. All I wanted was to get myself collected to sneak out of there, and maybe being so concentrated on that was the reason I didn't see the other people who had come into the room.

THE first one I saw, out of the corner of my eye, was Noel Brown. I didn't know how long he'd been there. He was talking to one of the people in tails, only he didn't have tails on, himself. He had on an old tux that must have been secondhand from a drummer in a bad band.

He saw me looking at him, and waved and grinned, as much as to say he'd be over as soon as he got through talking with the man—but I didn't know whether I wanted him to or not. I didn't know what I wanted. To be dead, maybe.

It wouldn't have made any difference what I decided to do, though, because I wouldn't have had time. Because just then I heard the people in the crowd mumbling louder, and I turned around, and there walking toward the statue in the middle, and going fast, I must say, for her weight, or for any weight, was what's-her-name, the girl that cooked for Noel—Maria.

She was wearing a print dress that was exactly the wrong thing for her, and that button nose of hers was twitching, and her little eyes were popping, and her lips were tight together, and you know how heavy people do when they walk fast, there are bouncy places, and she was a sight.

Everybody stood where he was. Even Noel, for a minute. Then he started toward her.

But he was too late.

She had a big handbag with her and—

But I didn't actually see it happen. I guess nobody did. Because just when it was about to happen one of the photographers popped his light, and then another, and then another and there was the sound of a sort of thud, and between the flashes of light I saw the head falling off of the statue and then I heard another crash and then the flashes stopped and as soon as my eyes got adjusted again and I could see everything there was the head, my own poor head, lying on the floor all smashed.

It was a funny feeling—I don't think I ever had such a sick funny feeling.

Maria was standing there swinging her bag as if she wanted more statues to smash, and she was yelling.

"Yes!" she yelled across the room at Noel Brown. "Yes, now I get it! Now I know why you sent me away for a week! My face isn't good enough for your crazy statues, is it?" She poked a toe at the broken plaster. "Well, there's what I think of that cute little pan! *There's* what I think of it!"

YOU would have thought he would have crawled away in shame, but no, he was talking to a reporter, and then he took the reporter's arm and steered him at me.

"This is the girl who sat for the head," he said. "Susan Kelley. Well, Sue," he said, "how do you feel about it? When you saw your head on somebody else's—"

But then the photographers were there in front of me, trying to tell me how to do and how to look, and when I didn't do any of it they started popping their flashes anyway, and the reporters were asking me where I lived, and I could feel it coming and the last thing I saw was Noel, looking like he had found roller skates under the Christmas tree, and then, because a girl, even when it's me, can stand so much, down I went, and out.

When I came to I was sitting up and there were people around. But there was somebody closer, and his arm was around my shoulders, and it wasn't an arm in black cloth, either, or even midnight blue, it was good old twenty-nine-fifty herringbone, and it had a very nice comfortable, usual feel, and I opened my eyes wider and there it was—Lou's own face, bones and freckles and all, looking like he was about to bust somebody in the nose, but not me.

"Hey, chicken," he said. "Are you okay? Are you okay, chicken?"

"Lou," I said. "Get me up, will you? Get me out of here."

He helped me up, and all the people said, "Are you all right?" and Lou said, "Certainly she's all right. You got eyes, haven't you?"

And he took my arm and we went out of the room and downstairs.

All I could think of was explaining to Lou, quick. "Lou," I said, "only the head—"

"I know," he said. "I got eyes, haven't I?"

"Oh, Lou," I said.

Down in the lobby Lou went to get his hat at the checkroom and I leaned against a big square post trying to make my head stop going around. And while I was leaning there some people passed on the other side of the post.

"Nice work," Noel Brown said.

"My heart was in it," Maria said.

"Means thousands," he said. "Thousands!"

They went on toward the door. I peeked around the post. He held the door open for her, and as she went through ahead of him he gave her a pat, and where he patted her was where no gentleman pats a lady.

But, of course, I knew before that. When she was barging up to smash the head of the statue and I realized where the rest of the statue came from, well, right then I knew it was probably just as well I hadn't got to the point of telling Noel Brown he ought to give Maria the old two weeks' notice, because that was when I saw that Maria was no more a maid around that place than Whirlaway was. She lived there.

I MEAN, some people are just common ordinary heels, and other people there isn't any word for. I guess it was all right for Noel Brown not to tell me the head wasn't just going to be a head. It wasn't any of my business. To him, I wasn't a person. I was just a hunk of stuff sitting on a chair for him to make studies of.

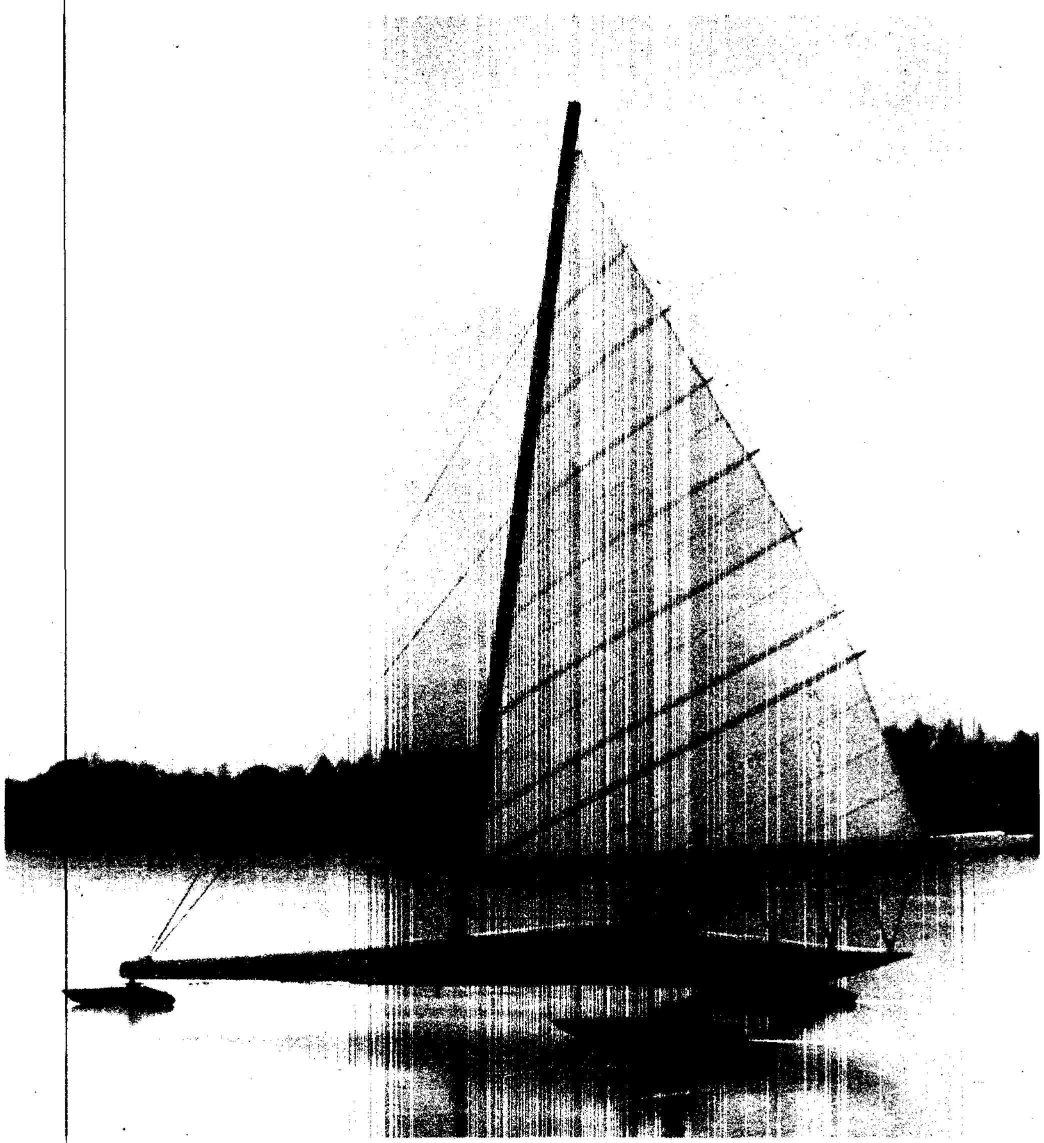
And it was all right having Maria do that act, and give that fake speech about being sent away, and so on. Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of publicity was what he wanted. It was a smart way to get it, I'll say that for him. Especially when he didn't plan it from the beginning, but only thought of it that day Maria dropped the things in the kitchen, which is the way I figure.

But to drag me into it. To use me the way he did, actually *use* me, a human being—

Lou says we will live on the upper West Side because the air is better there and it's handy for us both to get to work, and, of course, after the way I treated him I would live among the bears in the Bronx Zoo if he said so. So I will simply have to keep on taking 7th Avenue expresses, and maybe after a while I will learn to do it without wincing.

Just one thing, though: If we have any children, which naturally we are going to, and if any of them turn out not to be future Presidents, but a girl, we move. Too many things happen on that line.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



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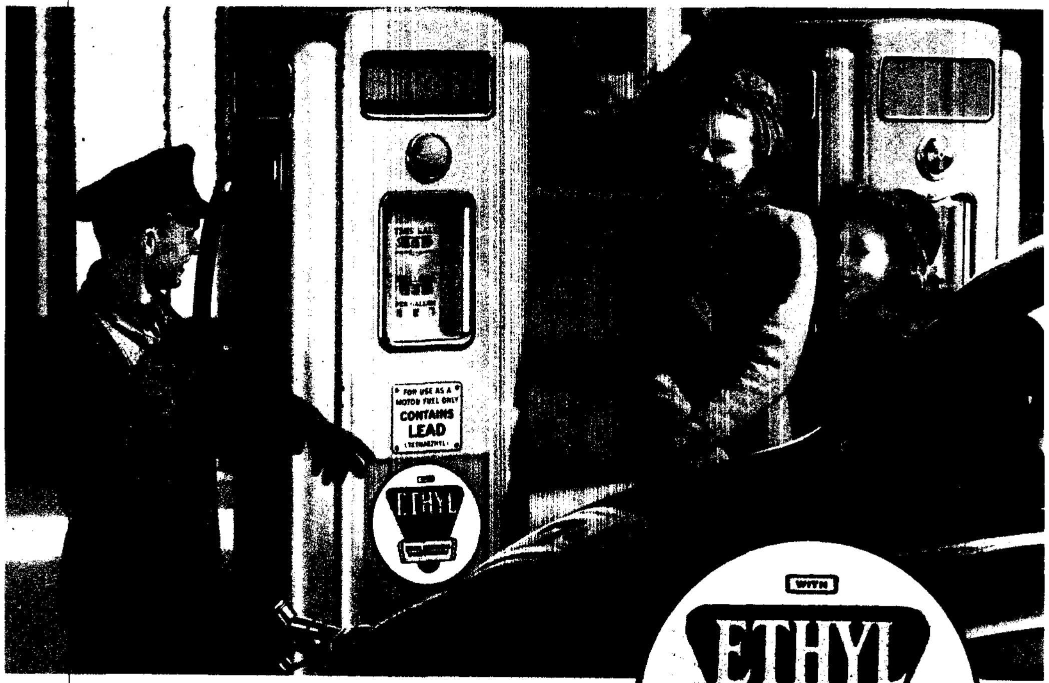

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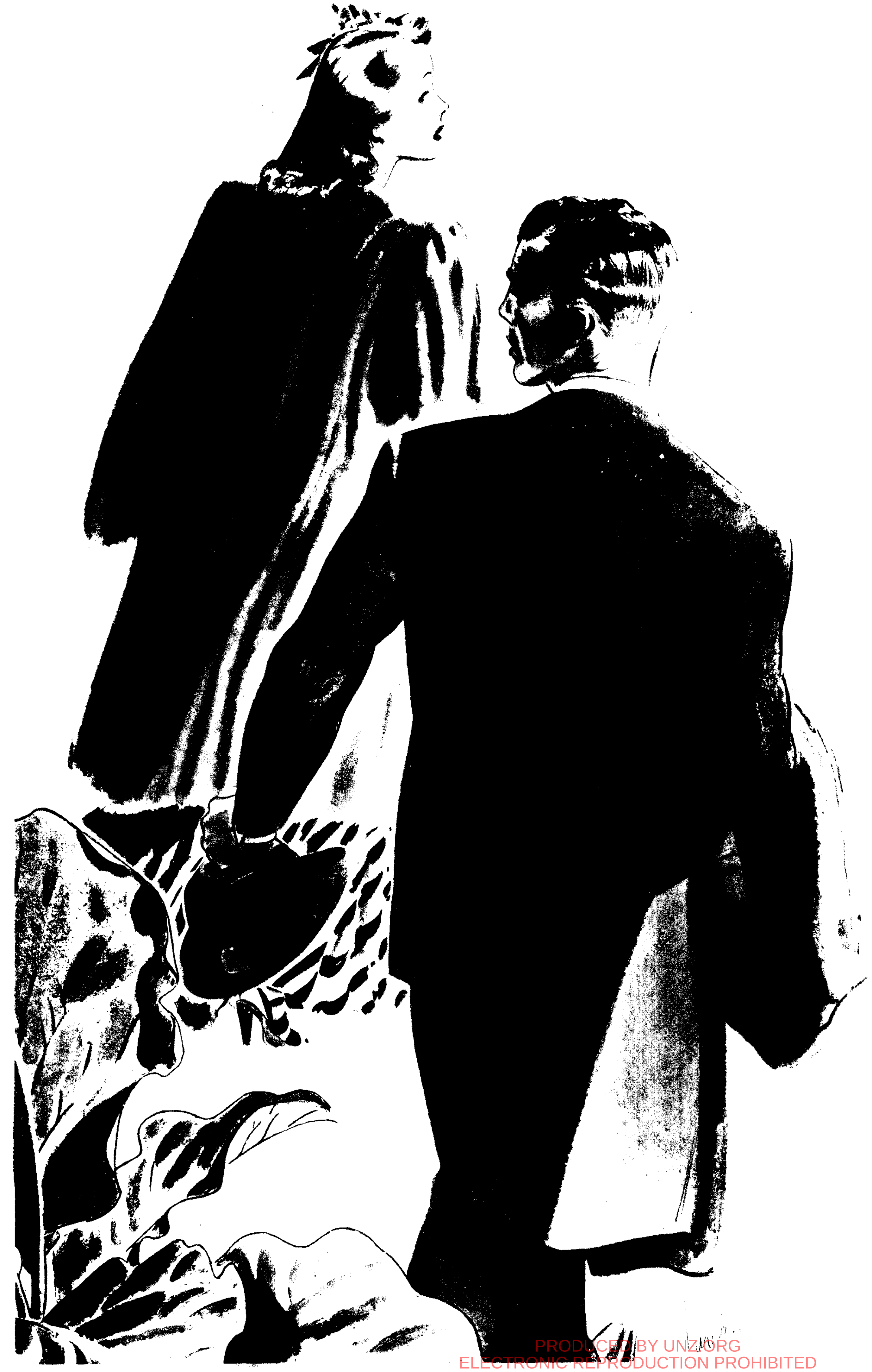
HAIL AND FAREWELL

By Frank Graham

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

When a fighter is overmatched the only thing to do is to run. If Joe didn't know that, he wouldn't be where he is today



They got their things and went down the hall and out to the elevator and none of the people saw them go or paid any attention if they did

JOE was twenty-nine and feeling old when he met Marcia. A man shouldn't feel old at twenty-nine, but the chances are he will if he has been fighting for ten years and has crawled in and out of those ropes a couple of hundred times and a lot of other things have happened to him, such as his manager running off with all his fresh dough.

Everybody said it was wonderful, the relationship between Joe and his manager. Just like father and son, they said. Well, it was at that, because Joe had known Johnny Martin since he was a kid scuffling on the sidewalks and he never had had another manager and never wanted another. But Johnny was a gambler and liked the dames and he always was broke and this time there was a new dame he was stuck on. So after Joe fought Eddie Val in the Garden, Martin and the dame left town and Martin took Joe's money with him.

Joe hadn't looked so good against Val. Val was a tough Polish kid with a hard head and a hard chin, and Joe had almost broken his left hand hooking him on the chin. And then he had been sticking him in the belly and a couple of his punches had been low and he had lost a couple of rounds on fouls. Val had soaked up his punches and come belting into him, round after round, and he had been lucky to pull out a decision. The boxing writers said he didn't look good and was slowing up and one of them wrote a piece saying that new blood was needed in the middleweight division.

The fellow who wrote the piece was right and Joe knew it and he was feeling old and not caring much when he met Marcia and she was stuck on him and he knew that, too. Well, she wasn't the first dame that was stuck on him. The first rich one, either. Rich dames go for fighters, and Joe had had his share of them. None of them had lasted long, which was all right with him because they bored him after a while and he didn't remember half of them.

MARCIA was twenty-two but she didn't look it because she was such a little thing and her high cheekbones and big eyes made her look like a child. She was with Freddy Gorman, a young broker Joe had met in the Madison Square Garden Club the night Joe Louis fought Nathan Mann. Somebody had invited him into the club and he had met Freddy there and they had seen each other once in a while since then and had become rather friendly.

This night Joe had just heard about Martin blowing with his dough and he dropped into a night club for a drink and Freddy and a girl were sitting at the bar. He nodded to Freddy and ordered his drink and Freddy called him over and introduced him to the girl and that was Marcia. They had a couple of drinks at the bar and Freddy said they were going to have dinner there and asked him if he would eat with them. He said he would because the drinks had loosened him up a little and he didn't have any plans for the evening, anyway. They moved back to a table and had two more drinks and a steak and Joe felt better than he had when he came in.

Marcia hadn't said much but she had smiled at him a couple of times across the table and now she said:

"I saw you fight last night."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because I was lousy."

"I didn't think so."

"Ask him."

"No," Freddy said. "I didn't think you were lousy. You were in there with a tough kid."

"He's tough, all right," Joe said. "But I could have looked better."

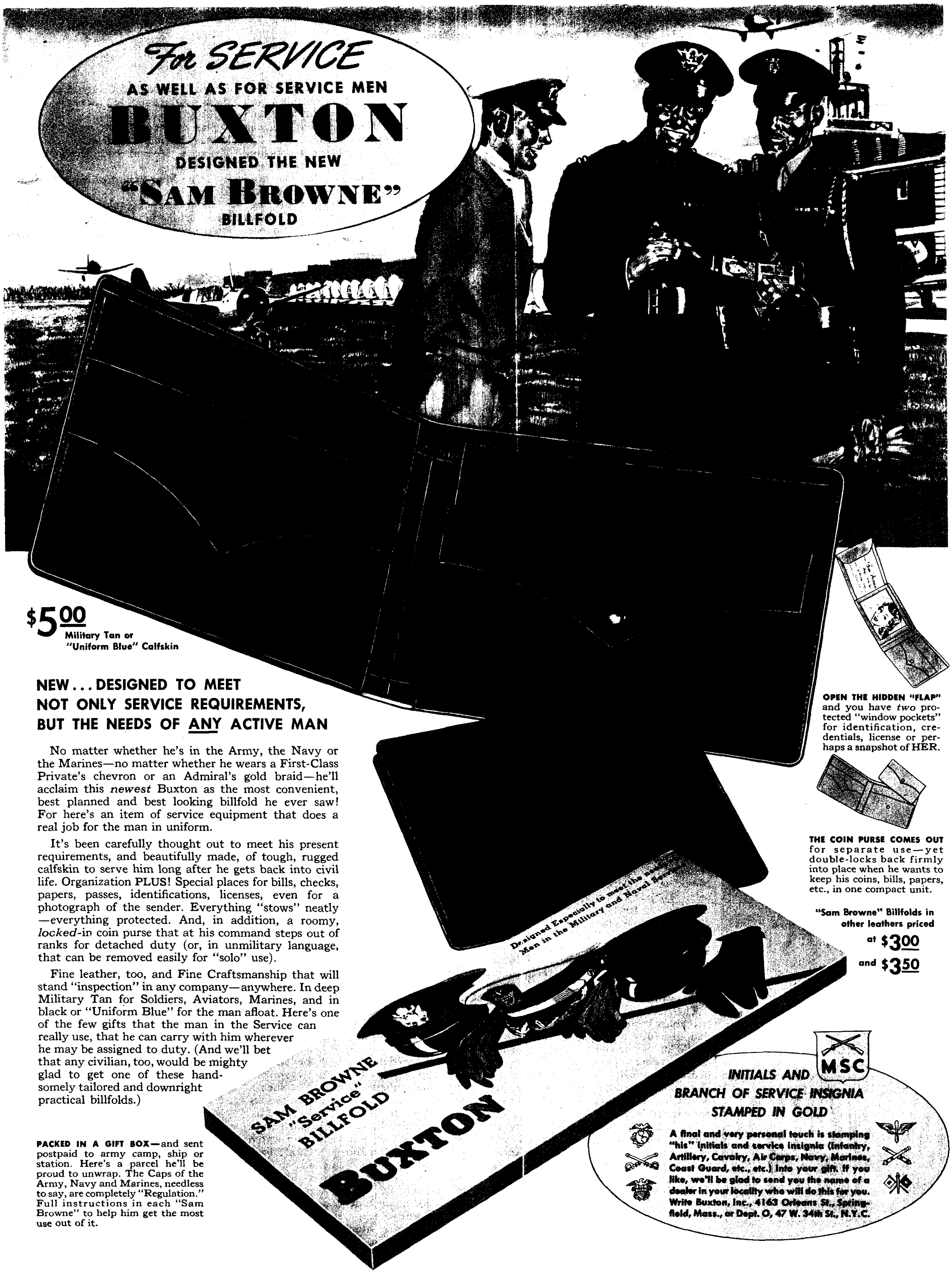
He smiled at Marcia. "I'm getting old," he said.

Her eyes widened. "Old!" she said. "You don't look old to me."

"I am old. I'm twenty-nine."

She laughed. "Then I'm getting old, too," she said. "I'm twenty-two."

"Twenty-two," he said. "I was twenty-two once. But that was a long time ago." *(Continued on page 84)*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Pull Up Your Tights, Kids

Continued from page 67

a thousand causes for delay. The little dancers, catching on to this in no time, found that for the price of a short walk they could see Henry Fonda in the flesh making The Male Animal, James Cagney in the flesh making Captains of the Clouds, or Errol Flynn in a uniform making an epic. Now all that is admittedly fascinating business, and the dancers, while watching, would sit on things, lean against things, and chew their lips, so that when finally they remembered to come home to Mr. McGaugh, their costumes would be dusty and wrinkled, their make-up all to one side. Then when Mr. McGaugh would go into his expected frenzy, they would withdraw in little groups, stare at him intently and gabble in Russian until finally he showed signs of breaking. Then they would fix their lips, brush off their skirts and go into their dance.

The explanation for these antics is fairly simple. Ballet dancers are accustomed to the discipline which an audience—a live audience—demands of them. But a movie set is one of the most informal places in the world, everyone on it down to the last property boy is a gag-man, jokes are obligatory. The holiday air never stops, except—and it is a big except—when the bell rings and the red light goes on for a take; then everybody goes to work and hard to work. It takes a little time for any performer to get used to these sudden shifts. The ballet, of course, got used to it, but at the expense of Mr. McGaugh's nervous system.

Hollywood Goes Overboard

There was also a second direction from which trouble came to Mr. McGaugh, and that was from the movie people themselves. Hollywood is admittedly the great bastion of glamor; from behind its walls glamor is shot out to the rest of the world as balls of fire, flaming arrows or boiling oil. Well, that satisfies the rest of the world, but how about Hollywood itself? What does Hollywood turn to when it needs to satisfy its own congenital need for glamor, for mystery and romance?

It seems that what it turns to is the Russian Ballet.

During the filming of Gaité Parisienne you couldn't trip over a cable without falling at the feet of at least one $4,000-a-week personality. And, understand, that is an unusual condition. Movie stars do not visit one another's sets. To put it kindly, they wouldn't walk across the street to see a fellow actor break his neck.

But on the ballet set all was different. Eleven pictures were shooting at the time and eleven assistant directors were going quietly out of their minds trying to get their actors—and in some cases even their directors—back to work.

The "King's Row" company waited two hours before they found Ann Sheridan, blissfully oblivious of time, behind a pile of old scenery. Cagney rushed over between every take. Flynn appeared regularly, with his boots on. Bette Davis brought a chair with her. And Charlie Chaplin showed up early and stayed late.

Well, in any case there is a certain confusion on a set. Just the people who have to be around—wardrobe, make-up, property, camera, lights—they make considerable tumult in themselves, but add a few hundred sightseers and you have the nucleus of bedlam. So Mr. McGaugh had to close the set and put policemen at the door.

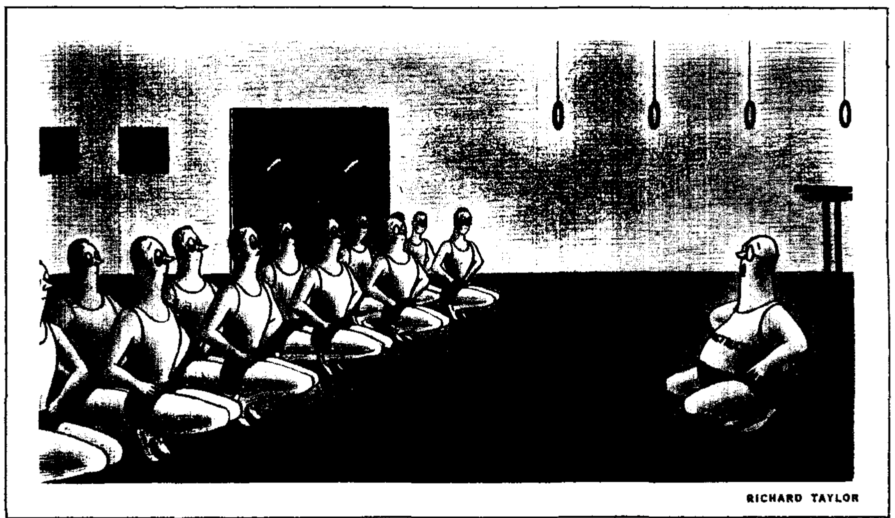
But of course a closed set is only comparatively closed. You can keep the unimportant people out, but you can't keep Jack Warner out, you can't keep Olivia de Havilland out, nor can you keep Monty Woolley out.

Mr. Woolley was rather a touching case. For ninety-one weeks he had been a star on Broadway in The Man Who Came to Dinner, he was now, at a very fancy figure, repeating his performance before the camera. He liked the ballet and wanted to watch it dance. But to the cops on Stage 18 he was merely a man with a beard. No persuasion would make them pass him.

He tried everything. He sneaked in, he blustered his way in, he got Bette Davis to take him by the hand, but each time he was discovered and boom, out he went, with no apologies.

But Mr. Woolley had not been a professor at Yale for nothing. After some hesitancy, he decided to use his head. So walking boldly past the cops, who naturally stopped him, he pointed to the call sheet.

Now the call sheet is a piece of white paper on which is listed everyone who has legitimate business on a picture. Everyone from the producer to the last extra. Naturally, in a musical picture, the name of the composer is on it. So Mr. Woolley pointed to the name of the composer, "Offenbach," he said, "see that?" The policeman looked and saw. "Offenbach," said Mr. Woolley, "I'm Offenbach."



From then on he watched the ballet at will and in peace.

By the second week of shooting, Mr. McGaugh was visibly shaken. Ordinarily a spruce, well-combed, well-pressed, shoes-shined type of man, he had begun to wilt. His coat was off, his hair mussed, his suspenders loose, and his voice was so far gone that he had to use a public-address system to make his hoarse whispers heard in the far corners of the set.

Gaité Parisienne was not made in a single scene, but in five sets: the various rooms, anterooms, exteriors, etc., of a Paris restaurant, a change which required rearrangement of the original choregraphy. Well, in the rearrangement, one sequence was shot in such a way that two of the little ballerinas were cut out of the action. So Mr. McGaugh, who abhors waste, instructed them to stand on a balcony and watch the dancing. "You know," he said, "look interested in what's going on."

Well, the little ballerinas didn't go for that at all. They were dancers. They didn't want to look interested. They explained in purest Russian that the whole thing amounted to a crisis and that Mr. McGaugh might as well face it. But Mr. McGaugh merely took them by the hand, led them up onto the balcony and left them.

The rehearsals went well. The ballerinas looked moderately interested. The scene seemed ready to shoot.

The Man Who Couldn't Win

Then came the take. It was a long take, intricate and beautifully timed, and it seemed to be going perfectly, until suddenly Mr. McGaugh happened to look up at the balcony.

There were the ballerinas, looking interested, very interested, and acting their parts well. Indeed they were fine, except for this one particular: in a setting of a nineteenth-century French restaurant they were drinking Coca-Cola out of bottles.

Mr. McGaugh moans when he remembers it. "There were a hundred and thirty-five electricians on that set, getting ninety-four cents an hour. We had five hundred dollars' worth of technicolor film going through the camera." And then he closes his eyes. "Sabotage, that's what it was, sabotage. They're Reds, they're Russians, they're I.W.W.'s."

After that Mr. McGaugh was a beaten man. From then until the finish of the picture he moved, wan-faced, in a daze. He usually sat in a chair until they were ready for a take, then he would call out, "Come on, kids, pull up your tights." That was all the authority he dared assume.

But the ballerinas, as is only natural after a triumph, developed a certain affection for Mr. McGaugh. They clustered around him and plied him with candy which they shouldn't have been eating and which he didn't like. And, just to give the knife a final turn in the wound, they talked to him incessantly in very understandable English.

Finally, of course, there was an end to it all. The picture was finished and the ballet left immediately for Denver to start a tour. Mr. McGaugh got a good night's sleep and rose under the assumption that he had shaken the last Russian out of his hair.

But he was wrong, very wrong. They haunted him even from Denver.

Mr. McGaugh, you see, had expense accounts to check over and approve. And on one of the sheets, a list turned in by a ballerina who obviously was taking no chances, Mr. McGaugh found an item he still can't believe. But there it was, in black and white: "Offering for nine masses. Said for the success of the motion pictures made by the Ballet Russe."

And charged to Warner Brothers.

Be Fair to France

Continued from page 18

small French village a new leader will rise, and a new France will answer his call. We can say this in no rhetorical mood, but soberly, remembering what France is. Other lands have talked as much about democracy, but none has thought so deeply about it, nor understood so clearly the philosophy which underlies any true liberty or equality or fraternity.

In these bitter times the famous motto of the Revolution sounds sardonic, yet no formula more accurately sums up those humane qualities of the French people. Liberty to the French is first of all freedom of thought, unhampered curiosity, unchecked logic. Since it is a privilege to which every individual is entitled, popular education in France includes some excellent training in the art of thinking. In most countries today a course in philosophy teaches what other men have thought; the French study philosophy in order to have some thoughts of their own. They don't all agree; there is no intellectual regimentation. Nature and human nature are full of contradictions, which a Frenchman would rather understand than judge, but from this broad charity you can't guess his personal system of morality. He may lead an austere life in the midst of Rabelaisian neighbors without seeming self-righteous or critical. To be a moral creature he must have freedom of choice, and so must they. For this moral freedom he is ready to fight.

You can't get out of his head that economic freedom is secured by producing wealth, and he is convinced that the soundest and most lasting wealth is the product of human labor on the soil. In other countries there is a love of the land, but in some cases a very different kind of love. The Frenchman is a farmer, not a hunter. He likes to make things grow, he likes harvests, he likes wheat fields and vineyards. When he can raise his own food and feed his family, he knows he is free.

In her present distress the censorship wraps France in silence, but even if the lid were off we should probably hear little complaint or appeal for sympathy, and certainly no attempt to masquerade as the sole champion of civilization. France never was much of a sob sister, and her comic sense prevents her from posing as an uplifter, at least while she herself needs a lift. But we may be sure that many a hot argument goes on in hungry kitchens, fixing the blame for the mess or planning how to get out of it. When their hands are no longer tied they will act, and their fiercest wrath may not be directed against Germans. A traditional and avowed enemy, they will likely say, is something that is to be reckoned with and to be prepared against.

Aristotle Was Right

Equality in France is a philosophical conviction rather than a benefit conferred by law. The individual is entitled to respect and, unless he insists on forfeiting it, it is his. France believes in no superior race; she approves of no nation that tries to dominate others, least of all when the domination is said to be for their good. The French people have had little control of their national policies, as you and I have little control of ours. Something happens to the character of those who are elected to office. Aristotle pointed out this peril in any form of government. Much power makes men mad.

France's way of dealing with governments that become irresponsible is to get up a revolution. One explanation of her surprising collapse may be that Hitler chose to attack just as the people were preparing to revolt. They were tired of racketeering in politics, in the labor unions, in the departments of national defense. Don't condemn them before you are sure that their condition at the moment was different from our condition now.

Fraternity is a very French word, and the Frenchman gives it a meaning which you understand completely only if you have lived in France. It is closely connected with the French ideal of good manners. Etiquette, the Frenchman believes, is a technique for getting where you want to go; if your purpose in society is to be friendly and brotherly, as befits equals, you'll need a lot of technique.

What Fraternity Means

The Frenchman knows how to put an idea clearly in words; no one can do it better. He also knows that every moment brings us sentiments, affections, admirations or judgments which should be expressed not in words but in manners.

The French farmer or workman has a richer technique for this complete expression of life than have most members of the upper classes in other lands. Without such an equipment in subtle manners, companionship is impossible. For this reason fraternity among us is only an abstract noun, but in France it is an atmosphere.

Of course, you can't acquire a high technique of good manners unless you understand human nature; you probably won't try to acquire it unless you feel that all men are your equals. Being a gentleman is easy, if to be a gentleman is merely to be a snob, reserving your graciousness for other snobs who, having no range of sensitiveness, won't know whether you are gracious or not, and won't care so long as you are like them. Frenchmen have their faults but they are not snobs. They are trained to appreciate simple joys, which are available to poor and rich; whether rich or poor they are taught the same manners, which are their common language.

You can't acquire this language, you won't try to, unless you have a zest for all the situations likely to arise in life, and unless you are curious about the right key for every problem. French curiosity about life is boundless.

The qualities I have tried to describe are the qualities of the forty-two millions in France and of the two million French captives in Germany, all in bondage. I rejoice that England, by comparison, has suffered little. I'm glad that our aid has saved England from suffering more. But I'm sorry when an occasional Englishman suggests that France, too, is not deserving of sympathy and aid.

With all respect for those British qualities which are excellent, I reject entirely the cruel and ignoble opinion that France in her agony deserves no more pity than Joan got at the Rouen stake.

I am far from alone in believing that the French are still the most civilized and the most intelligent people in our Western world, perhaps the most tenacious and long-enduring. I think we shall sit at their feet again, to learn certain lessons of the mind and heart which no others have mastered so profoundly or can teach so well. If our faith in them, meanwhile, has faltered, or if we have for a moment forgotten them, may we feel ashamed.

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● To the sweetheart who waits for you, a Lane Cedar Hope Chest will whisper of happiness to come . . . as her trousseau and your home take shape within its moth-proof walls. Lane—the only aroma-tested cedar chest—is backed by free moth insurance policy written by one of world's largest insurance companies. Plight your troth this Christmas with this loveliest of love gifts. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. S, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

No. 44-1964. 18th Century drawer design in mahogany. Top two drawers simulated.

Guaranteed Moth Protection

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Startling? You bet it's startling, but more and more thousands of motorists are taking it as a matter of course. For they have found that

MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR-OIL

saves them from having to have their carbon cracked out every few thousand miles.

Letters on file from fleet owners, car dealers and tractor builders tell their amazing experience with RING-FREE. To the private motorist this freedom from the yoke of carbon-removal may be only a convenience and a satisfaction. But to commercial firms it's a question of dollars and cents, profit and loss.

"But tell me why this RING-FREE Motor Oil does all this," you may be asking.

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RING-FREE is refined by a new and *patented* process which retains in the oil a natural solvent.

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Voice of Russia

Continued from page 14

Press conferences with Lozovsky lack the spontaneous humor and gaiety of a White House conference. There is little of the usually good-natured, sometimes acrimonious, discussions of a Brendan Bracken press conference in London.

Usually there are twelve of us seated around a long table. There are three Communist reporters, five Americans, three British and one South American. It is a large, pleasant room with pictures of Lenin and of Stalin looking down upon us. The press conference opens. We can ask any questions we wish. Lozovsky nearly always sticks to Russian and some of our more linguistically talented colleagues translate for us. A typical exchange of questions and answers took place this afternoon.

Discussion But No News

Thilia Jordan, News Chronicle of London (speaking in French): "Mister Vice-Commissar, yesterday I handed in my daily story at noon. It did not clear the censor until seven hours later. As it takes several hours sometimes for our stories to reach London I think it not unreasonable to ask you either to add more censors or to ask the present ones to hurry with their jobs."

Lozovsky (looking sympathetic and taking off his rimless glasses, answers in Russian): "That's unfortunate. We will try to do something about it."

Jordan (turning to Robert Magidoff, the AP man who knows Russian):

"What did he say?"

Magidoff tells him.

Henry Shapiro of the United Press: "The Russian papers say today that City B, near Leningrad, has been recaptured by the Red army. Will you identify City B?"

Lozovsky: "Please speak Russian."

Shapiro repeats in Russian.

Lozovsky (gently reproving as one talks to a child): "Mister Shapiro, if the papers wanted you to know what town it was they would have named it."

Si Sulzberger of the New York Times (speaking Serbian): "The BBC reports that some Japanese fishing boats were blown up by Russian mines. What about that?"

Lozovsky: "What do the Japanese papers say about it?"

Sulzberger: "I don't know."

Lozovsky: "I don't know either."

Arch Steele of the Chicago Daily News: "The German radio says that the Nazi troops are pouring through the southern front almost to Moscow. Any truth in that?"

Lozovsky (smiling): "Mr. Steele, you know the German radio. Can you ever believe it? As for Goebbels, remember that if loud braying counted for anything the ass would be king of the animal world."

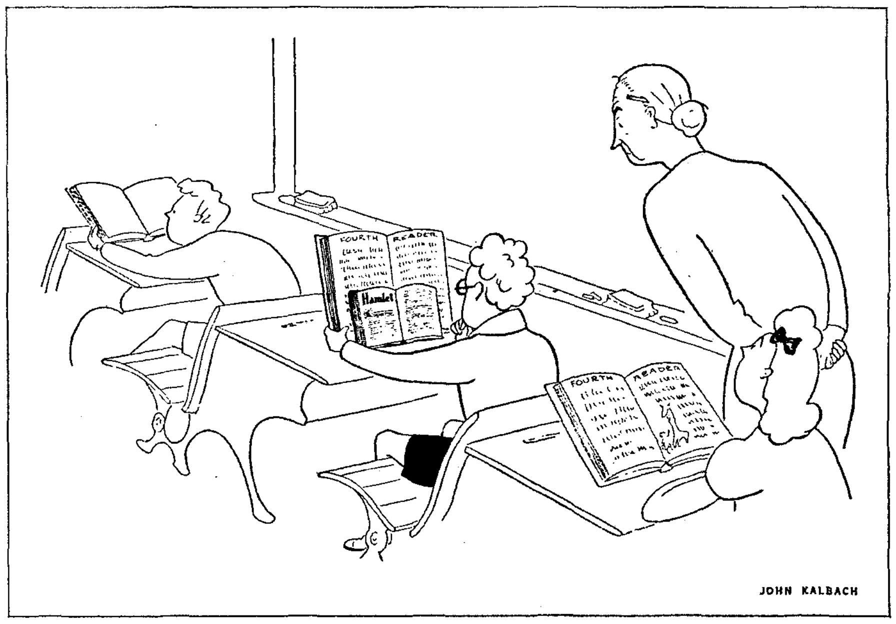
And so it goes. When none of us can think of any more questions we wish unanswered Lozovsky arises, says a cheery goodby and the conference is over. Out of that, plus the two brief daily communiqués, correspondents have to write news stories. The paucity of news coming out of Russia these difficult days is in no way due to any lack of zeal on the part of correspondents here. American correspondents, men like Si Sulzberger, Wally Henry Shapiro, Arch Steele, Henry Cassidy, Robert Magidoff and Denis McEvoy are as good and as industrious as any group of reporters in the world. The lack of news is caused entirely by the Soviet attitude toward news. The fact that Soviet censorship is stricter than that of any other censorship in the world is well known. The reason for its harshness is not so well known. The Soviet belief is that because there is a censorship it follows that everything that goes out of Russia is in effect official news. Therefore, individual opinions or speculations are completely out of order. They would not be thought to be opinions of the correspondent under whose name the story appears but would be official opinion.

Sometimes his love for Russia and his confidence in the ability of the Red army shakes Vice-Commissar Lozovsky out of his calm.

In the afternoon of the day before we were forced to evacuate Moscow he held his last press conference there. We knew that things were not going well. We asked Lozovsky several times about the government evacuating.

"The government will not move," he said, banging the table forcefully. "The Germans will never take Moscow."

He was a Russian speaking of his soul. He was a Muscovite talking of his city. Lozovsky's confidence in the destiny of his country and in the magnificence of the Red army remains unshaken. He is still the well-groomed, suave, gentle dealer in honeyed words. We all hate censorship but we respect his because he does not lie. He will hate this story when he reads it, for he is a shy man and personal publicity is abhorrent to him. He will hate it yet he will pass it pretty much as it is written and he will think and no doubt say some unkind words about me for writing it and for piercing his anonymity.



The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 13

Dick Harlow at Harvard, after a slow start, had the Crimson winging on its way through the last six games with a team upon a par with the country's best.

Not to forget Wallace Wade, back again with another unbeaten Duke team, much stronger on offense, with Steve Lach, than his last Rose Bowl entry.

There was the exceptionally fine debut made by Paul Brown of Ohio State, an ex-high-school coach from Massillon, who in his first year beat a fine Missouri team, crushed Southern California 33 to 0, and through one of the hardest schedules of the year suffered only one defeat in a finish that ended in a 20-20 tie with Michigan. No one can overlook this performance of team and coach.

There was the color supplied by Mississippi and Georgia, with backfield stars that matched the best—such backs as Sinkwich, Hapes, Hovious and others who had the winning flame. And there was rock-ribbed Duquesne of Pittsburgh, well off the beaten path of publicity, that ran up eight consecutive victories to join the thin caravan of the untied and unwhipped.

There are still laurel sprigs left for Pennsylvania, beaten only by an exceptionally good Navy team, in the Red and Blue drive for the top of the Ivy League, which can still play its share of football.

How can anyone pick any All-America eleven from so many stars from so many fine football teams? This is a fair, an honest and an intelligent question that can only be answered by taking you into the inner sanctum that explains Collier's method:

1. A senior who has had three good years is given preference over a junior who has had two good years, and a junior is given the nod over a sophomore who has had only one good year, everything else being fairly equal.

There are two main angles on an All-America selection: First, that he can carry out more than just a few assignments—that he can star beyond his expected job—and, second, that he has been able to prove for more than one year that he has earned his place.

2. The class and the type of competition must always tell a big part of the story.

3. The recommendations of Collier's All-America Board, consisting of veteran football writers who are in close touch with the teams and coaches from every section of the country, play an important part.

4. A final, confidential recheck comes from every coach whose teams have played against the leading stars under consideration.

It has been our policy to give major credit to all-round ability rather than to the specialist. It has also been our policy to give precedence to those who have come through their senior campaigns with fine records in past years. Experience, after all, is a vital football asset. Through this last season the three leading football centers were the Midwest, the South and the Southwest. The East had good but few outstanding teams. This was true of the Far West, which leveled out. The Midwest was on top with such teams as Minnesota, Michigan and Notre Dame, where the South had Duke, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Vanderbilt, Tulane, none of which, however, were better than Missouri.

Play in the strong Southwest was so evenly and so bitterly fought that outstanding stars in one battle were too often brought back to the level of the well-balanced pack at the next start. Injuries cut in heavily. For example, Jack Wilson of Baylor, certainly one of the

John Rokisky, end, Duquesne University. Age, 21. Home, Clarksburg, West Virginia. A brilliant end, with an educated toe that won many games; a great pass snatcher

Here's the best pipe smoke we've found,
And we've sailed the whole world 'round . . .
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

It's a brand-new pipe delight,
Aye, it's cool and free from bite . . .
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

Oh, it packs and smokes just so,
And the price is sweet and low . . .
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

What's the name of this new blend?
Why, it's simply "FRIENDS," m' friend . . .
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!

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the NEW Rum-Cured
Smoking Tobacco
ONLY 10¢ IN THE HANDY SOFT-FOIL POUCH
Friends
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your gloves are
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the weather
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PUNTER
New swagger stitching, double sewn. Sturdy Capeskin with side and finger panels of Pigskin or Capeskin. $4.00

Bernard Crimmins, guard, Notre Dame. Age, 22. Home, Louisville, Kentucky. Coach Frank Leahy rates him as one of the best linemen he has ever seen or coached

greatest backs of Southwest history, was shackled by injuries in many games. This also applies to Jack Russell, Baylor's star end, Bob Brumley of Rice and Joe Pasqua of Southern Methodist. Kyle Gillespie, T.C.U.'s brilliant threat, is another who belongs among the hurt. Pete Layden of Texas, an exceptionally fine back, was unable to help in the Baylor jolt that checked the Texas avalanche for the first time.

The All-America Squad

Here is the narrowing-down from which the final team was selected:

Centers: Banonis, Detroit University; Ingalls, Michigan; Jenkins, Missouri.

Guards: Peabody, Harvard; Crimmins, Notre Dame; Fife, Pittsburgh; Wyhonic, Alabama; Frankowski, Washington; Ramsey, Southern Methodist; Pregulman, Michigan.

Tackles: Blandin, Tulane; Reinhard, California; Blozis, Georgetown; Wildung, Minnesota; Chewning, Navy; Conley, Washington.

Ends: Rokisky, Duquesne; Kutner, Texas; Dove, Notre Dame; Rast, Alabama; Gentry, Washington State; Blalock, Clemson; Ferguson, Florida; Lansing, Fordham; Schreiner, Wisconsin; Kuczynski, Pennsylvania.

Backs: Westfall, Michigan; Smith, Minnesota; Albert, Stanford; Lach, Duke; Dudley, Virginia; Moser, Texas A. & M.; Jenkins, Vanderbilt; Hapes, Mississippi; Steuber, Missouri; Sinkwich, Georgia; Schwenk, Washington University (St. Louis); Sewell, Washington State; Crain, Texas; Layden, Texas.

The line, from end to end, but especially from tackle to tackle, calls for more inside information than the backfield.

Outstanding centers, guards, tackles and ends are harder to wrap up in blue-ribbon packages. They handle the rough work. They clear the boulevards for the backs. They have the up-front job which too often is hidden in the fogs.

Star centers were scarce this season. So were star guards. There were many good tackles, but few who stood above the others. The same is true of the ends. These must meet so many variations of offense and defense that they face bewildering afternoons.

In the line Banonis at center was a standout from every check made by opposing coaches—215 pounds of football speed and football alertness.

The guard who stood out above the field this season was Endicott Peabody 2d, of Harvard, who might be described in Kipling's "Fuzzy-wuzzy" phrase as an "injia-rubber idiot on the spree" or a big, fast-bounding beggar who broke practically all the hostile squares.

As Major "Swede" Larson of the Navy put it: "Peabody hit you so many times and he hit you so hard you thought he was four or five men." Or, as several officials said: "Peabody wasn't only the best guard of this season. He was the best guard of twenty seasons."

Frank Leahy of Notre Dame rated Bernard Crimmins among the best linemen he had ever seen or coached. The converted back was the star entry of Notre Dame's fast, unwhipped line.

Two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Blandin of Tulane drew the solid support of the South at tackle. In a season that ran shy in end brilliancy Rokisky of Duquesne and Kutner of Texas more than held their own against other challengers.

There were no dissenting voices when the names of Stanford's Albert, Minnesota's Bruce Smith and Michigan's Westfall were called. Their fame and ability had come rolling along from the year before. Frank Albert had remained Stanford's guiding star over rougher seas than 1940 knew. Bruce Smith is one of the great backs of football, the spark on Bernie Bierman's championship team.

But there were two hairline decisions that called for many troubled hours. One was the nip-and-tuck battle between Reinhard of California and Wildung of Minnesota at the other tackle post. The other was the head-and-head finish between Bill Dudley of Virginia and Steve Lach of Duke at the remaining halfback spot. It must be admitted the margin of selection in both instances was extremely thin.

Both Reinhard and Wildung were magnificent tackles. Wildung had the advantage of being a member of Minnesota's strong, unbreakable line. Reinhard, named last season, had far less support. In addition, he was California's best kicker. Beyond this he was a tackle who could both pass and receive passes. It was by these outside contributions that he received the nomination.

As usual the scramble among the backs was enough to make a mountain dizzy. Outside of the three named before—Albert, Smith and Westfall—there were Dudley of Virginia, Lach of Duke, Jenkins of Vanderbilt, Moser of Texas A. & M., all finishing under a blanket. Wallace Wade, for example, always on the conservative side, rates Lach as one of the shining stars of Duke football history, a history that includes such names as Ace Parker and McAfee, two of the best in pro football today.

The final choice went to Bill Dudley for these reasons: At the age of nineteen he has been a three-year star. He was not only a fine runner, passer and kicker, but also an able defensive back, although in this respect Jenkins and Lach had the edge through greater physical power. Dudley, without any question, was more valuable to his team than any other single player, no matter where you may look. He lacked the team support which most of the other leading backs had all season.

I have rarely received such superlative testimony from so many coaches, scouts and other experts who have seen him play.

Jenkins, Lach and Moser were all outstanding stars. But Dudley of Virginia belongs in one of the best All-America backfields of many years. Dudley is the first Virginian who ever made Collier's All-America, and he rode with the spirit of the cavaliers that came from the inspiration of Jeb Stuart, who forgot the odds.

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40 BELOW
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COMPANY 908
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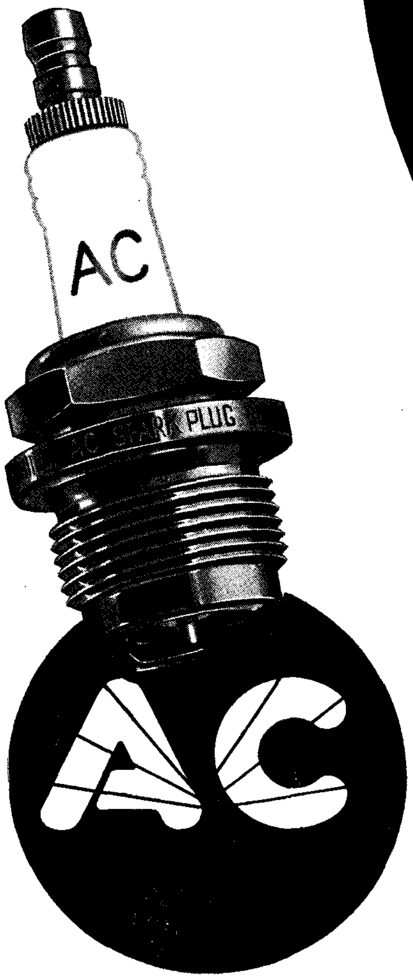
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
DEATH VALLEY
NATIONAL MONUMENT
HEADQUARTERS
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE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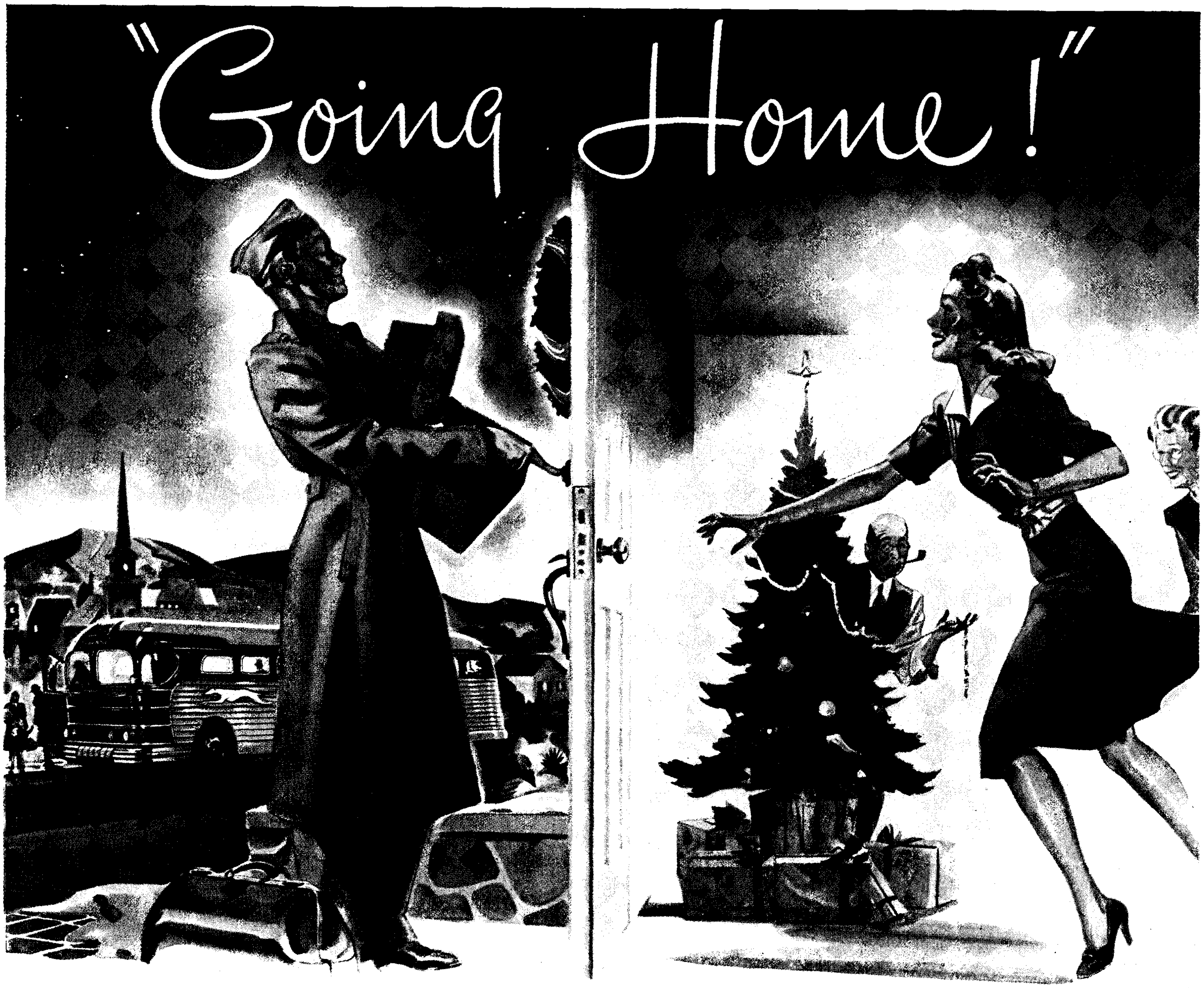

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Berserk

Continued from page 22

with their hands. They panted like animals in fury. Some of Orn's followers swung up their weapons, and iron clashed hard. Those who fought were killed; the others, seeing Orn fall, ran up toward the forest.

And Brana found that she was running back into the house. Now she knew that the gray men were Berserks, who went wild with rage when anything angered them.

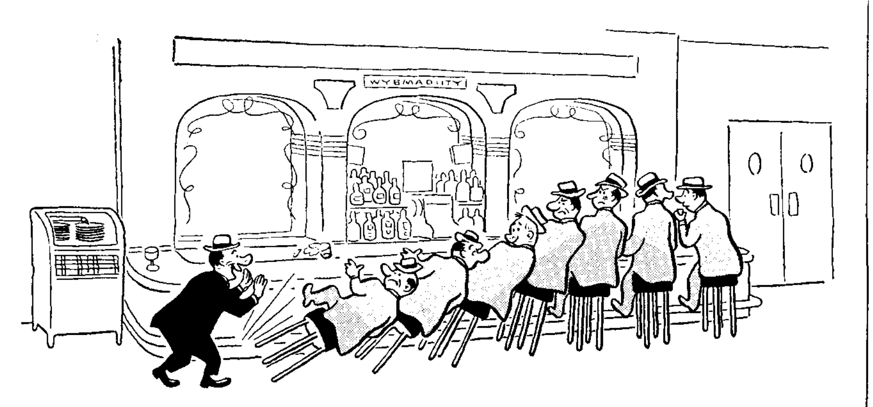
Inside the house Ingiald was not to be seen. The serving women who ordinarily obeyed Brana were running out, past the cattle pens. Looking for Ingiald, the girl went to her sleeping alcove. But it was empty. When she ran back to the hall, Hrolf stood there, without his sword. Brana pulled a skinning knife from the wall, and threw it at him, trying to slip past him.

Catching the knife in the air, he gripped the girl's loose hair with his other hand, and held her, turning her face up to him. Now he seemed to be quiet.

"Girl," he said, "do not take iron in your hand. Do not anger me."

With her throat choking, Brana stood still. His blue eyes shone down at her. "I searched far for gold," he chanted, "and now I find red gold in my hand." He nodded his head. "It is lovely you are, girl."

His hand stroked down her hair, and he smiled. "Red have I made the ground where I stepped," he chanted, making a song, "and rain have I drawn from women's eyes. Far have I followed the paths of the sea, to find this gold that holds me fast."



"I've always wanted to try this"

COLIN ALLEN

BRANA thought, too, that she was held fast by the blue fire in his eyes, and the music of his voice. "Soft as your words are," she said, her voice trembling, "you shall not put your hand on my hair. You have shed Orn's blood and for that you shall soon make atonement."

"Was his name Orn?" The fit seemed to have left him. "He angered me. As for atonement, you are more beautiful than any maid of these firths. I shall let no harm come to you. Ask for what you wish, and you shall have it."

"Until this hour," Brana cried, "I wanted a bride's bower, with flowers."

Hrolf laughed, taking his hand from her. "A bower, or the jewels of a queen—it is all one to me. But you shall stay with me."

He seemed sure of his words and of himself. That day he kept her close to him, while his men killed an ox and prepared to feast on the fresh meat. Carefully they gathered up the trade goods of the homestead, carrying them into the ship. Seeing this, Brana wondered that Berserks should be so careful of small things. Hrolf understood that she was beginning to be perplexed.

"These matters that you find strange now," he said, "you will understand later." He told her this much: he was the earl's man, and the earl had given command that the unruly Vikings along this Norse coast must be disciplined with fire and sword. And Brana remembered that there had been many outlaws among the Vikings of her coast.

SHE could not get away while the ox meat was cooking, because the Berserks were all about the homestead. When she heard oars in the firth, she went to look at the landing, but saw only a dragon ship, deeply laden, coming in.

This new ship had no shield wall. Its timbers were gray with salt, and the few men in it wore animals' hides. Sighting the smoke from the cook fire, they turned in to the shore above the landing, flying no peace flag or flag of any kind.

"What have you come for, seafarers?" the Berserks hailed them.

"For meat," answered one from the weathered ship. For two summers and winters, he added, they had tasted no cattle meat.

"I find that hard to believe," said Hrolf, "but come you in anyway."

When these newcomers walked along the shore toward the cook fire, Brana saw that their hair had not been cut; their faces were dark and thin. The one of them who carried an ax gripped in his hand bent over the bloodstains on the ground and sniffed like a dog. "More than an ox," he said, "has been slain here."

And when he stepped inside the hall of the homestead, he trod carefully, staring up at the beams overhead. Lank and restless, he was, with scars on his thin hands.

"You act," observed Hrolf, watching him, "as if a house was something strange to you."

"Strange indeed it seems," the dark seafarer agreed, "since I have not entered one for four years."

Hrolf sat down beside him in the high seat, while their followers scattered along the long table below, and he called to Brana to fetch beer in horns for them. As the girl set down the drinking horn by the stranger, he put his fingers on her arm, smiling at her.

"I suppose," said Hrolf, who missed nothing of this, "you have not seen a woman, either, for four years."

"Five." The dark man drank greedily, and coughed. He made Brana sit beside him, and he looked at her slender arms and long hair with great satisfaction, while he tore and swallowed the half-cooked beef hungrily. Sweat came out on his bony face, and muscles worked in his temples as he chewed. But he kept looking at Brana, or down at the long table where his few men were gorging among the Berserks. The girl was surprised to see by his eyes and teeth that this guzzler could not be as old as she thought. His skin seemed lined as an older man's, but something within him was fresh and youthful.

Voiceless she sat, not daring to speak, for fear of Hrolf's anger. The stranger kept his ax between his knees even while he ate.

"All that you say," observed Hrolf, watching out of the corner of his eye, "sounds like a lie to me. I do not believe that man lives who has not seen a woman for five years."

"Well, I live," said the owner of the ax calmly. "It was because of the new land," he explained.

"What new land?"

"I call it Vine-land, and it lies beyond the West voyage."

"Ice-land we know," Brana put in, "and Vikings tell of the Green-land beyond, where the glaciers are. Beyond that, the sea runs over the edge of this world into Hel."

Although she made her voice sharp with disdain, the stranger did not appear to be disturbed. Stretching his long arms, he smiled up at the carved heads of Wotan and Thor on the pillars of the high seat. "So most people think," he said, "and I can't help that. But you two have set good beer and meat before me, so I shall tell you a marvelous thing."

HIS dark eyes shone with a boy's happiness. "From that same Green-land my father, Eric, was once driven by a northeast wind, and instead of going over the edge of the world he sighted a new land, covered with mist."

"A mist of magic, no doubt," quoth Hrolf, "Eric's son."

"Leif is my name. I was young in Ice-land, and I begged my father Eric to take me to this new land of his, that the eyes of common men had not seen. And now I tell you of a strange happening. My father says well enough, but when he rides his horse down to the sea to take ship his horse stumbles and he stops, saying that evidently he is not meant to go farther. So I fare on alone with these shipmates, until a northeast wind carries us on beyond the end of the voyages."

At the long table the Berserks were listening now, with Leif's men.

"First we sight a coast," went on Leif, his mind going away from the hall, out somewhere beyond, "dark with forests—no island at all, but a mighty land, and this I name Mark-land. On we go then with the wind, and make our landfall on a coast sloping gently to the sea, with wide beaches and sand. Up a firth sail we, to fresh water. Yea, we find dew heavy on the long grass, and this dew tastes sweeter than other water."

"A marvelous thing," grunted Hrolf.

"So it is. Yea, no frosts kill that grass—strong it stays through the winter, and cattle would need no fodder there. Deer and fur beasts run free in the woods. And of wine casks we have no need, for wine berries grow on the vines there. So I name it Vine-land. If I live I am going back."

Hrolf emptied his drinking horn. "It is easy to tell of great deeds you have done, out of everyone's sight."

Leif's mind came back from beyond the sea and he looked at Hrolf. "My messmates tasted those grapes," he said. "And the hewn trees of Vine-land we

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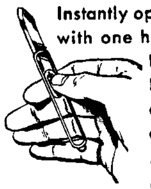

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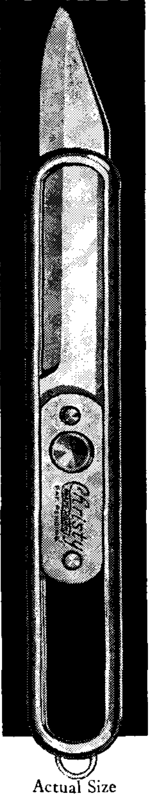
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have brought in our ship's lading, to sell on this coast."

"If you are indeed Leif, Eric's son," said Hrolf, "you will have trouble selling anything on the coast of Norway. Because you are outlaws, whom no man has seen for long years."

"True." Leif nodded indifferently. He seemed to care less about this than about his voyage back. "As you inlaws say, my father was outlawed for manslaughter here. That is why we looked for a new country. We had no other."

"Then why have you ventured back?"

"To trade for a better ship."

Hrolf got up quietly, stepping down to his men at the long table. Brana, watching him, caught Leif's hand impulsively. "Open your eyes, fool," she whispered, "and take care for yourself. These men here are Berserks who kill when their anger is touched."

Leif looked at her with his head on one side. "I have seen Berserks before now, girl. Are you not with them?"

"No," she cried angrily. "Oh, you are simple in mind! This morning they killed Orn, my uncle, because he spoke a quick word to them. Do not cross them, but get you out of here."

NOW Leif seemed to wake to his danger. Glancing down at where his score of followers sat among the greater number of weapon men, he called out: "Leif's men, get you to the long ship. I hear the wind rising and you must take the oars and row up to a safer landing."

Without argument, his shipmates picked up their weapons and began to go out the door. Brana waited for Leif to follow, but he sat still, looking at her. Tears of helpless anger wet her eyes, and she tried to hide her face. Leif bent over to see her better.

"Don't cry, girl," he muttered.

Brana tried to get up from the high seat. His arm held her shoulders, and he frowned as if puzzling over something strange.

Hearing Hrolf's step, she tried to pull away.

"What a mighty thing"—his eyes shone at a new thought—"if you would come with me on the voyage."

Suddenly his arm went away from her, and Brana gasped. Hrolf's hand had caught him and thrust him back against the high seat. Hrolf was scowling at Leif, who looked down the hall. The last of his men had gone out.

"So you think yourself," Hrolf muttered, "to be as good a man as I am."

Hearing these words that had been spoken to Orn, Brana shrank back. Leif shook his head slowly.

"No," he said, "I am a better man."

From the table a tall man with one eye tramped up to his chief—Starkad, the foredeck leader of the Berserks—growling and pulling at his sword. Leif sat still over the empty horn.

"I hear you," Hrolf said between his teeth. "That is easy to say. Look at this!"

Drawing his sword, he tossed it into the air, and reached for Leif's ax. But the seafarer pulled it close to him. When he did not get the ax, Hrolf snatched Starkad's blade and hand ax and tossed them up with his own sword, so that he had three blades going in the air over his head. Fast and well he handled them, saying, "See how I am weapon-fast. Iron obeys me and will do me no harm."

Stopping the weapons, he offered them to Leif. With a shake of his head, the shaggy man refused them. "That was a small trick. I will do a greater one."

Starkad's teeth clashed. "Can you not see we grow strong with *Berserks-gang?* At such times we pull trees from the earth."

Leif did not seem disturbed. "It would be a more remarkable feat to pull down this house. Ay, that would be something to boast of."

Hrolf snorted. "Eleven men lie out in the cattle pens because one said a hard, quick word to me."

"Eleven is a small number."

Hrolf stared, voiceless. Around him, the gray men pushed close to Leif and the girl, and still Leif did nothing but watch them, while she waited for the first to howl.

"I will tell you," Leif observed, "something worth hearing. My nature is more than *berserk,* for I am a *hamrammir* man. My guardian spirit is a bear, and in the time of darkness this bear's spirit is apt to enter my body."

He shook his head, glancing at the scars on his hands, and the eyes of the Berserks went to those scars. They listened, breathing heavily.

"So I rise up in the darkness with the bear's strength in me, but I crawl like a beast, seeking something to devour. Ay, at such a time my shape is changed to a beast. After the fit leaves me," Leif went on, "I am in my own shape again, but feeling weak."

While he spoke the light failed in the hall. Outside, the pale night of the north had begun, and some of the Berserks noticed this, whispering to Hrolf, who stared at the shaggy Leif silently. Around the high seat the shadows were closing in, and, wrapped in his bearskin, Leif's outline grew dimmer.

"Easy to say," replied Hrolf slowly, "but I would like well to see this happen."

Crouching on his seat, Leif said nothing.

"Starlight begins," went on Hrolf, "and so now we will go outside the house. We will know that you are indeed a *hamrammir* man if we hear after darkness the growling of a beast and see the shape of a bear come forth. *That would be something to see.*"

He touched the quiet girl on the arm. "Come, Brana. No woman should see a *hamrammir* change his shape."

Some of the Berserks were moving toward the back door of the house, and some out of the front of the hall. They went readily enough, gripping their weapons and looking back.

Brana did not stir.

"Come you on," said Hrolf again.

"Ay," growled Leif. "Better for you to go, girl. I feel strength coming into me."

Stepping away from them, Hrolf looked back once. When Brana did not run after him, he went out the door, closing it behind him.

THE two of them sat together in the empty hall, with the bones scattered along the ground, and the fresh ox hide flung into a corner. Leif sighed, drawing the drinking horn to him and looking into it. She saw his face change in the twilight. He looked thin and tired.

"Well?" she said softly.

"Not well." Leif shook himself restlessly. "Why didn't you go with the warfarers, Brana?"

She could not say why. She wanted to stay here at Leif's side, to feel him near her. Pouring beer from the jug, she offered it to him, but he pushed it away moodily.

"Perhaps a *hamrammir* man may not drink beer," she whispered.

Leif looked at her and went to the opening in the wall by the door. Already the glow of the cooking fire outside picked out the figures of the armed men in mail grouped in a half circle beyond the door, waiting. At the back he saw the same thing, only not so clearly.

"I thought so," he muttered. There was no other way out of the house. He stopped in front of the quiet girl. "Get out," he told her.

"No," Brana whispered. "While I am here, they will not slay you."

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"If you are sure of that, it is more than I am," Leif grumbled. "Are you not afraid of me, here in the dark, girl?"

Brana shook her head. She came closer, to touch his arm, and felt his lips against her hair. "Outside there," he whispered, "they are no Berserks. Well do I know the Berserk rage. They go about in wolfskins spreading the tale of their anger, and plundering and slaying as if they were true Berserks. Ay, Hrolf has hit upon a good plan. If everyone on this coast is afraid of his anger, he can get together a great treasure. He will go far."

"I know," Brana nodded, "but I cannot bear for him to touch me."

"He will do better than I."

"I know." Suddenly Brana laughed. "Much do you know of the spirit lore, Leif. But Ingiald told me years ago that a *hamrammir* never is conscious of changing his shape."

Leif sighed. "I thought I told a good lie. I wanted to get my crew away from these manslaughterers. It was the only way I could think to do it." He chuckled, remembering. "I think well that half Hrolf's men believed the tale."

BEFORE long he stopped chuckling. A dull thumping sounded against both the doors—a thumping and a creaking. Listening to it, Leif went and pushed the narrow front door. Hard as he pushed, he could not move it. He stepped to the opening.

"Hrolf," he called, "will you let the woman out of this hall?"

Although Brana could make out the gleam of Hrolf's arm ring, where he stood among his weapon men, she heard no answer to this. The noise at the doors stopped, but a faint stirring and crackling began.

The faces of Hrolf's men stood out more clearly in the half light of the sky, and they seemed to be growing red. Their mouths hung open, their hands moved restlessly, holding shields and weapons. Suddenly Hrolf's sword struck his shield with a clang of iron.

"*Loud growls the man-bear,*" he chanted, making a song, "*caught in the trap. Now feels the man-bear the sting of his death.*"

The red glow shone brighter on the men waiting expectantly outside.

"He sings well enough," Leif muttered, as the clanging of iron grew louder, "but it is a sham and a counterfeit song. Your inlaws yonder have no wish to hear what we may say. They have it in their minds to do more than manslaughter."

"What?" Brana asked, her throat choking. Something bitter caught at her nostrils.

"Something that will be hard for you to endure, girl." Leif thought about it and nodded. "Hrolf has murdered your Uncle Orn. Now have you the right to speak against him and demand atonement. So he will slay the two of us, and my shipmates will not be here to bear witness against him. Yea, he will say that he killed only a *hamrammir* man. He has thought out more clearly than I have what he must do."

Leif sniffed the air, and looked up carefully at the thatch of the roof on the great crossbeam over their heads. The sound of crackling and snapping came from up there, at the front. Then red sparks dropped down, and Brana knew that the men outside had set fire to the thatch on that side.

Her house was burning over her head, while those men in wolfskins waited, and she thought that after the burning there would be no evidence against Hrolf, and no voice to speak against him. She caught Leif's hand, holding it tight.

"You do not weep now," Leif said.

She gripped his hand tighter, for comfort. He was shivering, sweat shining on his face. An ember stung her bare arm and she pressed herself against him.

All at once Leif cried out, as if his body had been wrenched. His shaggy head thrust down between his shoulders, and the wood of his ax haft creaked when he picked it up. Smoke rolled down on them, and Leif hacked with his ax at the window opening. At the second blow of the ax a spear clanged through the opening, past Leif's shoulder.

Then he stopped working at the wall. Crouching, he glared up through the smoke. It seemed to the girl that this was not the flesh-and-blood Leif of a moment ago, but a man gripped by some other strength. Tears flowed out of his staring eyes down his cheeks, and quick groans came from inside his body. He did not seem to know that he was crying.

Embers dropped with black soot along the front of the hall, and the flames hissed overhead. Leif was staring up at the great center beam when he leaped back. Straining, he shoved the long table back against the far wall.

Here, in the smoke, he jumped up on the table and began to chop at the end of the heavy beam where it met the wall. Fast and skillfully, his ax edge bit into the wood, and long chips fell.

"Come here," he croaked, and Brana stepped close behind him.

His ax smashed up into the shaking beam. Bits of burning thatch dropped down around him. The beam cracked loud, and Leif smashed at it with the butt of his ax.

With a splintering sound the end of the beam came down, breaking the table. Leif jumped clear, moving with frantic haste. Catching up the wet oxhide from the ground, he threw it over Brana's head, gripping it close around her.

The roof was falling in now.

Flaming thatch rattled down, and hot air seared Leif's throat. He kept moving. Over one shoulder he swung the roll that was Brana in the bloody oxhide. Holding fast to his ax, he stepped up on the beam's end where it lay in the wreck of the table.

THE beam sloped up to the front wall where fire smoldered. Above that upper end, he could see a dark patch of the sky. At that point the burning thatch had fallen down to the floor of the hall. And up the sloping beam Leif was hurrying, balancing with the ax and Brana, his chest straining not to breathe in the air that would strangle him.

Stepping on the top of the beam, he gave a yell and leaped out.

Now Hrolf and his men, watching with satisfaction, beheld this shaggy figure leaping down in the smoke and the fire glare, with a mass of oxhide upon him. And for a second astonishment held them still. They heard a faint echo of the yell.

The figure landed on its feet and rolled, and the oxhide rolled away from it. They saw then it was Leif, with Brana in the hide.

Starkad, the one-eyed, stepped toward him, swinging high his sword. Leif saw the iron coming down, and whacked with his ax at Starkad's knee joint. The ax blade cut away half Starkad's leg, and Leif rolled to his feet, pulling up his ax.

His face was twisted out of human semblance. Tears streaked his cheeks.

"*Berserks-gang!*" a weapon man shouted, watching him.

"Fools!" Hrolf shouted.

With his shield before him, and his sword point out, Hrolf ran at Leif. And the ax swung low at his knee, as it had done with Starkad. Jumping aside, Hrolf kept clear of it. And the shining ax swung wide.

Gripping it with both hands, Leif let it swing and hurled it at Hrolf. It flashed over the shield into Hrolf's face. It

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. . . to any Gentleman's good taste . . .

There is nothing better in the market
OLD FORESTER
nothing better
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to its original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
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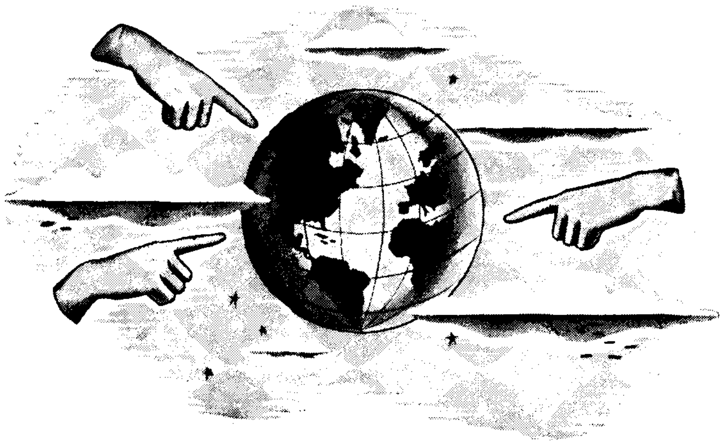
OLD FORESTER

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

AMERICA'S GUEST WHISKY

PICK A COUNTRY FROM A TO Z



WE DARESAY you could draw a line from wherever you are around the world without passing through a single civilized community where the name Cinzano would not be greeted with familiarity and respect.

So superior is this magnificent vermouth that Kings and Princes you couldn't count on a dozen hands have preferred it to any other vermouth for over a hundred years.

Indeed, in many countries of the world, "Cinzano" *means* "vermouth." Try Cinzano in *your* next cocktail and see why this aperitif and cocktail-glorifier has girdled the globe.

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'LL FIND

CINZANO

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(for aperitif
[before meals]
or cocktails)
alcohol 15.6%
by volume

VERMOUTH
MFRS. SINCE 1816

DRY
(for better
cocktails)
alcohol 19%
by volume

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE IMPORTERS

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Give the mouth and throat extra care

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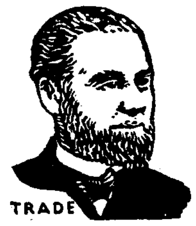
DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS AT YOUR DOORSTEP

MAD



When a cough, due to a cold, drives you mad, Smith Brothers Cough Drops usually give soothing, pleasant relief. Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

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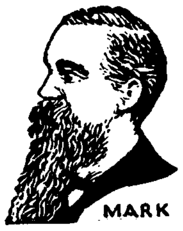


smashed the bones in his head, and he dropped there, where he stood.

Leif did not wait for him to fall. He caught up his ax, and rushed at the weapon men, smoking as he was. Beating down their swords, he leaped among them, and they closed their shields together, crouching, afraid of the anger of this lank man. They had seen Starkad and Hrolf smashed down, and they were afraid. So they pushed close their shields, trying to crush him.

Then they heard running feet. Spears and axes struck their backs, while voices shouted Leif's name. Twenty Leifs seemed to have come out of the darkness, in the smoke. Here the weapon men had caught Leif, and he had multiplied himself into twenty maddened fighters. The glare of the flames made it hard for the weapon men to see these new Leifs.

"Peace!" they yelled—those who lived—throwing down weapons and shields.

So they begged for their lives before they realized that Leif's men had come back to the burning homestead. Those shipmates had heard Leif's yell, and they had run to him fast, out of the darkness. . . .

A week later Leif himself was fitting a new steering oar on the aft deck of Hrolf's dragon ship, which he had appropriated because it was better than his own vessel.

Now that he had washed in fresh water, cutting his hair, and putting on new wool garments, Brana, who sat there with him, knew that he looked like any other boy of the quiet Viking coast. Yet he was making ready to go on the West voyage toward that unknown land of his as if it were no more than a jaunt down to Gothland.

"Leif," she said, helping to hold the pole he was shaping with his ax, "you have a fine new ship, with plenty of gold and silk and precious things in it. Stay here, then, in my place and we will build a new homestead."

ON THE shore by the landing the people who had survived in Orn's Firth were tending the cattle again, around the black ruin of the hall. Troubled, Leif leaned on his ax, looking at them.

"No," he said, "I must get to the Greenland before the winter storms."

Brana took his hand, with the scars of work on it. "Then tell me—do you remember nothing at all of how you killed Hrolf?"

"Nothing." Leif frowned, trying to think.

"The men say you went berserk."

Leif shook his head. "I remember a spear that flew by me. And then I felt anger."

"Why, Leif?" she breathed softly.

"They were hurting you."

Gripping tight his hand, Brana closed her eyes. When she did that she felt safe. And she knew she had found what she had been searching for. No matter upon what unknown seas Leif chose to steer, Brana would be there with him.

Hail and Farewell

Continued from page 72

"Tell me what you were like when you were twenty-two," she said.

"Well," he said, smiling, "I was better-looking than I am now. I didn't have this bump on my nose and I didn't have this, either."

He fingered the thickened rim of his left ear.

"No," she said. "I didn't mean that. Where were you and what were you doing?"

"Excuse me," Freddy said, getting up. "I know the young man's history and, besides, I want to see a man about a dog."

He went out toward the bar.

"Well?" Marcia said.

"WELL," Joe said, "I had been fighting for three years and I was out around Chicago. I come from here, you know. New York, I mean. The West Side."

He smiled at her.

"Me and Jim Braddock and George Raft and Eddie Brannick and Alice Faye and Margie Regan," he said. "And Owney Madden. We put the West Side on the map."

"Tell me more about when you were twenty-two."

"It's all in the book. All that counts. I had about twenty fights that year. Johnny Martin and I hung out with the fight mob. We had some laughs. We were out there for nearly a year. I was a welterweight then and the welters were going good around Chicago."

He smiled at her again.

"You should have known me then. I was going good myself."

"I'm glad I know you now," she said.

She seemed about to say something else but she didn't.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said.

Gorman came back to the table and they had a brandy and Gorman suggested they go somewhere else. They went around the corner and stood at a bar for a little while, but it was crowded and they sat at a table against the wall.

Marcia and Gorman were talking about people they knew and Joe was looking at Marcia and not paying any attention to what they were saying. He didn't even know her last name because he hadn't caught it when Gorman had introduced him to her and then a fellow stopped at the table for a moment to say hello to Gorman and Joe, and Gorman said:

"Marcia, this is Charlie Graves. Miss Lane."

Miss Lane. Marcia Lane. So that was Marcia Lane. He had heard of her. One of those little Park Avenue pancakes whose names were in the Broadway columns. But this one had something! She looked at him and smiled and said:

"What are you thinking about?"

"About you, probably," Gorman said. "But don't fall for him. All the other girls do."

Joe laughed. "Sure," he said.

Marcia didn't say anything. She wasn't smiling now but she still looked at him.

"Let's get out of here," he said. And then: "Excuse me, Miss Lane. You people just asked me to eat with you and now I am talking as though it was my party."

"Don't be silly," Gorman said. "But what do you want to get out of here for? Don't you like the joint?"

"Yes," Joe said. "But I think I'll take the breeze."

No use sitting around staring at a dame like that. He got up.

"If you'll excuse me," he said.

"I'd like to go, too," Marcia said.

"What is this?" Gorman said, "Mutiny?"

"Come on," Marcia said.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I don't know."

Gorman looked at his watch.

"I want to see a fellow here," he said. "He ought to be in pretty soon. You two go on over to Pete's Bar and I'll catch up with you in about half an hour."

Marcia looked at Joe.

"It's all right with me," Joe said.

"All right, then," Gorman said. "Beat it."

They went out and turned east and when they got to Fifth Avenue Marcia said, "Let's take a walk on the avenue first."

"Which way?"

"Let's walk down," Marcia said. "We have plenty of time. We can walk down to Forty-second Street and then come up on the other side."

They started south.

"Don't you like to walk on Fifth Avenue at night?" she asked.

"I never thought much about it," he said.

"I love it," she said. "By night or day. Once, when I was in Paris, a man at a cocktail party on a beautiful Sunday afternoon said to me, 'How would you like to be walking on Fifth Avenue this afternoon?'

"It spoiled the party for me. I had been having a fine time and then all of a sudden I was so homesick I could have cried. Do you ever get homesick for New York?"

"Sure," he said. "But you'd have to mention something besides Fifth Avenue to make me homesick. You know: Broadway and Tenth Avenue and Madison Square Garden and Stillman's and places like that."

THEY walked down as far as Forty-fourth Street and crossed to the east side of the avenue and were walking north when at Forty-eighth Street they stopped for the eastbound traffic. As one of the cars in the traffic slid past, somebody yelled to Marcia and the driver put the brakes on and pulled over to the curb and a girl in the back seat stuck her head out of the window.

Marcia and Joe walked down to the car. There were two girls in the back of the car and both were talking to Marcia at once and she asked them where they were going.

"Over to Jimmy's," one of them said. "Come on with us. It's going to be a very informal little brawl."

Marcia introduced Joe to the girls. Helen White and Sonny Studebaker. And then she said:

"No, I don't think we'll go. We left Freddy a little while ago and said we'd wait for him at Pete's."

"Well," Sonny said, "call him up from Jimmy's. I know he'd like to come over."

Marcia looked at Joe. "Would you like to go?" she asked.

"Whatever you want to do," he said.

"Let's go, then."

Joe opened the door of the car and she got in. The girls began to fumble with one of the folding seats but Joe said, "Never mind. I'll sit up with the driver."

He got in the front and the driver looked at him and grinned.

"Tough fight last night," he said.

"Did you see it?" Joe asked.

"No," the driver said. "I listened to it, though. He's a tough kid, that Val. I don't know who else but you could beat him."

He swung out from the curb and through Forty-eighth Street to Park Avenue and turned north and stopped in front of an apartment house near Fifty-fifth Street.

They got out of the elevator at the top floor and they could hear laughter and a rattle of glasses and dishes and a radio was playing dance music. Jimmy Kane was having his friends in for the evening, and the library and living room were crowded. They were eating and drinking, sitting or standing around, and Joe and the girls put their things in one of the bedrooms and then joined the party. Jimmy asked where Freddy Gorman was and Marcia told him and he said he would call him and tell him to come over.

Everybody at the party seemed to know everybody else. Joe had met a couple of the young fellows with Freddy, and Marcia left him with them. He was ill at ease and was sorry he and Marcia had met the girls. He had liked walking with her.

He had been wishing they didn't have to go anywhere else. He'd have liked to have her to himself. And now here he was in this mob, with everybody talking at once and the radio playing and nobody paying any attention to it and a young fellow had him backed up against the fireplace in the living room asking him what sort of fellow Joe Louis was and was he as great a fighter as the newspapers said? He probably was the first prize fighter the young fellow ever had met and the young fellow would go away for a moment and bring somebody else back to meet him and one of the girls he brought back looked at Joe and said:

"I thought all prize fighters were very tough-looking. You aren't tough-looking."

"You should see me in a better light," Joe said.

"Here," the young fellow said. "Have a drink. Excuse me. I didn't notice you didn't have a drink. Have something to eat?"

"No, thanks," Joe said. "I had dinner just a little while ago. But I'll take the drink."

He had a couple of drinks and began to feel a little better about being at the party, but Marcia had got away from him.

He went looking for her, wandering through the crowded rooms, and found her with Freddy, who had come in just a few minutes before. They were seated in a corner of the library and Joe looked in and saw them and was about to go out again when Freddy called him.

"Sit down," Freddy said, getting up. "I've got to move around and see some of these people."

They had been sitting there for a few minutes and suddenly Joe said to her, "What's Freddy to you?"

She didn't seem surprised at the question. "Nothing," she said.

"You're not married to him or engaged to him, are you?"

"No."

"Stuck on him?"

"No."

Then, after a moment, "Let's get out of here," he said.

They got up and he followed her from the room. They got their things and went down the hall and out to the elevator and none of the people saw them go or paid any attention to them if they did.

HE WALKED across town through the early-morning streets. Well, he had been right. She had something. But not for him. It was madness, she had said. It sounded like something she had heard somebody say in the movies. But he knew she meant it.

There was no other way to figure it. He had had a break just to meet this girl and it was over and now it was broad daylight and he was walking down the street and here and there people were coming out of the houses and the stores were beginning to open. Martin would be coming back in a couple of days. The money would run out and Martin would come back and he would go on fighting and some day somebody would ask him if he knew a girl named Marcia Lane and he would say:

"I don't know. I don't remember her."

The hell he wouldn't remember her.

Cousin Boswell's on the bum again!

WELL, SHUCKS. There's probably one in every family.

Anyway, the minute Aunt Edie's estate was settled up, Cousin Boswell put every penny she'd left him into a new scheme. Something about raising goats, it was, this time. Imagine! *Goats!*

Hell's bells, you'd think Boswell'd know better, by now, than to go off half-cocked again. But not him! He just don't have the brains of a tailor's goose when it comes to business.

Well, that's the way Boswell is, and I guess there's nothing we can do about it, except talk Cousin Luther into giving him a job again, and letting him putter around the factory.

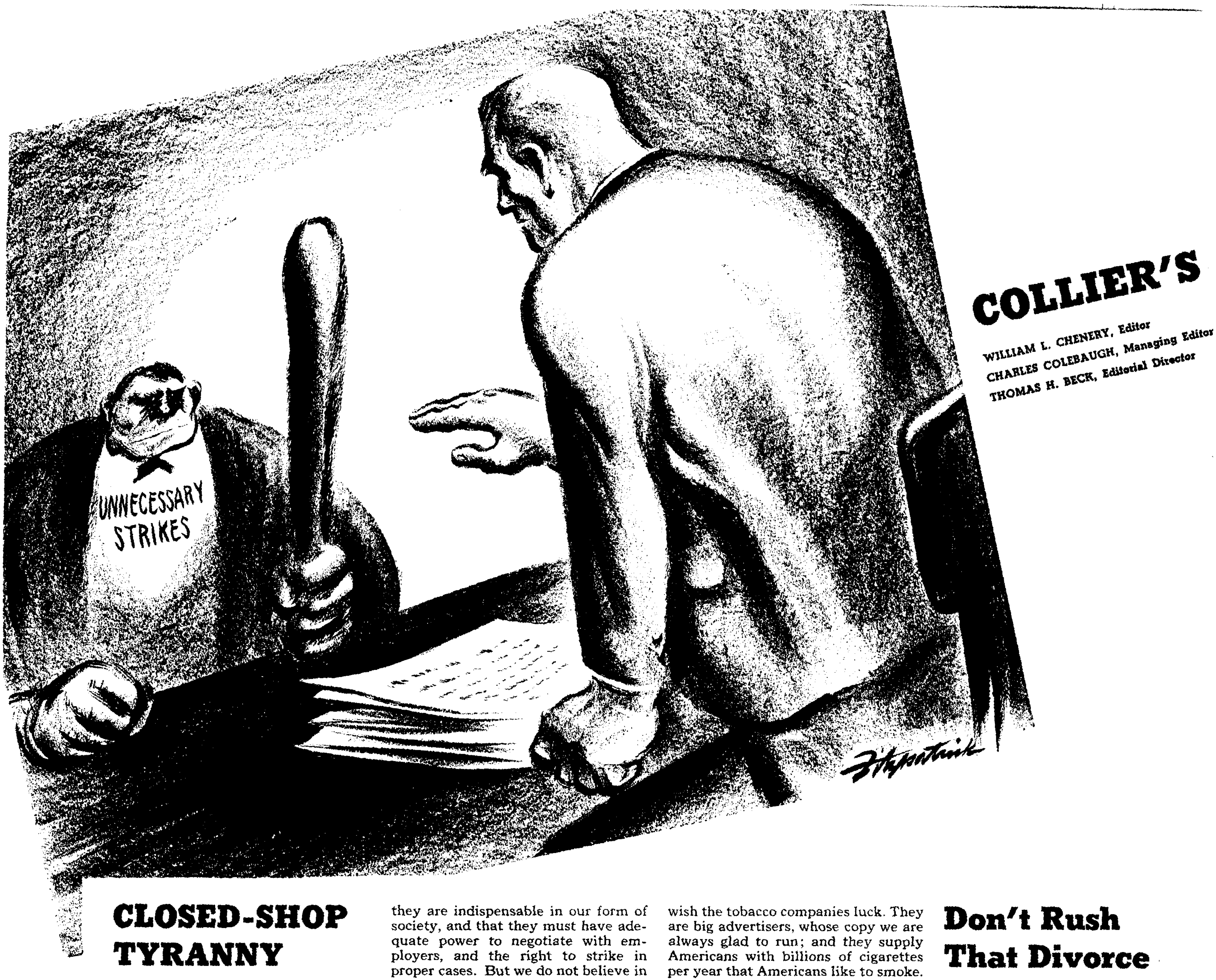
That Luther, now! There's a smart one!

Yes sir, when it comes down to running a business proper and profitable, Luther hasn't never missed a trick. Not a dog-gone trick! I ast him one time, I said: Luther, what makes you so blame lucky whenever there's a nickel at stake?

And he says: That ain't luck, Eph. That's knowing the *facts and figures!* Them Comptometers in my plant ain't just to keep the desks from blowing away. They're there because I got to have *accurate* figures, and I got to have them *fast!* And once I get all the figures, and know what they mean, I'm bound to be right! Only thing lucky about that, Eph, is the fact I was born with enough sense to take advantage of Comptometer adding-calculating *machines*, and modern, money-saving Comptometer *methods!*

Boswell is an *extremely* horrible example of what happens to business men who play hunches. Luther, on the other hand, knows that every business decision—if it is to be sound and profitable—must be based on accurate, up-to-the-minute, objectively interpreted facts and figures.

May we demonstrate to you the many exclusive Comptometer features which, taken together, mean *more accurate figure work in less time at lower cost?* Telephone your local Comptometer Co. representative . . . or write to: *Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina St., Chicago, Illinois.*



COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

CLOSED-SHOP TYRANNY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S fight with John L. Lewis over the closed shop in the captive coal mines is only the most dramatic phase to date of a battle which looks as if it is going to be long and tough.

This question of the closed shop is a complicated one, with a lot of human nature mixed up in it.

There is the human nature of the bona fide labor leader, who sees the closed shop with dues checkoff as the solution of all his problems of keeping the union a going, solvent concern. There is also the human nature of the larcenous type of labor leader, who sees in the closed shop a chance to graft, play politics, or shake down employers after the fashion of Willie Bioff and George E. Browne, lately convicted of having tapped the movie industry for more than $1,000,000.

Among the workers, there is the human nature of the man or woman who likes to have his or her thinking and deciding done by others. But there is also the worker, as pointed out by Mme. Secretary of Labor Perkins in a recent astute speech, who simply does not want to join lodges, clubs, unions or anything else; an able, tough-minded cuss, who has to have elbow room in any society which does not want to stagnate.

Messrs. Roosevelt and Lewis, too, are strongly human.

We believe in labor unions, think they are indispensable in our form of society, and that they must have adequate power to negotiate with employers, and the right to strike in proper cases. But we do not believe in tyranny by any labor union over either workers or employers.

The closed shop, we think, is one form of such tyranny. So is the diluted closed-shop arrangement whereby a worker must join the union within a stated time after being hired.

We think the Wagner Act goes far enough, with its provisions requiring employers to deal with labor organizations chosen by a majority of the workers to represent them. We do not see how the government can safely put itself in the position of guaranteeing a closed shop in any industry, to John L. Lewis or anybody else. Public opinion certainly is completely impatient with interruptions to defense production because of jurisdictional issues between labor unions or between unions and employers.

The Sin of Success

THE Department of Justice's antitrust division, known to some as the Gestapo, has won the first round in its lawsuit against the "Big Three" tobacco companies. A jury at Lexington, Ky., has convicted 13 chiefs of American Tobacco, Liggett & Myers and R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., on charges of monopoly, conspiracy and price fixing.

Appeals are being taken, and we wish the tobacco companies luck. They are big advertisers, whose copy we are always glad to run; and they supply Americans with billions of cigarettes per year that Americans like to smoke.

We think, too, that there is something in the tobacco companies' contention that the government's real kick is that they have been "guilty of the unpardonable sin of success."

We believe this antisuccess attitude is to be detected in other government activities; in some of the drives against public utilities and in the attacks on the radio industry.

It is well known that the New Deal, while using the services of many an undoubted expert in his line, has also given government jobs to a lot of gents who were failures or semifailures in private life. Their natural dislike of successful people is likely to boil over and begin to express itself in attacks on successful people.

The New Deal began with the laudable ambition of making it easier for everybody in this country to climb to higher living standards. The reverse of that ambition, though, is the ambition to drag everybody down to a common level of poverty and unhappiness. We much fear this latter ambition afflicts some of the New Dealers.

It's a dangerous development, we think. We never yet knew a successful person whose success hadn't made anywhere from one to 1,000,000 people somehow happier or better off. And we never yet knew a failure whose lack of success had helped the world in any way. It will be pretty tough on all of us if the government goes in for trying to penalize success by law.

Don't Rush That Divorce

AN INTERESTING and instructive statistic, we think: More than a third of all divorces obtained in this country are obtained by persons who have been married less than five years. The other two thirds are distributed through the marriage span after the first five years—and the percentages grow smaller with each year.

It lights up again the old advice to give marriage a fair trial and plenty of time before you conclude that it is a failure.

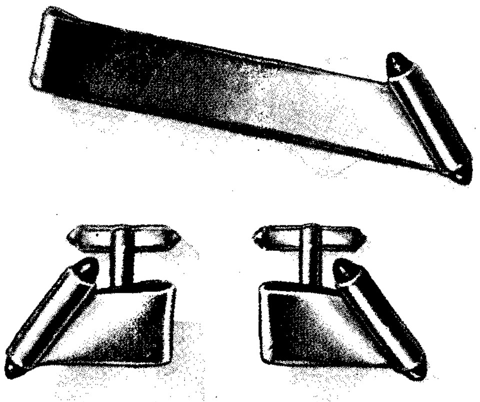
Necessarily it takes time for two persons to adjust themselves to each other's personality, no matter how much they were in love before the ceremony and how sure they were that life was to be 100% happy afterward. To call the whole thing off after a month, a year, or even two years, is a mistake, we believe, in any case except one where it is plain to the couple's friends as well as to themselves that it cannot be a success. Such cases are pretty rare; witness the large number of divorced couples who remarry.

You can't build a successful business career in a week, or erect a shipshape house in two weeks, or write a good book in a month. Building a happy and successful marriage is comparable to all of these things. Like them, it is worth all the time, patience, tolerance, effort, etc., that it takes—and when you win, there isn't any finer achievement in life.

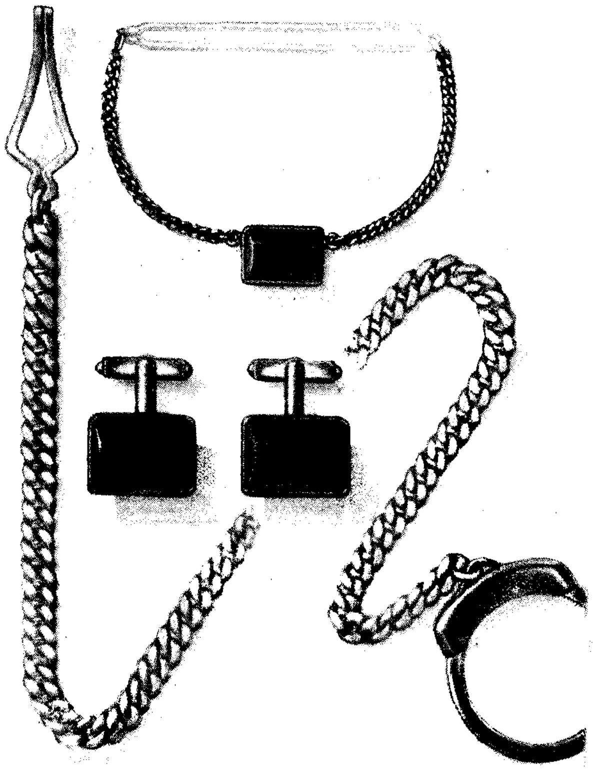
It's a Gift to know what Gift to Give!

If you're puzzled about a gift for him... don't consult Santa Claus... consult Swank. For, from a man's point of view, if a woman is clever enough to flatter the man of her choice with the smartness, good taste and quality of Swank Jewelry...she's got the gift of gifts... the gift of knowing what he'd pick for himself. If you would flatter the old he-male ego... the gift to give is Swank! At leading jewelers', dept. stores and men's shops ... attractively packaged for Christmas.

1. Collar holder, tie klip and cuff links, gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. The set $8.50.

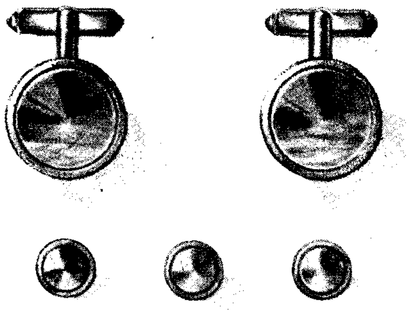


2. Tie klip and cuff links. Gold-plated, scroll ends set with colored stones. The set $4; sterling silver $5; gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. $8.50.

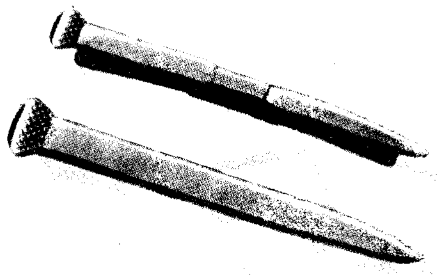


3. Cravat chain, cuff links and key chain. High domed cabochon in gem-like colors. The set $3.50.

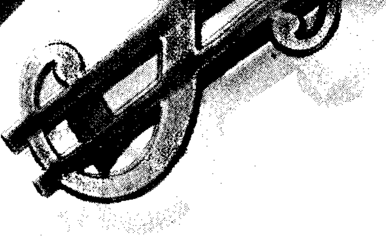
4. Cuff links with oval shaped high cabochon stones in all precious stone colors, ruby, sapphire, emerald, topaz. $1.50.



5. Evening set of smoked mother-of-pearl for tux; in white mother-of-pearl for tails. The set $3.50. Others to $35.



6. Horse Shoe Nail tie klip and collar holder, elegantly executed in gold plate. The set $2.00.



7. Money klip ingeniously designed in gold plate, $1; sterling silver $2.50; gold-filled 1/20 12 kt. $5.

8. Aristo-gram cravat chain, key chain and cuff links, personalized with his own initials. The set $5.

SWANK

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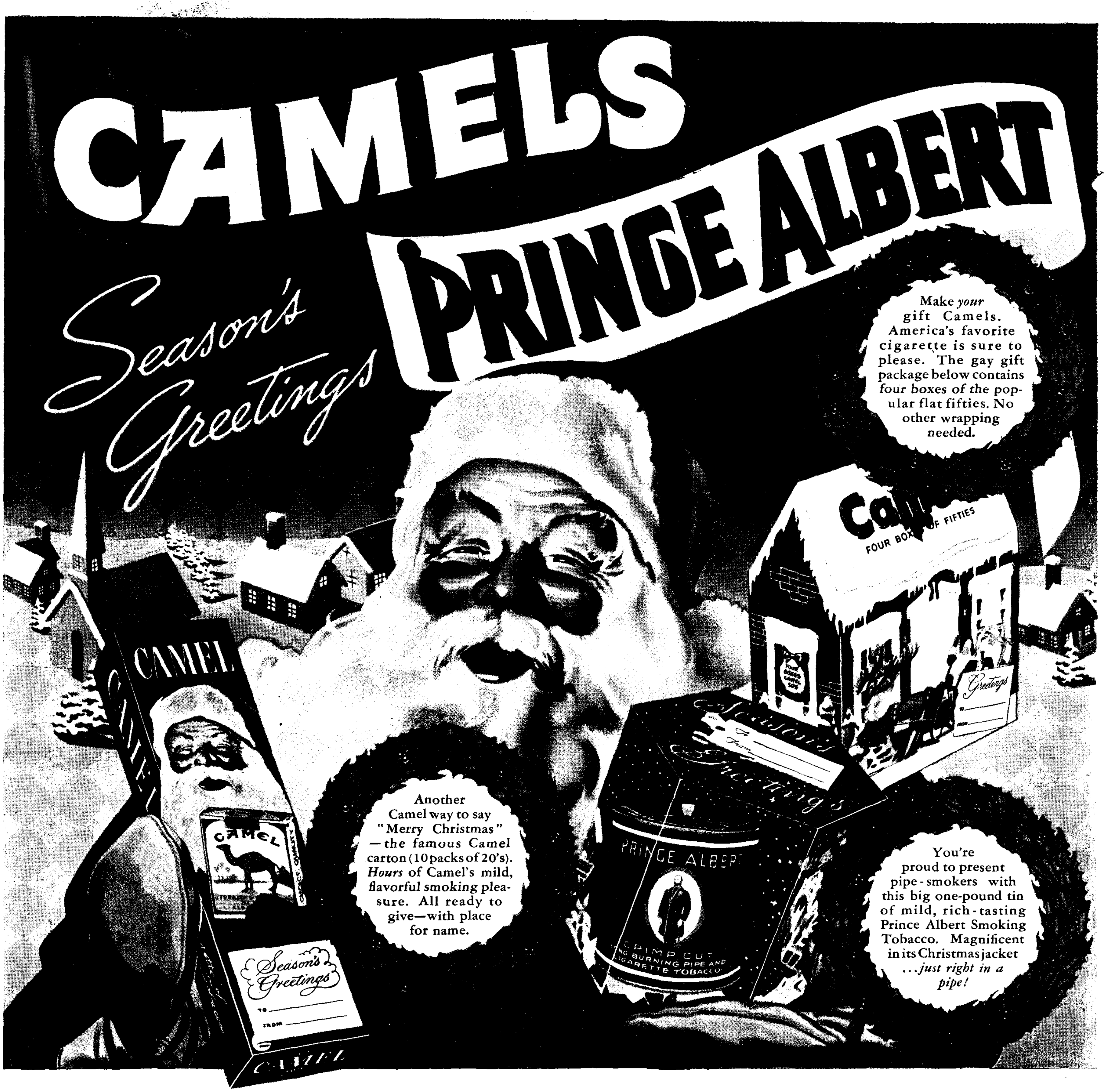
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Make *your* gift Camels. America's favorite cigarette is sure to please. The gay gift package below contains four boxes of the popular flat fifties. No other wrapping needed.

Another Camel way to say "Merry Christmas"—the famous Camel carton (10 packs of 20's). *Hours* of Camel's mild, flavorful smoking pleasure. All ready to give—with place for name.

You're proud to present pipe-smokers with this big one-pound tin of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Magnificent in its Christmas jacket *...just right in a pipe!*

CAMELS

There's an added pleasure in giving Camels at Christmas. You *know* your gift will be so genuinely welcome. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And that preference holds for men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, too! So remember those lads in uniform...remember *all* the cigarette smokers on your list...with the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—*Camels.* Choice of the two holiday packages above.

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year... at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated for mildness. It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials"...the pound tin *(above)* or the special glass humidor jar. Get yours today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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